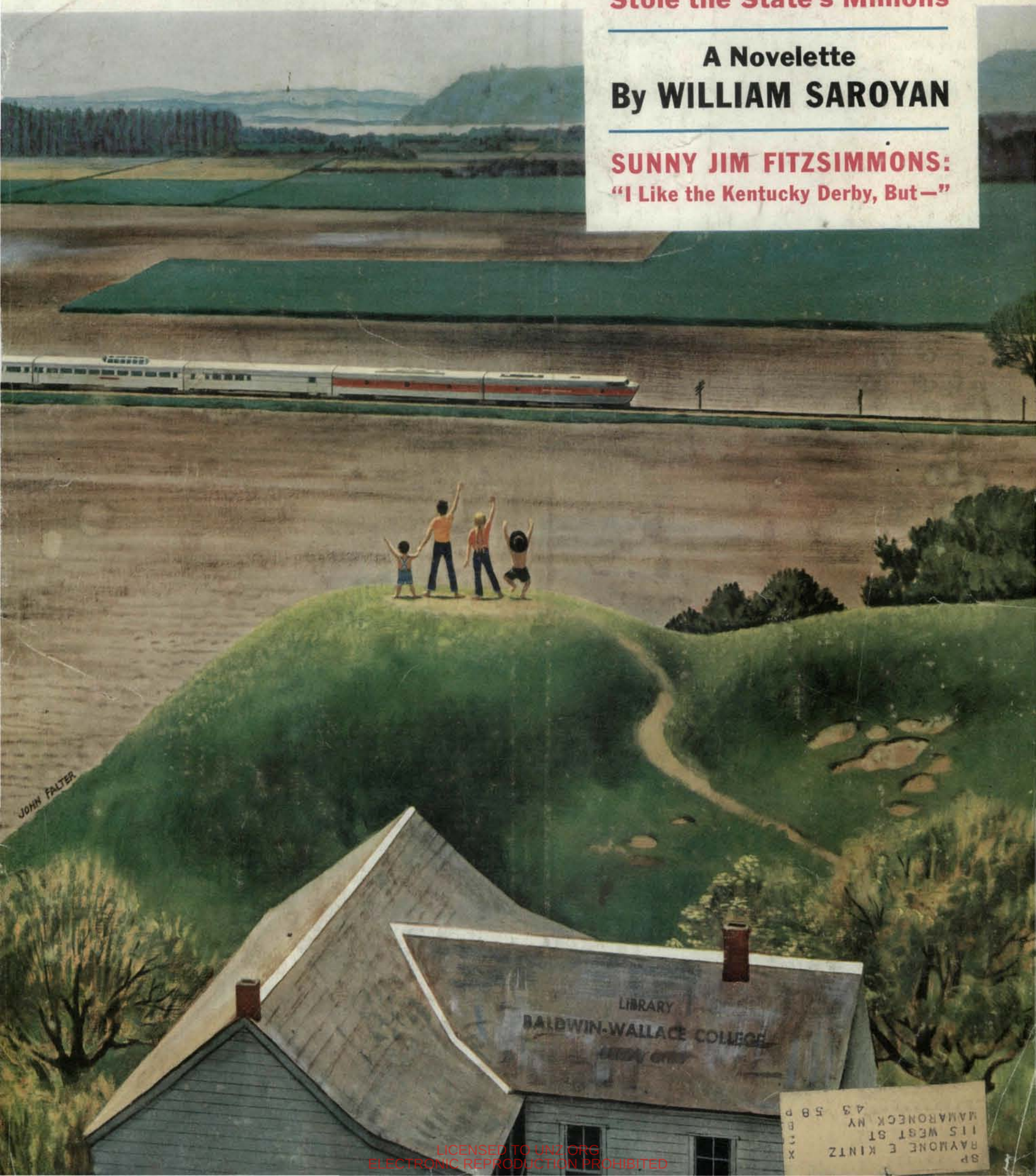
The Saturday Evening
POST
May 4, 1957 – 15¢

THE WAIFS
By WILLIAM FAULKNER
From His New Novel, The Town

How Hodge of Illinois Stole the State's Millions

A Novelette
By WILLIAM SAROYAN

SUNNY JIM FITZSIMMONS:
"I Like the Kentucky Derby, But—"



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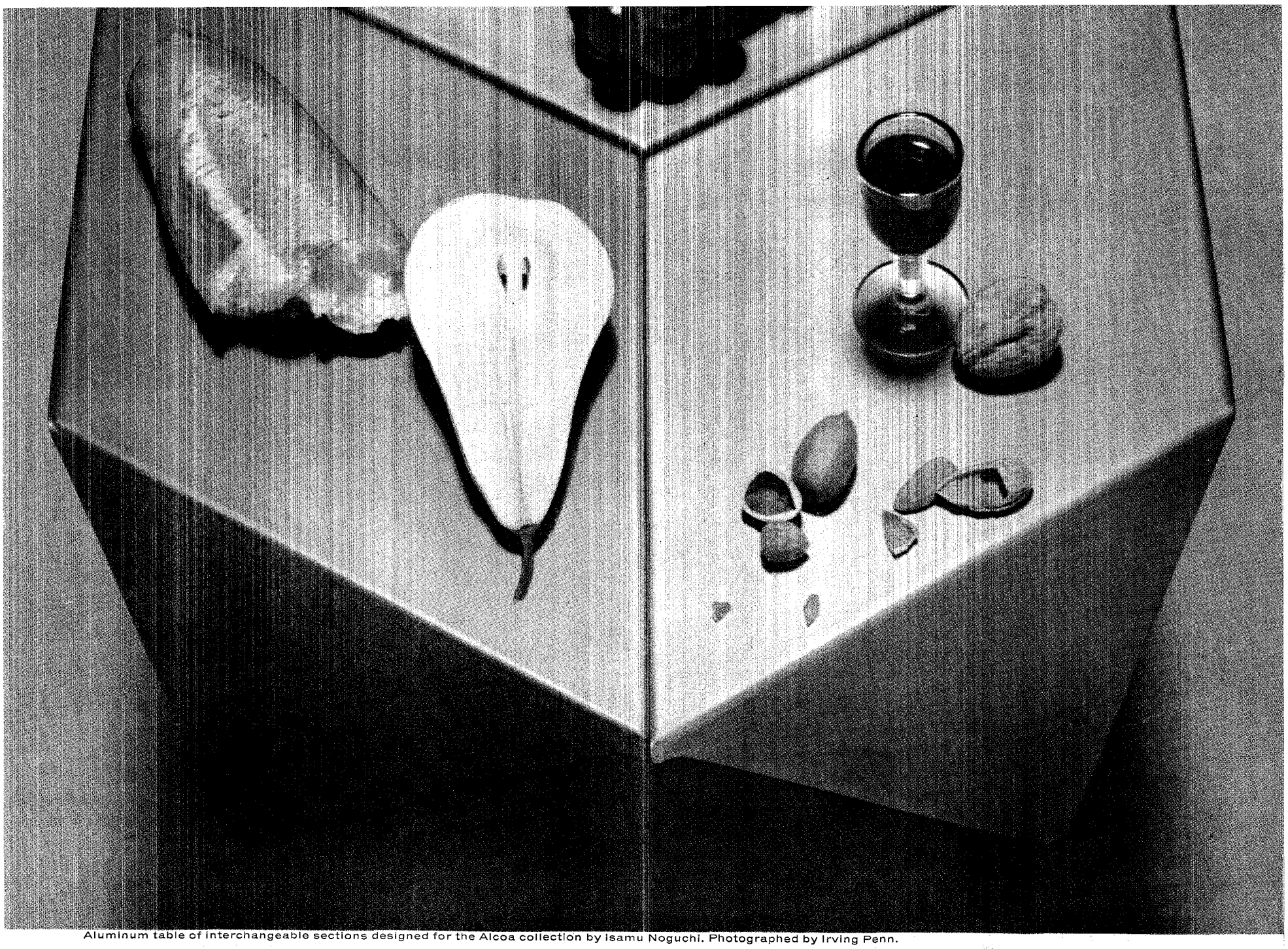

Aluminum table of interchangeable sections designed for the Alcoa collection by Isamu Noguchi. Photographed by Irving Penn.

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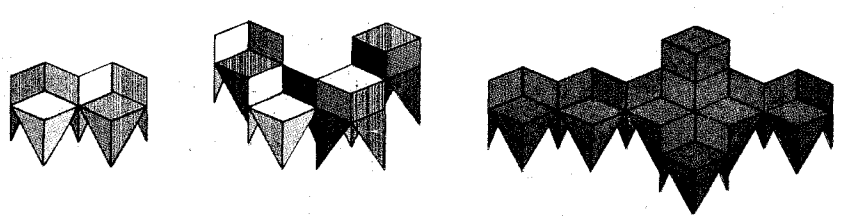
...where you will style rooms to your whim of the moment...using sectional aluminum furniture of myriad textures, colors, finishes and forms...in arrangements as endless as the patterns of a kaleidoscope.



ALCOA ALUMINUM

Aluminum Company of America, Pittsburgh

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Often a bridesmaid... never a bride!

Janice is a familiar type. She's popular with the girls . . . attractive to men *for a while.* Men seem serious—then just courteous—finally, oblivious. Halitosis (unpleasant breath) is a roadblock to romance. And the tragedy is, you're never aware that you're offending!

The most common cause of bad breath is germs . . . Listerine kills germs by millions

And why should anyone risk halitosis when Listerine Antiseptic ends it so quickly? Germs—which ferment the proteins always present in your mouth—are the most common cause of bad breath. The more you reduce these germs, the longer your breath stays sweeter. Listerine kills germs on contact . . . by millions.

Tooth paste can't kill germs the way Listerine does

Tooth paste can't kill germs the way Listerine does, because no tooth paste is antiseptic. Listerine IS antiseptic. That's why Listerine stops bad breath four times better than tooth paste. Gargle Listerine full-strength every morning, every night, before every date!

THE MOST WIDELY USED ANTISEPTIC IN THE WORLD!

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC...STOPS BAD BREATH

4 times better than tooth paste

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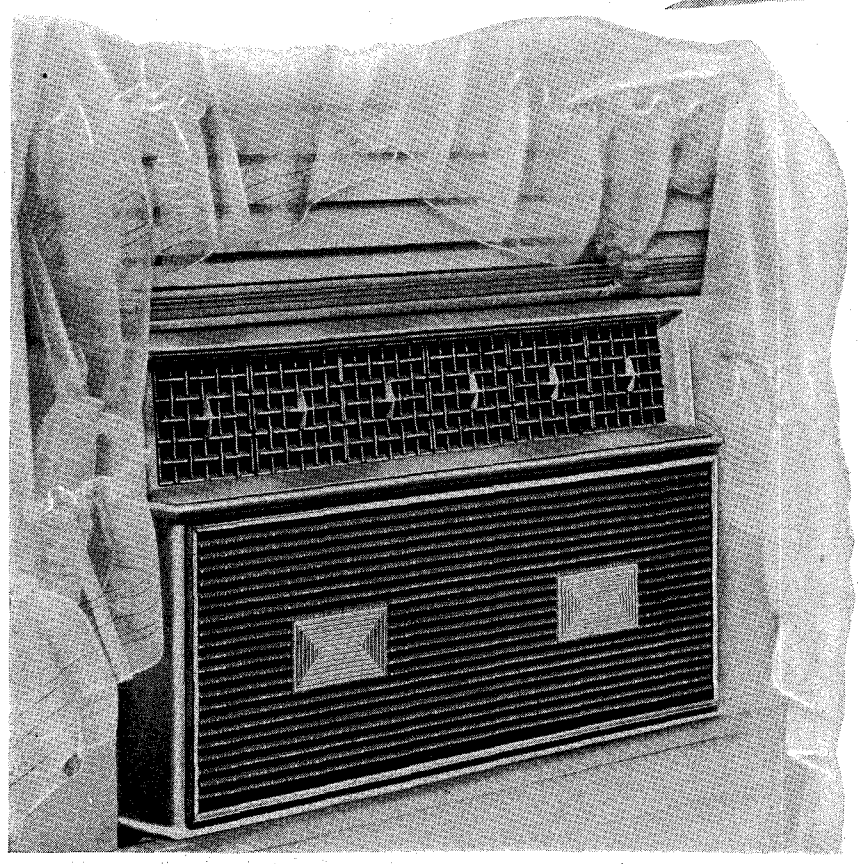
Only the new PHILCO® Air Conditioner has the health-giving IONITRON*

*Trademark Philco Corporation



PHILCO MODEL A1074

Result of 4 years' intensive medical research . . . enriches the air you breathe with nature's health-giving negative ions . . . rids your home of smoke, dust, pollens and odors!

Philco has added a new dimension to the science of air conditioning . . . *ionization*. And medical science is fast proving that ionization is just as important to your year-round comfort and well-being as the control of air temperature and humidity.

Today, no air conditioner is complete without ionization control . . . and it's yours only in the '57 Philco!

"Ions for health"..an important and far-reaching discovery

"Ions" are electrical charges in the air. Air contains both negative and positive ions. Scientists have now found that air containing a high concentration of *negative* ions, such as you'll find as a result of a refreshing thunderstorm, is definitely beneficial. That's the kind of cool ionized air you enjoy with the new Philco Ionitron Air Conditioner.

Gives quick relief from hay fever and other air-borne allergies

Extensive hospital tests (detailed reports of which are available to doctors) have shown that *negatively* ionized air gives quick relief to most sufferers from hay fever and other air-borne allergies. The Philco Ionitron Air Conditioner gives this quick relief—even during high-pollen-count periods.

And, remember, the Philco Ionitron Air Conditioner rids your home of pollen, dirt, dust, smoke and objectionable odors. This is America's most advanced air conditioner.

Before you buy any air conditioner see the new Philco Ionitron!

One third thinner and smaller!

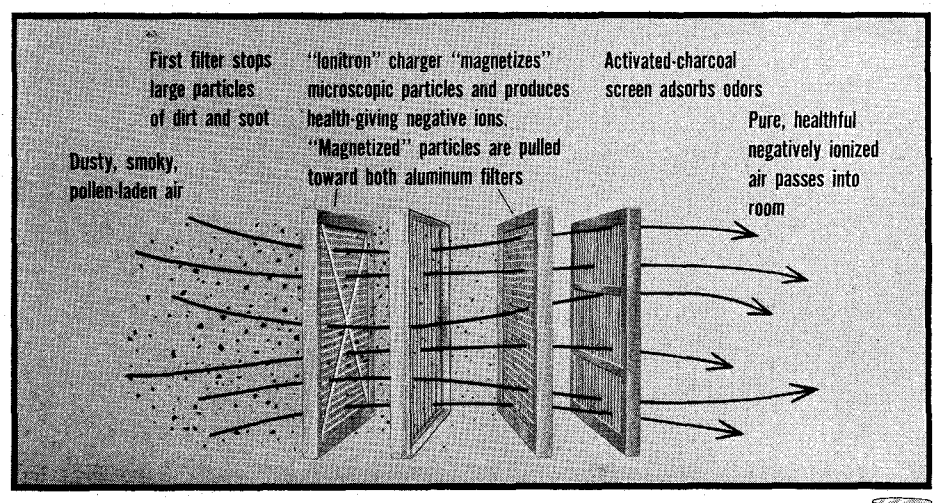
Fits almost any window! The new Philco 1-hp Ionitron Air Conditioner measures less than 16″ high, 24″ deep, 26″ wide. In most cases, it can be mounted flush with the inside wall or drapes, or flush with outside wall or window. The new Philco eliminates the problem of unsightly "overhang" . . . lets in more precious light.

Perfect draft-free cooling! The new Philco gives wall-to-wall, draft-free cooling—without annoying hot spots or warm-air pockets. Specially designed grilles let you adjust flow of air in any combination of four directions.

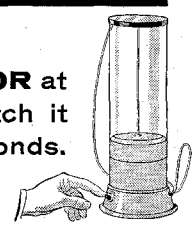
Amazingly quiet! In the new Philco, specially designed sound deadeners trap sound waves, and stop them from entering your room. You sleep in peace and quiet.

Harmonious color and design! Philco's Glacier-Tone colors blend beautifully with any furniture, any fabric, any color scheme. New space-saving cabinet will not interfere with drapes or Venetian blinds.

HOW THE IONITRON AIR CONDITIONER WORKS


First filter stops large particles of dirt and soot
"Ionitron" charger "magnetizes" microscopic particles and produces health-giving negative ions. "Magnetized" particles are pulled toward both aluminum filters
Activated-charcoal screen adsorbs odors
Pure, healthful negatively ionized air passes into room
Dusty, smoky, pollen-laden air

LOOK FOR THE IONITRON DEMONSTRATOR at your neighborhood Philco dealer's today. Watch it make heavy tobacco smoke "disappear" in seconds.



MORE PEOPLE OWN **PHILCO** AIR CONDITIONERS THAN ANY OTHER MAKE

LOOK AHEAD . . . *and you'll choose* PHILCO

BRAND/NAMES *make it easy for you to buy the* ***BEST***

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THE COVER

Children are natural-born train wavers, and trains ROARing out of the somewhere into the somewhere, are natural-born children charmers. Sad to say, today's cultured diesel engines don't pack the terrifying charm of yesteryear's thundering steam jobs, and their whistles have gone a bit sissy too. (It's like modern fire trucks ousting the rampaging old horse-drawn steamers; shucks, what's so unusual about an auto lickety-tooting through traffic?) John Falter, when a child, used to listen to freight trains chugging up a nearby hill and worry about whether they'd make it—as you might worry about his name getting up that hill on the cover. Our scene is Missouri, the Missouri River and Kansas beyond; past here went explorers Lewis and Clark, but not on that train.

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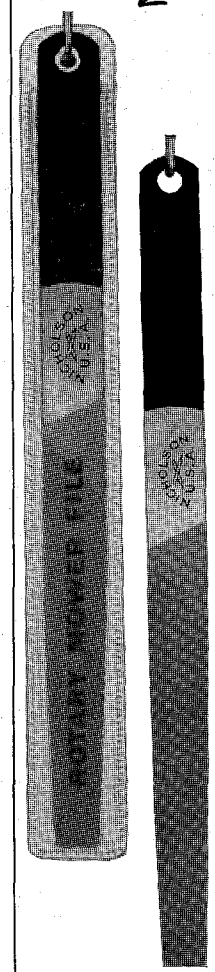

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Letters

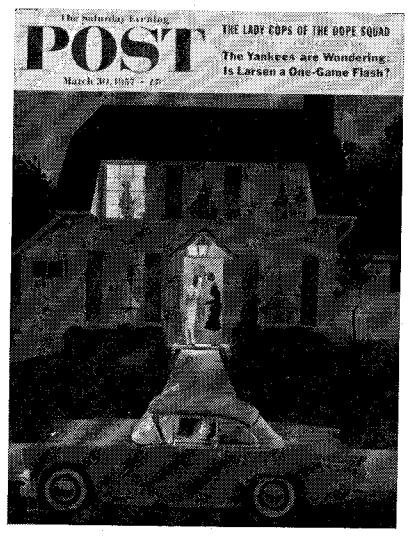
Men v. Women

Dear Sirs:

I think George Hughes hit the jackpot with his March 30th cover.

In fact, there should be do-it-yourself frames available for all of us who share the feelings of the men in the picture. (I'm making my own).

ROBERT J. FYLE
Saginaw, Mich.



Dear Sirs:

Your cover picture is as correct as anyone can make it.

PAUL F. BROOKS
McIntosh, S. Dak.

Dear Sirs:

You can almost hear the chuckles and see the nods of male readers clear across the continent when they look at the cover.

Here's the true picture (not shown). Mr. and Mrs. Smith went to the Jones' house for an evening of bridge. While the guests removed their wraps a brief "hello" was allowed the girls. Any further attempts at conversation were cut short by the men with "You can't play bridge and gossip. Let's play cards!" So they played.

Several rubbers later the women may relax while hats and coats are donned. They exchange a few brief pleasantries while Mr. Sleepyhead Smith runs out to the car and Mr. Jones leaves the little lady to clean up the table, ash trays, etc. He runs up to bed.

Just ask any wife!

MRS. CHARLES ATWATER
Manistique, Mich.

He Likes Small Towns

Dear Sirs:

I can well imagine the joy of the walled-in city dwellers upon discovering what living really is, as was temptingly described in Poyntz Tyler's article THE HAPPY FUGITIVES FROM FLATBUSH [March 9].

Those who have always merely existed in a teeming city jungle will never know what it means to enjoy being part of a community life, which only a small town offers.

My experience has, unfortunately, been in the reverse. From homey and friendly Lexington, Kentucky, the trail led to New York where I have worked and wasted away my 20's.

Now that the time has come to settle down, where might there be another far-sighted company who will lead an exodus into the promised land of wide-open spaces that a weary *émigré* can join?

PETER W. GEIGER
Kew Gardens, L.I., N.Y.

Franco—Pro and Con

Dear Sirs:

WE ARE ON THE SPOT IN SPAIN, by Ernest O. Hauser, March 23, is most revealing. Here our United States Government has spent millions to save a tottering dictatorship. We have given huge gifts, grants and payments to Spain for very little return and . . . now Franco is consorting in secret rendezvous with the Russians. . . .

We do not forget Spain's ruthless persecutions of political opponents—the persecutions of Protestants that continue today. The denial of freedom and economic liberty on every hand and the oppression of all who seek knowledge.

How our Congress was ever duped into pouring funds into this bottomless void is again a fact for the American people to think over.

WM. S. BLAIR
Hershey, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

Regarding WE ARE ON THE SPOT IN SPAIN—isn't it true of any country in Europe where we have commitments? . . . Spaniards may criticize Franco, but which government head has not been criticized? Speaking of strikes; look at those in the U.S.! Riots? Look at those going on in the South against the colored people! If Franco makes "secret" treaties with Russia it means no more than trying to get her people and gold back. At least Spain does not trade with Russia as do most of the so called "Allies." Spain is our most trustworthy friend in Europe today and Franco's being a dictator should not blind us to his merits—as many have been blinded by the communist dictator Tito of Jugoslavia. It is a gross fallacy to think that everyone should be "democratized." It does not work for all countries and peoples.

THE REV. FIDELIS LIMCACO
Los Angeles, Cal.

Borge (Cont'd)

Dear Sirs:

I enjoyed reading EVERYBODY LAUGHS AT ME, by Victor Borge as told to Dean Jennings, Feb. 16–March 30. In the March 30 issue, Mr. Borge mentioned the magnificent statue of Hans Christian Andersen in Central Park. Mr. Georg Lober, sculptor, an American of Danish descent, created this fine work of art and Mr. Otto F. Langmann designed the architecture. It is an outstanding memorial and I believe that your readers would be interested in knowing the names of these two men who worked five years to create a handsome memorial for children. Mr. Lober was knighted by the King of Denmark for his contribution to art.

ELEANOR REGAN
Keyport, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

Why doesn't Victor Borge give credit to the American school children for their contribution (Continued on Page 6)

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Who says men don't understand women!

Whitman knows better!

Because it's the men (fathers, grandfathers, sons and grandsons) who buy the Sampler package more than anybody.

And they buy this famous box of chocolates to give away—to their favorite mother. Particularly on *her* day, May 12.

Mothers love to be remembered by their menfolks. And they're flattered by the prestige of the Sampler gift, too. Not to mention how much they like to eat the candy!

Remember all the Moms in your life with a Sampler! $2, $4, $6 and $10. Stephen F. Whitman & Son, Inc., Philadelphia.

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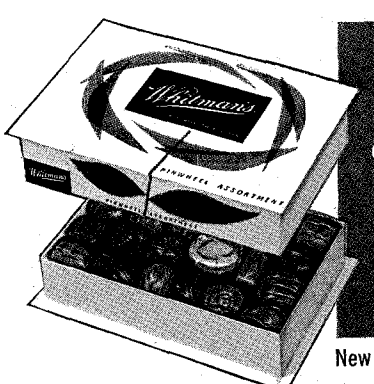

Whitman's
CHOCOLATES

New Pinwheel Assortment, specially priced at $1.50

Give her a Sampler on Mother's Day, May 12

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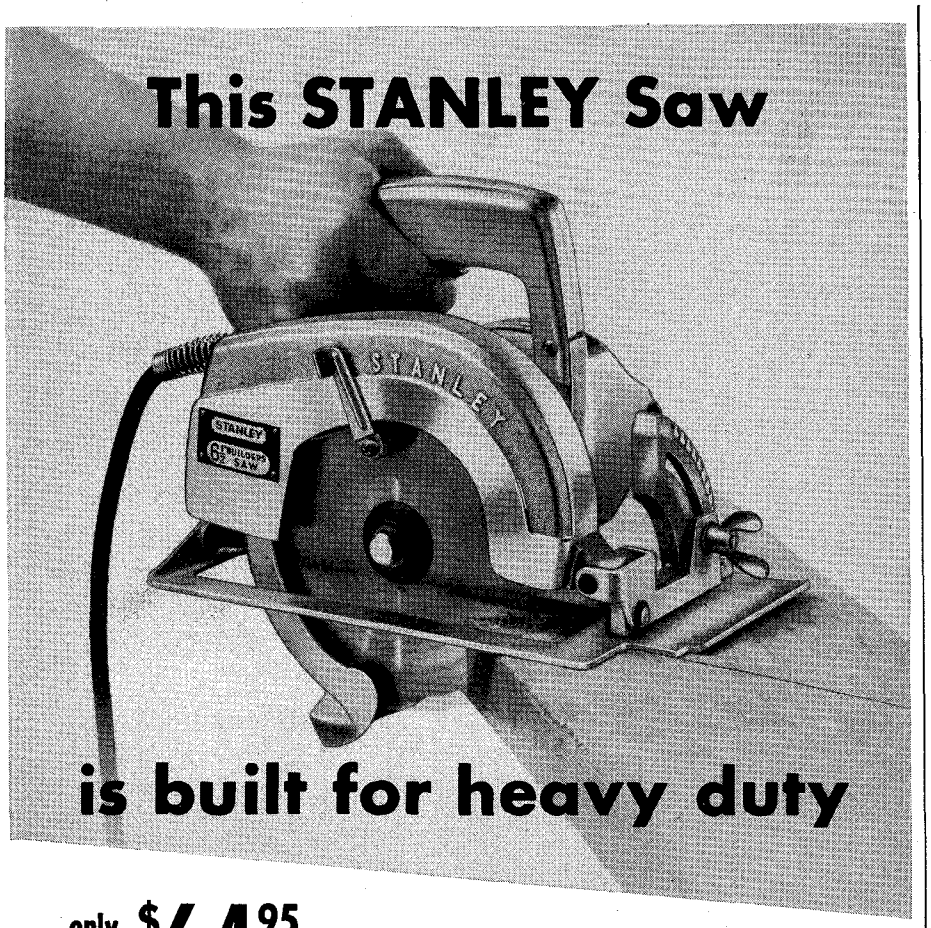

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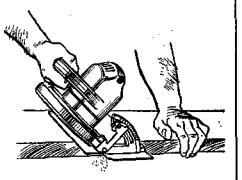

4 MODELS TO CHOOSE FROM:

6" H65	cuts 2"	at 90°, 1-1/2" at 45° . . . only	**$59.95**
6½" H68	cuts 2-3/16"	at 90°, 1-5/8" at 45° . . . only	**64.95**
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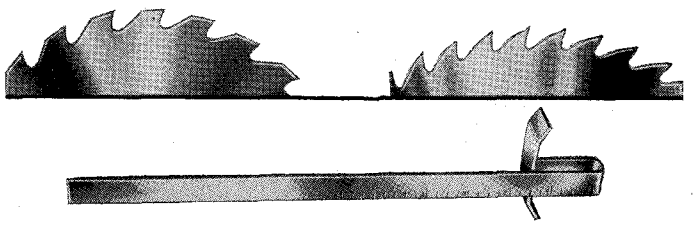
FREE! 2 extra blades and ripping gauge NOW! when you buy one of these saws



For a limited time only Stanley Electric Tools and your dealer are offering a big, free bonus to everyone who buys one of these heavy duty builders saws. There's a prepaid postcard in the package. Fill it out and drop it in the mail. We will mail you this useful ripping gauge and two extra blades for your saw. Act now for the free bonus worth as much as $9.30.

For further details and illustrated folder E15, write Stanley Electric Tools, Division of The Stanley Works, 715 Myrtle St., New Britain, Connecticut.

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Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

to the memorial statue of Hans Christian Andersen in Central Park? They also gave their pennies. My son was very proud to contribute.

MRS. MARGIE LEVY
Woodside, N.Y.

● *Funds for the Hans Christian Andersen statue and site were contributed by private citizens, by New York City, the Danish-American Women's Association and by school children in Denmark and New York.* —*ED.*

Dear Sirs:

How very, very unfortunate that the wonderful Borge story should end with that last sentence. The last paragraph was such beautiful prose. Then to lose that greatness by adding that frivolous remark!!

HENRY P. HALDEN
Palmer, Mass.

● *The paragraph in question: "... I might tell you the most remarkable fairy tale of all—the story of Victor Borge, a Danish boy who had wild and impossible dreams. He wanted to come here with his music and his open heart, to bring you laughter and happiness now and then, and perhaps a tear or two. It all came true, and he lives here happily ever after. That is his reward. The rest goes to the Government."* —*ED.*

No-Hit Larsen

Dear Sirs:

Many thanks for the illuminating behind-the-scenes story of what promises to be one of the truly great pitchers of all time, Don Larsen [Is Larsen a One-Game Wonder? by Arthur and Milton Richman, March 30].

I look for a great year for the Durable Dane.

N. W. KINDGREN
San Bernardino, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

My only regret is that the story didn't take two hours and six minutes (time of game) to read. It was that good.

JOHN STEADMAN
Towson, Md.

Right Award, Wrong Book

Dear Sirs:

In the March 30th issue of the Post you have the first installment of The Lady by Conrad Richter, but you have in large type "by Conrad Richter, Author of the Pulitzer Prize Novel, The Sea of Grass." This is a mistake. Conrad Richter received the Pulitzer Prize for a novel of his entitled The Town.

PAUL REYNOLDS
New York, N.Y.

"Dear Old U.S.A. . . ."

Dear Sirs:

We are seething with indignation. . . . The following are a few quotes from Rugged Bachelors of Okinawa, by William L. Worden, March 30:

"We took Okinawa at great cost as a staging area in the war with Japan."

"A military base it remains."

"The island is actually controlled by the military as a prize of war. Foster Dulles says the U.S. expects to continue the present state "as long as conditions of threat and tension exist in the Far East." . . .

Holy baldheaded blue-eyed, jumped-up Pete! How naïve can these Americans

get—or is it unadulterated, unmitigated plain hypocrisy? Shades of India, Ireland, Egypt, Cyprus . . . in all these countries and others, Britain has said the same things, with equal justification, but in her case the same actions have been called "imperialism" and "colonialism" and damned unceasingly—with dear old U.S.A. leading the damning.

BARRY GIRLING
N. Vancouver, B.C.

Super Goof

Dear Sirs:

Couldn't help noticing (in Rugged Bachelors of Okinawa, by William L. Worden, Mar. 30) that, although the Marines were mentioned in only four short paragraphs buried back toward the end of the story, they racked up a perfect score (six out of six) in the accompanying photos.

MAJ. DAVID L. JONES
Lawton, Okla.

● *We really goofed on this one. We chose the photographs, title and subtitle for another article by Mr. Worden, about the 3rd Marine Division on Okinawa. Through a series of fantastic coincidences they got placed with the article we printed, which chiefly concerned the politico-economic situation on that explosive island. It couldn't happen again in a hundred years—and won't.* —*ED.*

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Reading across pages, then down:
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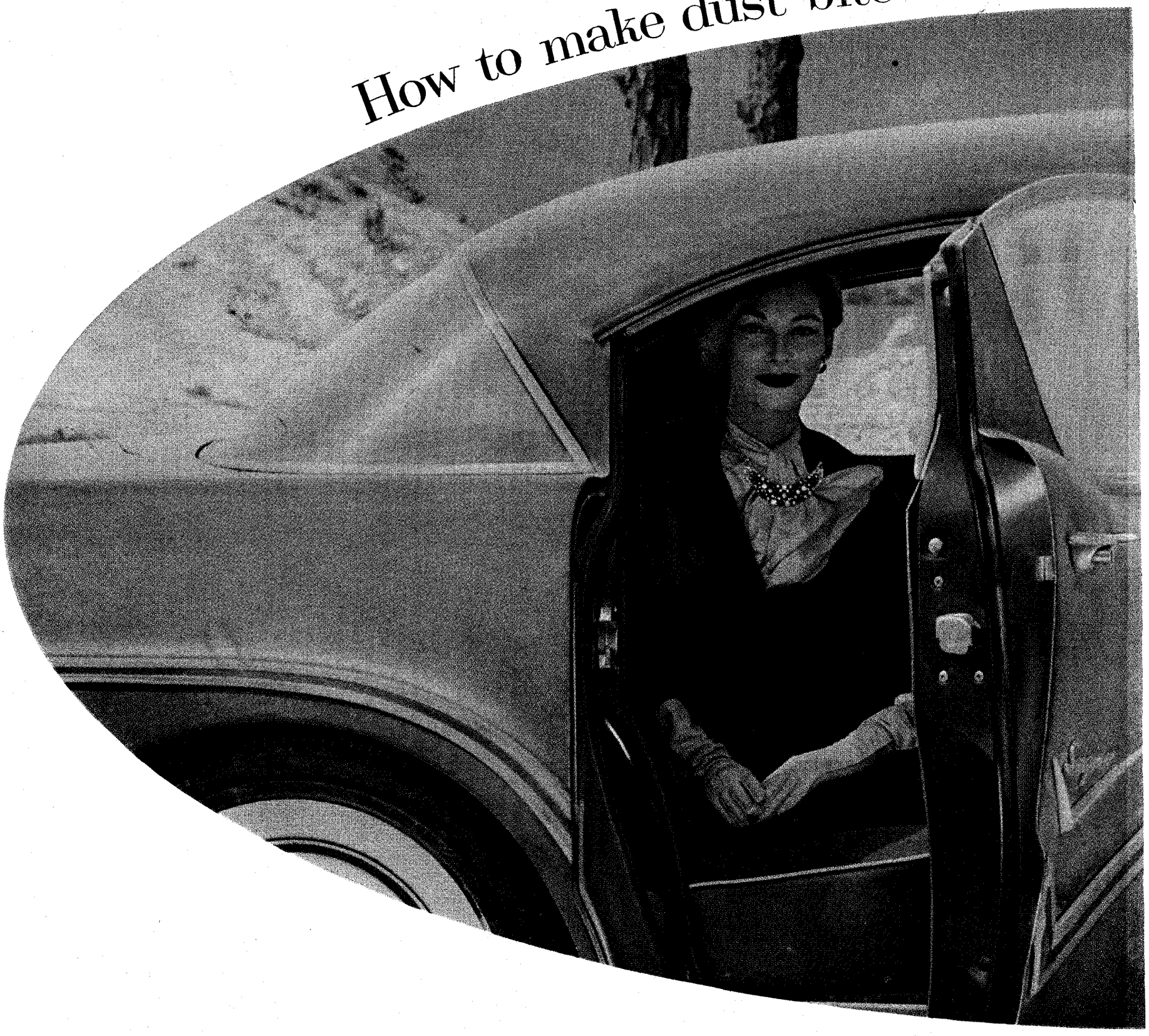
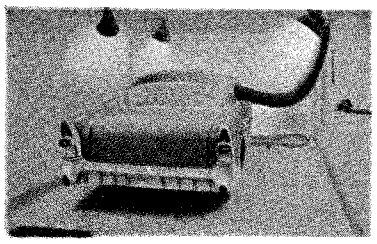
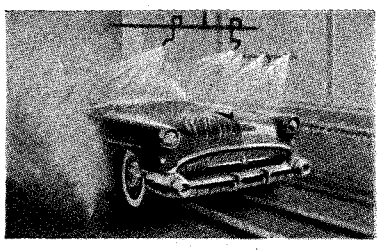
How to make dust bite the dust.



THE WORLD'S WORST STORMS PROVE THERE'



The World's thickest dust storm lashes a 1957 Body by Fisher. Here in the Chalk Room at Fisher Body's testing laboratories, dense clouds of white powder smother a vacuumized car. One imperfect seal, one tiny open seam and the chalk would be sucked into passenger and luggage compartments. This *proves* the tight construction and heavy insulation of a Body by Fisher. *No other body* in the world is so free of dust!



The World's wettest cloudburst—the equivalent o 50-inch downpour tests the tig ness of a 1957 Body by Fish Thirty-six jet sprays drench t body from every angle, while team of inspectors keeps a sha lookout for the slightest trace of moisture inside. At Fisher Bo *every* body must weather this trial by water. *Every* Fisher Body mu be as snug as steel, sealers *and skill* can make it.

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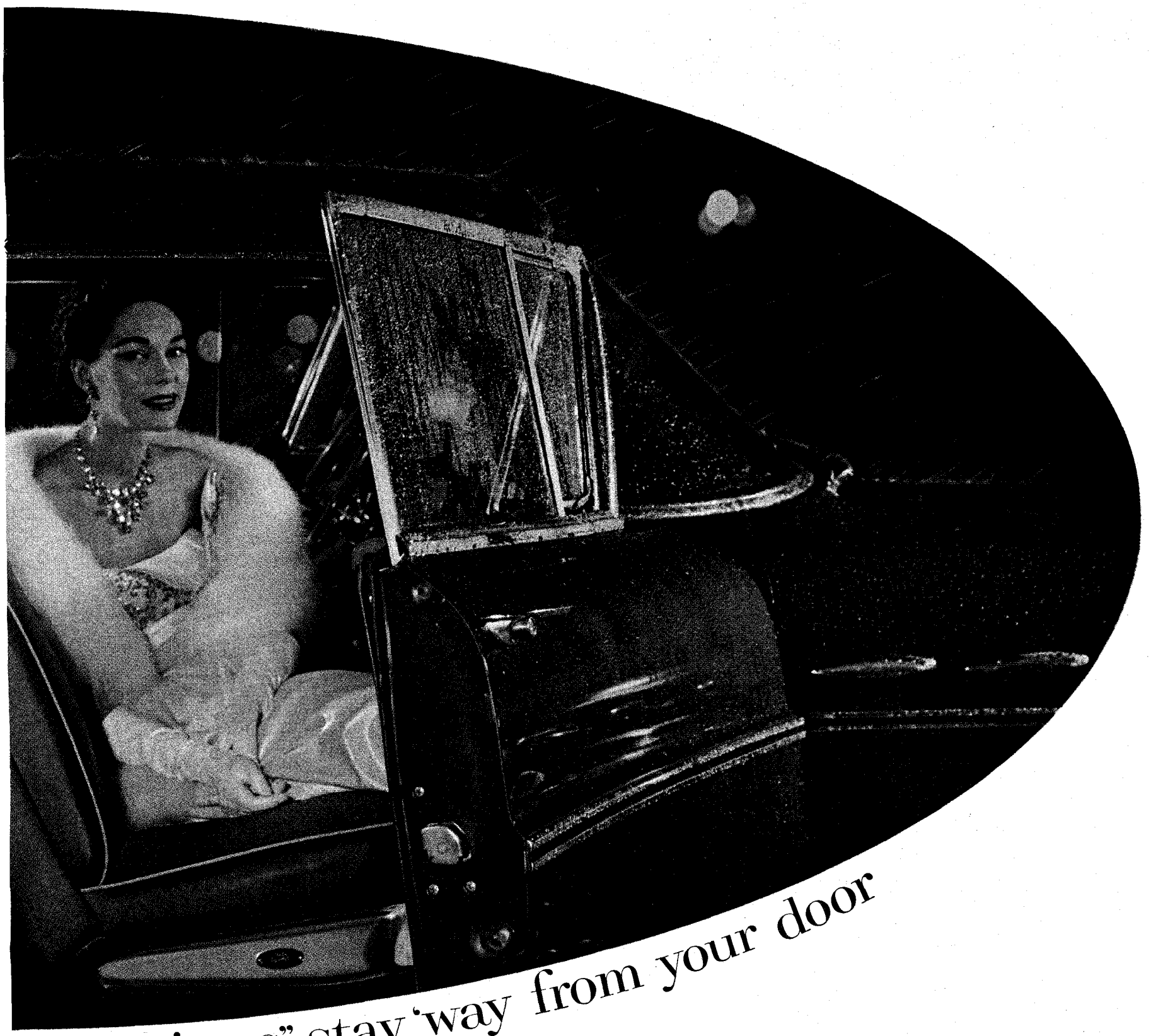

and "rivers" stay 'way from your door

O BODY LIKE A FISHER BODY

ıen you shop for a car, go behind the "seen."

e tight seams and snug-fitting joints of a Body by Fisher can tell you a lot ɔut what lies beneath the surface.

r they are the "seal" of America's most *carefully* built body.

re and *caring* — they help make a Fisher Body better to look at, safer to e in, more pleasant to live with through the years.

ıas been true since the first Fisher bodies were built. It is true today in General Motors cars, the only cars with Body by Fisher.

Body by Fisher

Better by Far

On General Motors Cars only:

Chevrolet · Pontiac · Oldsmobile · Buick · Cadillac

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RING OF FUTURE

Identifies service station men as forward-looking. Their business has grown many fold in the past few years and will continue to grow in the future.

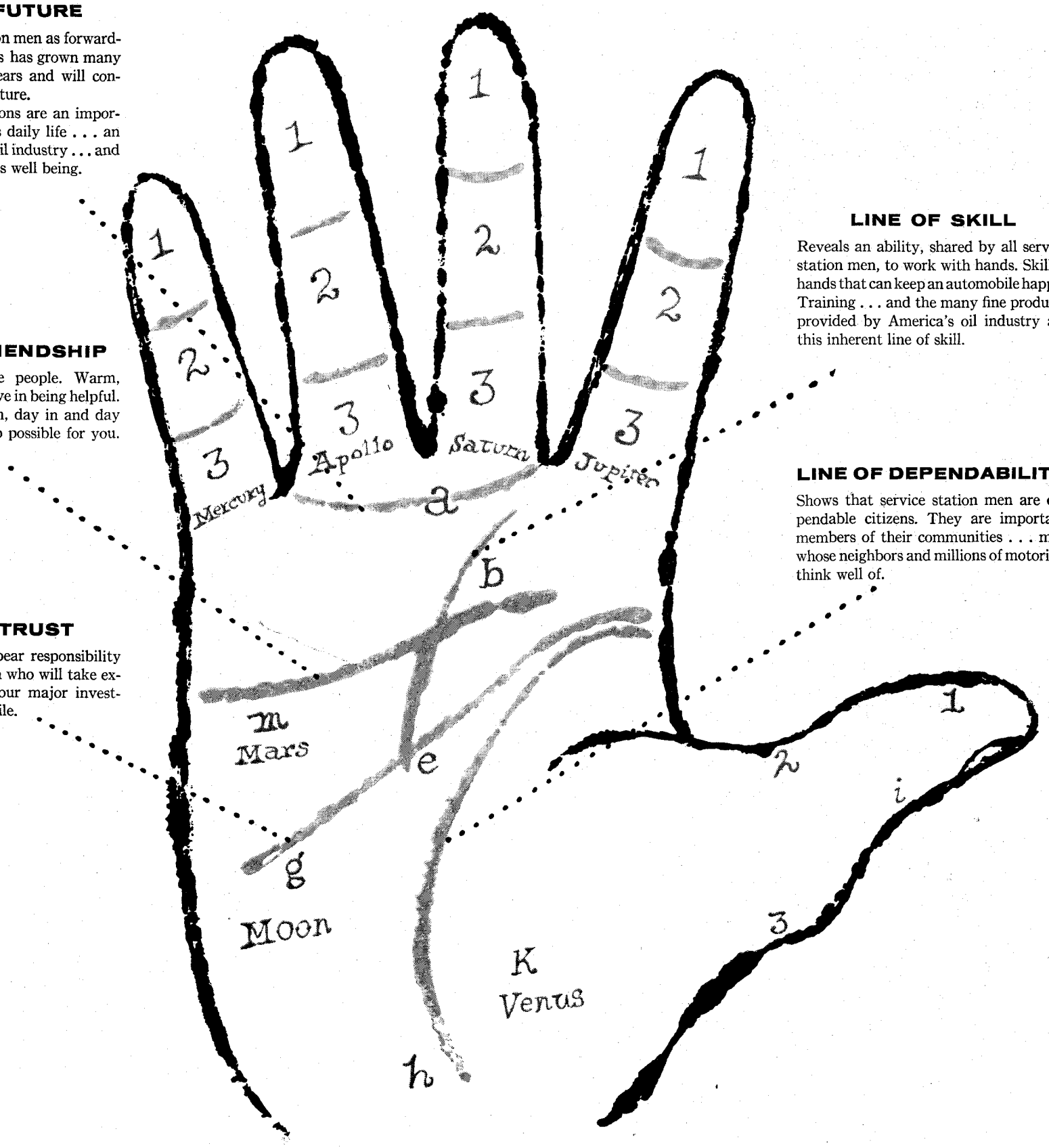
Today, service stations are an important part of America's daily life . . . an important part of the oil industry . . . and important to your car's well being.

LINE OF FRIENDSHIP

Labels men who like people. Warm, friendly men who believe in being helpful. Men you can count on, day in and day out, to do the best job possible for you.

LINE OF TRUST

Marks the men who bear responsibility well. Trustworthy men who will take expert care of one of your major investments—your automobile.



LINE OF SKILL

Reveals an ability, shared by all service station men, to work with hands. Skilled hands that can keep an automobile happy. Training . . . and the many fine products provided by America's oil industry aid this inherent line of skill.

LINE OF DEPENDABILITY

Shows that service station men are dependable citizens. They are important members of their communities . . . men whose neighbors and millions of motorists think well of.

Over 200,000 just like it!

You'll find men with these qualifications ready to help you, and every motorist, on every highway and byway throughout America.

Knowing that experienced and friendly help is as near as the next service station makes modern motoring a carefree pleasure.

America's service station teams give today's motorist the road-long reassurance that he never drives completely alone.

"ETHYL" (TRADE-MARK) ANTIKNOCK COMPOUND — ETHYL CORPORATION

ETHYL CORPORATION
NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

Manufacturers of "Ethyl" antiknock compound—used by oil companies everywhere to improve their gasoline.

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Editorials

Are Those Big Dams Destined to be Silt Traps?

By ELMER T. PETERSON

Much has been said and written about the fabulous Pick-Sloan Plan, whose breath-taking promotional material proclaims the "harnessing" of great rivers, particularly in the Mississippi Valley. The cost is variously estimated at somewhere between fifty and one hundred billion dollars.

The over-all conception is grandiose and spectacular. Interested bystanders are urged to "think big." However, the littlest things may turn out to be the biggest. There are elements in the fine print of the specifications that cannot be ignored. Thus far, the promoters of the Pick-Sloan Plan have been extraordinarily reluctant to spell them out.

Take, for instance, the analysis made by the Army Engineers in the case of their own proposed Eufaula Reservoir in Oklahoma, which is projected to inundate 100,000 acres of the most fertile bottom land in the state, at a cost of not less than $153,000,000. This inundation deserves a chapter itself, but for the moment let's look at another facet on page 118 of the monumental brochure, entitled Arkansas-White-Red River Basins, Part II, Section 7, Hydroelectric Power Development and Utilization Arkansas-White-Red Basins, Inter-Agency Committee, 1955.

The Army Engineers, in Table 1 of Sedimentation Data, say that the average annual suspended sediment load will be 57,166,000 tons. In layman's language this means that each average year 57,166,000 tons of sediment will be carried out of tributary streams into the reservoir. By referring to the context we find that this stupendous volume of sediment will fill what is technically called the "sedimentation pool" in twenty-four to twenty-five years.

All the Pick-Sloan reservoirs located in the prairie plowlands of low gradient are subject to this sedimentation, more or less like that of the Eufaula example. That is because the watersheds are vulnerable to fast erosion from plowing or overgrazing. Eminent geologists say the average prairie-plowland reservoir situated on a main stream of low gradient will fill up with silt in fifty years. Old Lake Altus, in Western Oklahoma, filled up in fourteen years. The extreme was a reservoir on the Solomon River, at Osborne, Kansas, which filled up in one year.

Col. E. G. Daly, when head of the Army Engineers in Oklahoma, said of the Eufaula Reservoir, in a speech at Stigler, October 17, 1949, "This dam is definitely intended as a silt trap." He admitted that its usefulness would be over in fifty years.

There is a growing school of thought which holds that both water and erodible soil can best be conserved by stopping water where it falls, by conservation practices on the watersheds to produce land-wide infiltration.

The admission of the Army Engineers that one of their key reservoirs will receive an average deposit of 57,166,000 tons of sediment each year provides a bleak outlook for flood control under the Pick-Sloan Plan.

Viet-Nam Wants No Part of the Chinese Civil War

Once again the remarkable man who is president of South Viet-Nam has faced a great question squarely and has answered it with a bold move that is right and essential. What shall be done about the overseas Chinese? President Diem does not dodge or hesitate, unlike most leaders in and near Southeast Asia. His decision is that the Chinese in his country must become a true part of Viet-Nam. Their loyalty must be to Viet-Nam, not China.

In some places the overseas Chinese are a distinct help to Red China. But even where they are not pro-Communist, they are a grave problem. In the Philippines there are only 150,000 of them—according to a 1955 estimate. And in Indonesia there are 2,000,000. In Malaya 2,250,000. In Thailand nearly 4,000,000. There are also large numbers in other places. The British have 2,250,000 of them in Hong Kong. But these are only technically "overseas" Chinese; for Hong Kong is in effect a part of the Chinese mainland. Even if we exclude those in Hong Kong, there are well over 11,000,000 overseas Chinese in Southeast Asia and the Pacific.

Luckily for South Viet-Nam, its 1,000,000 Chinese are mostly against Communism. They sympathize with Chiang Kai-shek's Nationalist government in Formosa. But President Diem wants them to begin thinking of themselves as Viet-Namese.

He has therefore conferred citizenship on all Chinese born in Viet-Nam—and this means the great majority. They now have the full rights of citizens, plus the full duties. They must pay taxes on the same basis as other citizens. They must do military service.

Moreover, noncitizens are now barred from many important lines of business, including much of the retail trade. Diem also ordered private Chinese high schools to shut down until they complied with new regulations.

President Diem simply recognizes that the existence of a separate, clannish Chinese community is a danger to Viet-Nam. The safety of the nation demands national unity. What Diem wants is the physical and cultural assimilation of the 1,000,000 Chinese.

Other governments in the same region would do well to follow his example as much as they can. But what solution is possible in Singapore, where the Chinese are four fifths of the population and are largely under Red influence? This is one of the headaches Britain created for itself by its colonial practices. It did not show enough foresight.

And by the way, how much foresight would we show if we gave in to the demands of self-styled "realists" that we recognize Red China and consent to its entering the United Nations? From Hong Kong to the Philippines and Indonesia, and from Japan—which has 44,000 Chinese—to Malaya and Thailand, the overseas Chinese would mostly be under Red guidance.

Mr. Fast's Apologia Was No Tremendous Surprise to Anybody

Howard Fast, the Communist Party's favorite American author, has exposed himself as having been a Communist. This astounding revelation is made in his announcement that he has quit the CP. He describes Communism as "socialism without morality."

Now, he discloses that he has been a Communist Party member nearly fifteen years. Yet in all that time he refused to say publicly that he belonged to the CP. In recent years he has availed himself of the Fifth Amendment. And before that he used to deny membership.

Would President and Mrs. Roosevelt have invited Fast to lunch if they had known he was a Communist? Would Elmer Davis have hired Fast to work for the Office of War Information, if he had known this?

Of course, in late years Fast's Communist activities have been so obvious that only self-blinded persons have been deceived. Yet as recently as October, 1954, Fast made a great public display of his refusal to admit the truth.

At that time a British newspaper, the Sunday Observer, published a review by Philip Toynbee of one of Fast's books. Toynbee commented that Fast was a Communist. At once Fast sent a stiff protest to the newspaper, declaring huffily: "Not only has he no proof or evidence of this but there has never been a public statement made by myself which designated me as a Communist."

Now comes the statement by the man who won the Stalin "Peace" Prize, which he called "the highest award which the human race can bestow upon one of its members."

"From New York to Bombay," said the Communist organ, the Daily Worker, in 1950, "from one end of the world to the other, wherever and whenever today's democratic American literature is discussed, one man's name stands out far above all others: the name of Howard Fast."

Yet now Fast has jumped off the Kremlin's bus. Sickened by Khrushchev's speech in February, 1956, which told of Stalin's bloody viciousness, Fast agonized for many months. He says he can no longer obey Communist discipline.

It is to the good that he is out in the open now, instead of writing letters protesting with holy indignation against being called a Communist.

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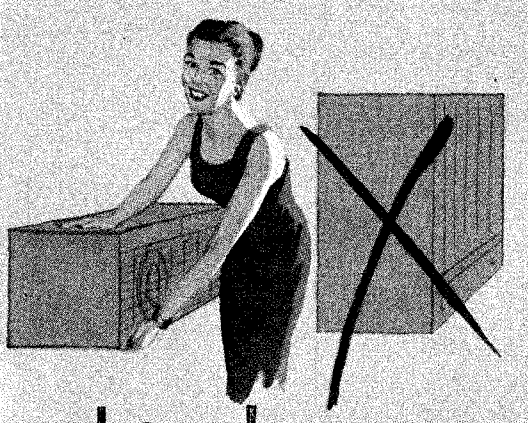
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fedders "Thin...and Low" Air Conditioners

take 46% less space...save re-wiring costs...use less current

Thin!

...doesn't stick way out
...no ugly overhang,
inside or outside.



Low! *...doesn't stick way up*
...doesn't block the view or
shut out the light.

An exclusive Fedders achievement—"Thin...and Low" Air Conditioners are 46% smaller over-all, but deliver the extra cooling performance that has made Fedders the world's largest-selling air conditioner.

Only Fedders has *Unimount** compressor —gives performance never before possible

Greater cooling power . . . revolutionary space-saving design . . . vibration-free performance . . . lowest installation and operating costs — all these advantages are yours because the Unimount* Compressor is the "heart" of 1957 Fedders!

For multi-room cooling, Fedders has pioneered the new 1-HP Supreme that needs no 230-volt re-wiring, saving you up to $150 on installation. This powerful Fedders runs on regular 115-volt electricity . . . operates on any circuit that a standard ¾ HP 12-amp model can use, and requires no more current.

For average rooms, Fedders 7½-amp ¾ HP Supreme gives efficient cooling on *40% less electricity*—less than a toaster, hand iron or similar plug-in appliance.

Ask your Fedders dealer to demonstrate these all-new *"Thin . . . and Low"* Fedders, with every quality feature — 2-speed controls for day and night cooling . . . exhaust and ventilation . . . no-draft Weather-Wheel grille . . . built-in thermostat. All Fedders are triple-tested, sold with 5-year warranty.

*Pat. Applied For

You can rely on

FEDDERS

World's largest-selling
Air Conditioner

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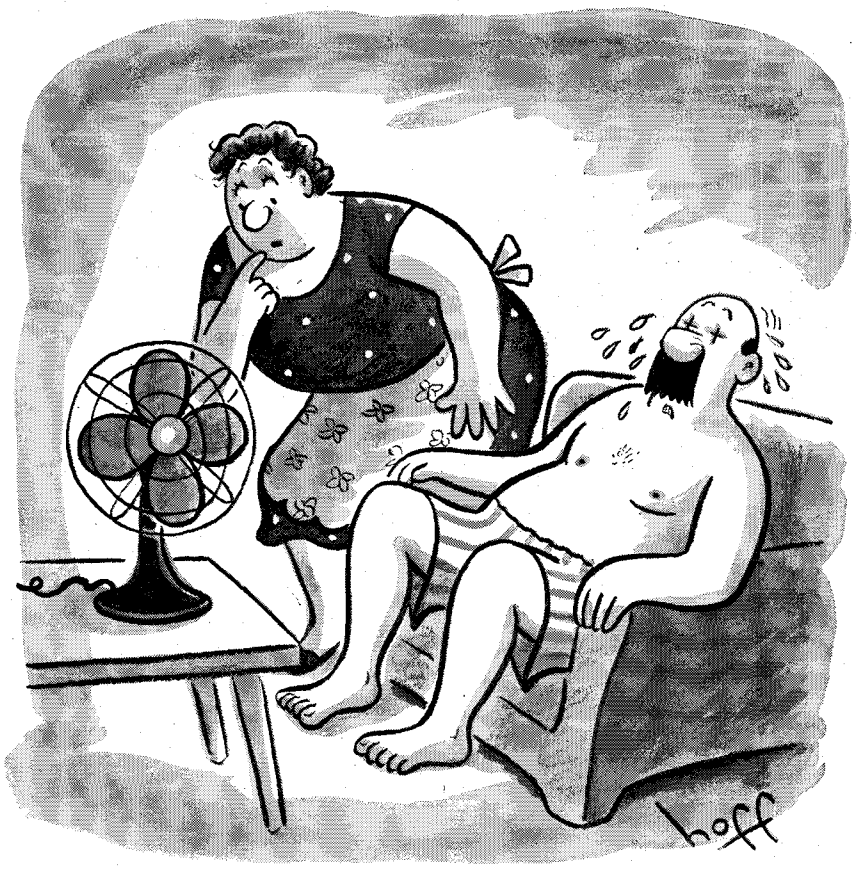

Appliances starved by skimpy wiring?

Dazed by a wiring maze?

Lights dim when appliances start?

Fading radio from weak wiring?

Which of these low HOUSEPOWER headaches is yours?

Today, 4 out of 5 homes have low HOUSEPOWER—not enough electrical wiring, outlets and switches. Is your home one of these? There's an easy, sure way to find out: Get a HOUSEPOWER Rating.

Maybe you've already noticed some of the signs of low HOUSEPOWER in your home. Any octopus outlets? Lights dim or TV picture shrink when appliances are turned on? Fuses blow frequently? Appliances slow heating up? Any one or more of these symptoms means that you have low HOUSEPOWER . . . you're not getting enough electricity.

Call your electrical contractor or electric company for a HOUSEPOWER Rating now. If you do need more wiring, your electrical contractor will do the job quickly and neatly —economically, too. Remember, *full* HOUSEPOWER increases the value of your home . . . helps you LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY.

Your electrical industries sponsoring

HOUSEPOWER TRADE MARK

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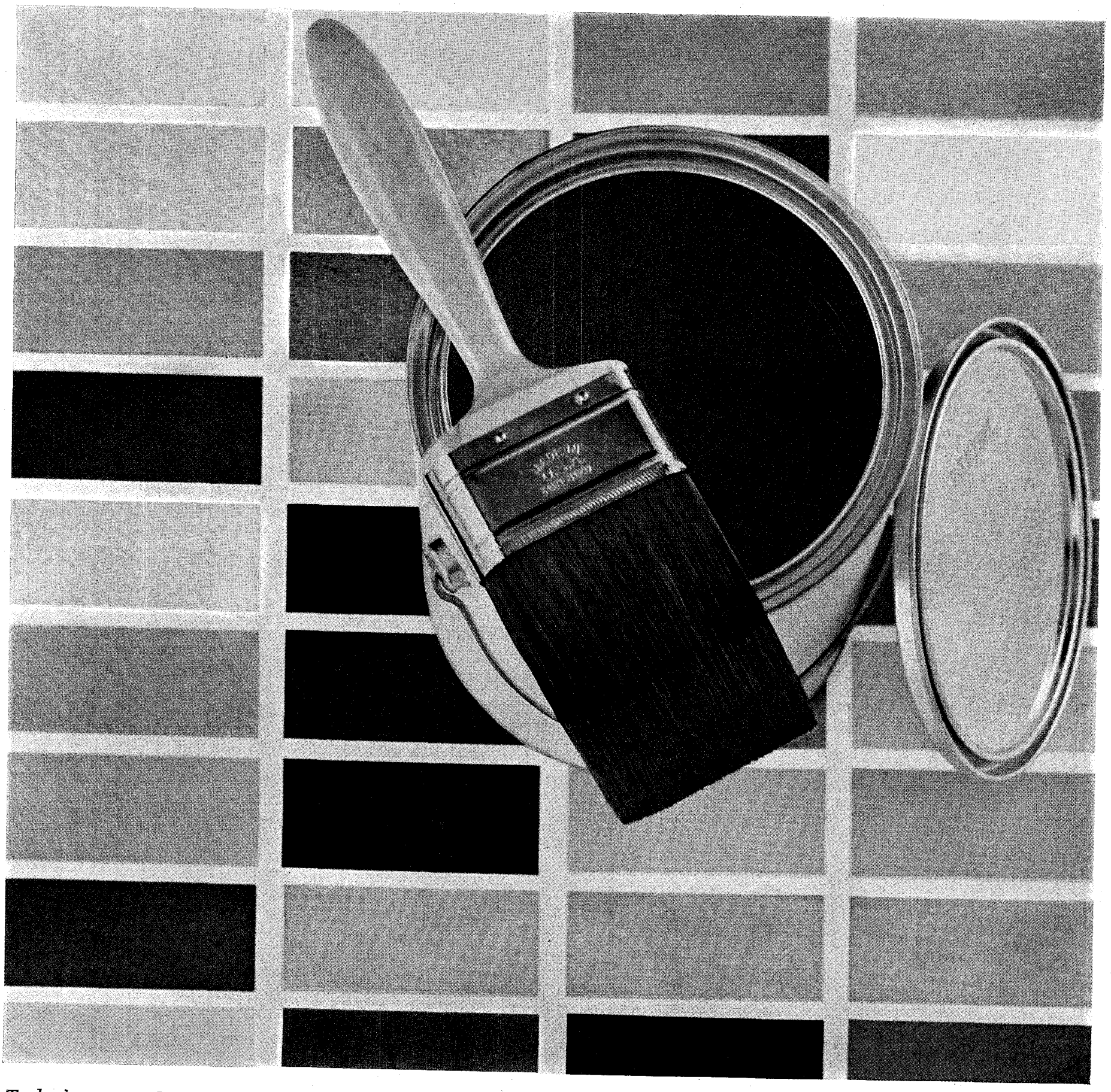
ESSO RESEARCH works wonders with oil

Paint improvements by the pot-full!



Today's new and better paints work miracles for even the greenest do-it-yourselfer. They dry quickly. They cover in a single coat. They go on easily, smoothly. Some actually protect against mildew—a boon for painting walls apt to get damp. Certain basic ingredients developed by Esso Research have helped bring these improvements in paint. Proof once more that **ESSO RESEARCH** *works wonders with oil!*

Esso

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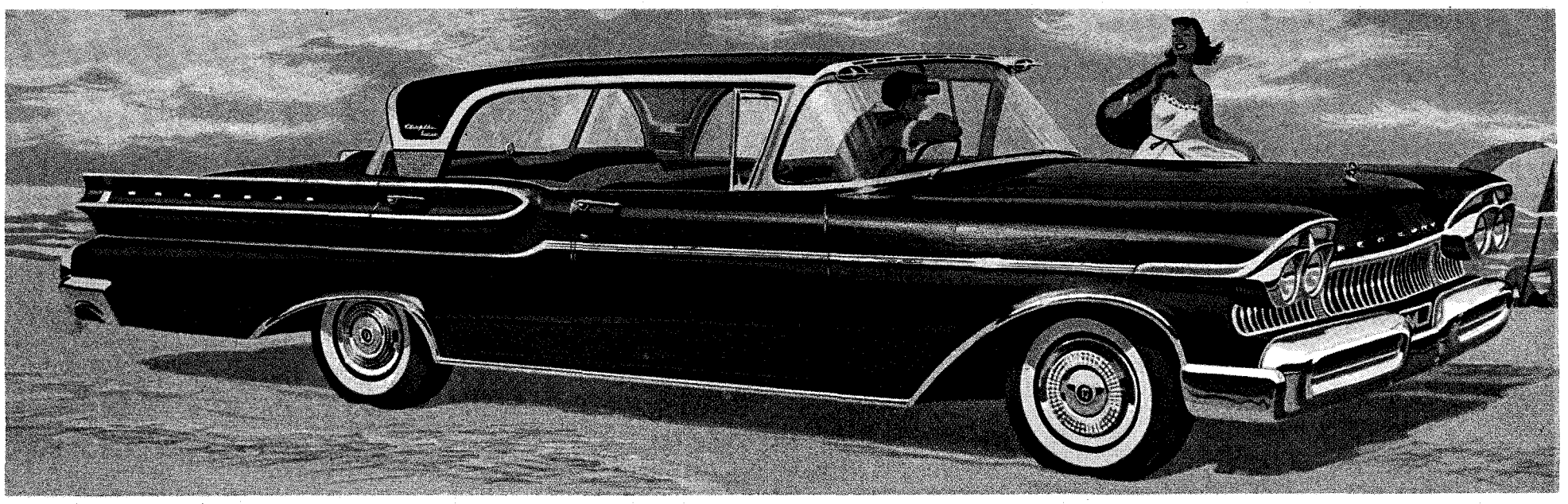
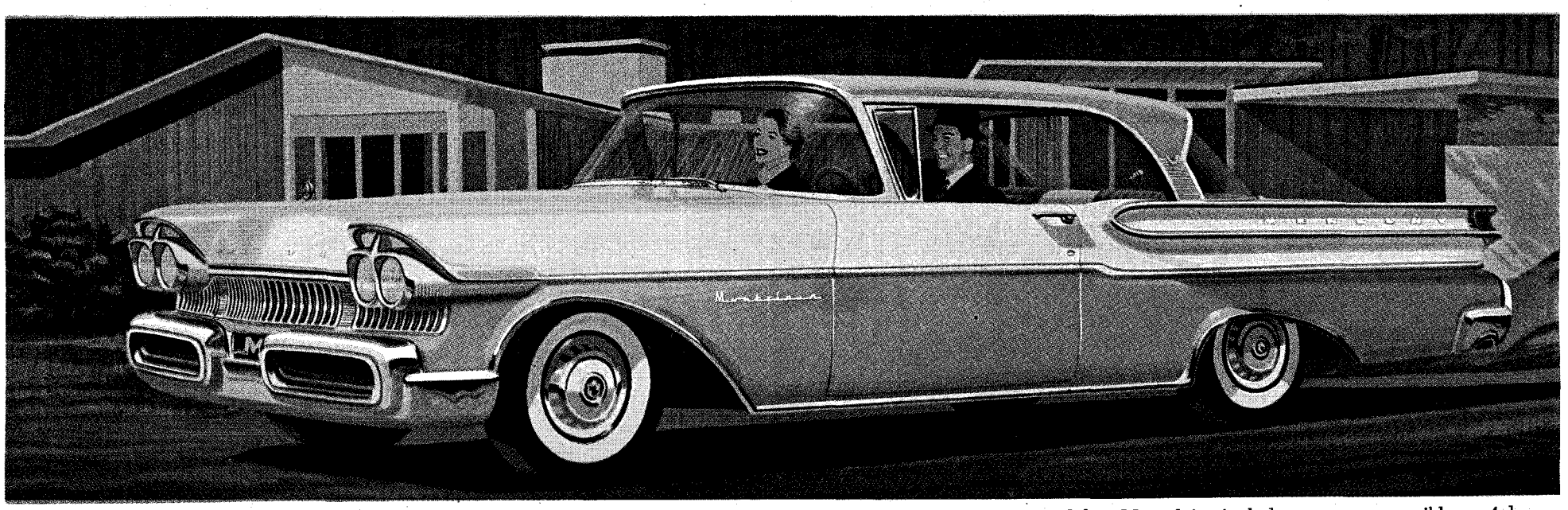
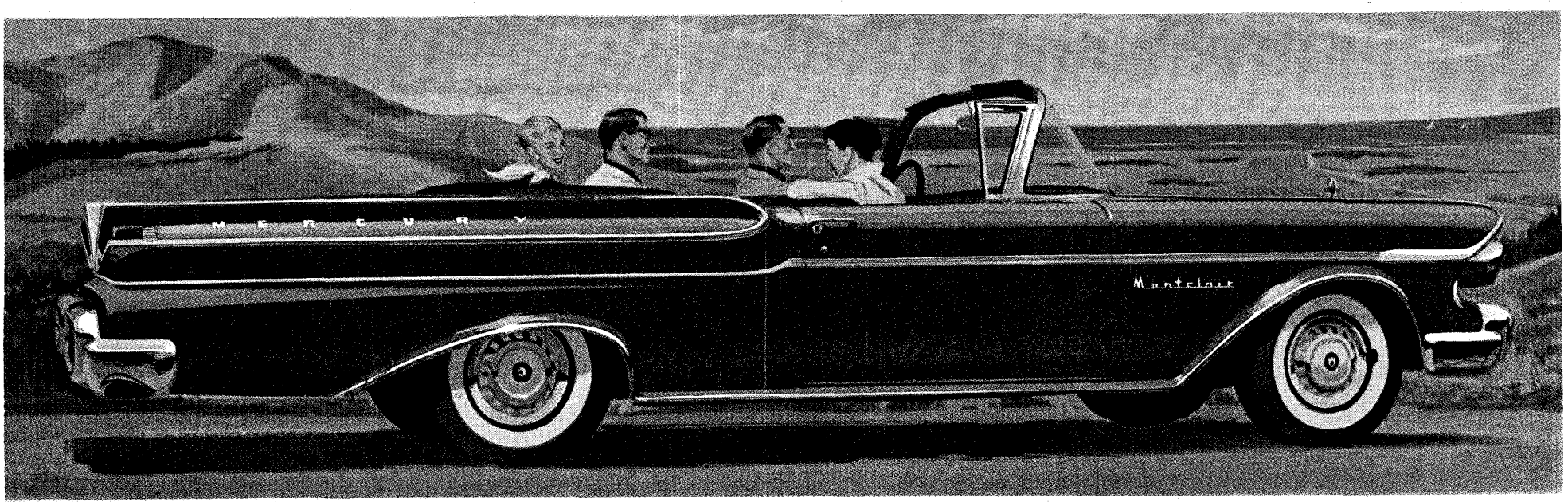
Choose your Mercury now! There's a mode



NEW 290-HP TURNPIKE CRUISER—MERCURY'S NEW LUXURY SERIES—The most advanced car you can buy at any price, with features found in no other car. These innovations include Floating Ride with special Air-Cushion Suspension, a Skylight Dual-Curve Windshield that curves *up* as well as around each side, special superhighway instruments, Breezeway Ventilation with roof-level air intakes and power-operated back window, distinctive styling shared by no other car.



NEW MONTCLAIR PHAETON COUPE—ONE OF 4 NEW MONTCLAIR MODELS—This sleek new hardtop is a brilliant example of Mercury's new Dream-Car Design. Gone is the plump look of most other cars. Bulging curves have given way to bold, clean-cut lines. Other Montclairs include a new convertible, a 4-door sedan, and a 4-door hardtop. A new 255-horsepower Safety-Surge V-8 engine with Power-Booster Fan is standard. A 290-hp Turnpike Cruiser V-8 engine is optional.



NEW MONTCLAIR CONVERTIBLE—FIRST CONVERTIBLE WITH SEDAN ROOM—There's room for six adults—new leg room, knee room, shoulder room, and headroom—in both front *and* rear seats. And you'll find this new "sedan room" in both the Montclair illustrated, and in the Monterey convertible. New features include a two-tone top and the biggest back window you have ever seen in a convertible—almost 6½ feet wide for "hardtop" visibility when the top is up.

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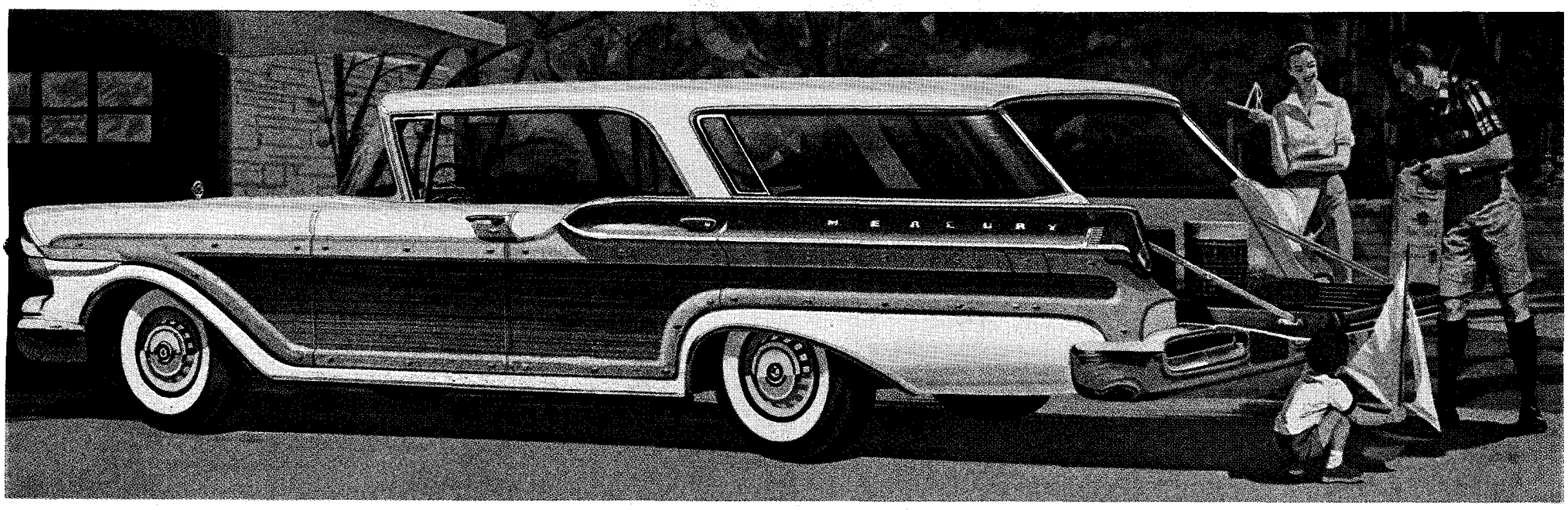
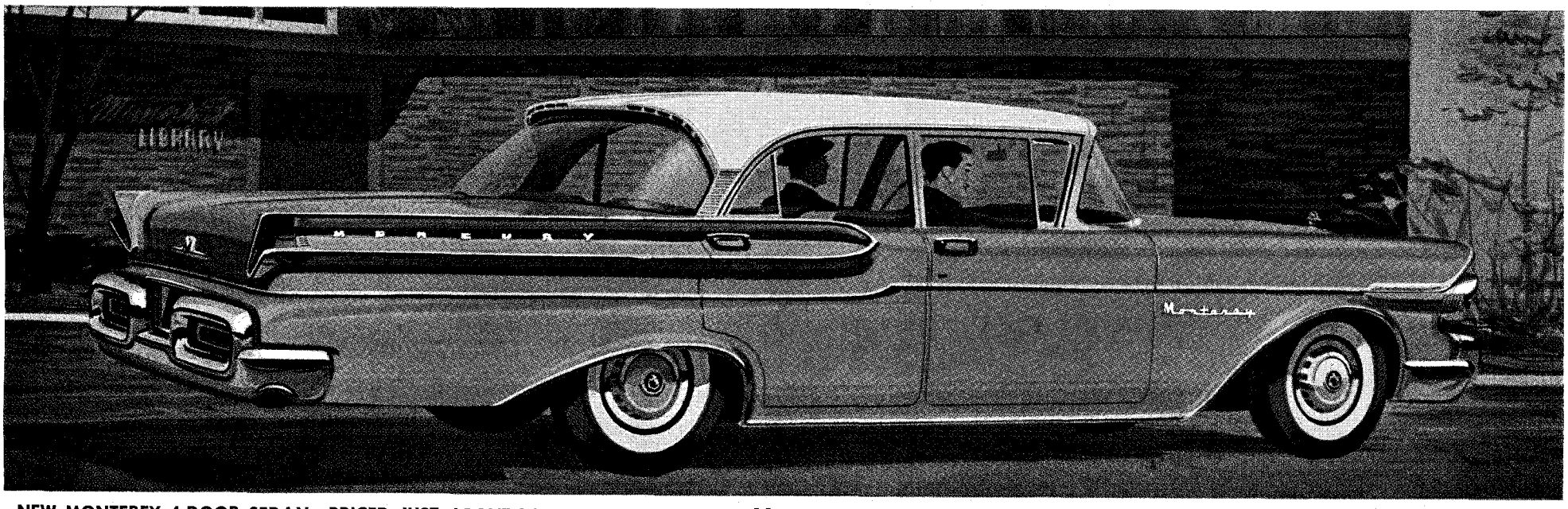
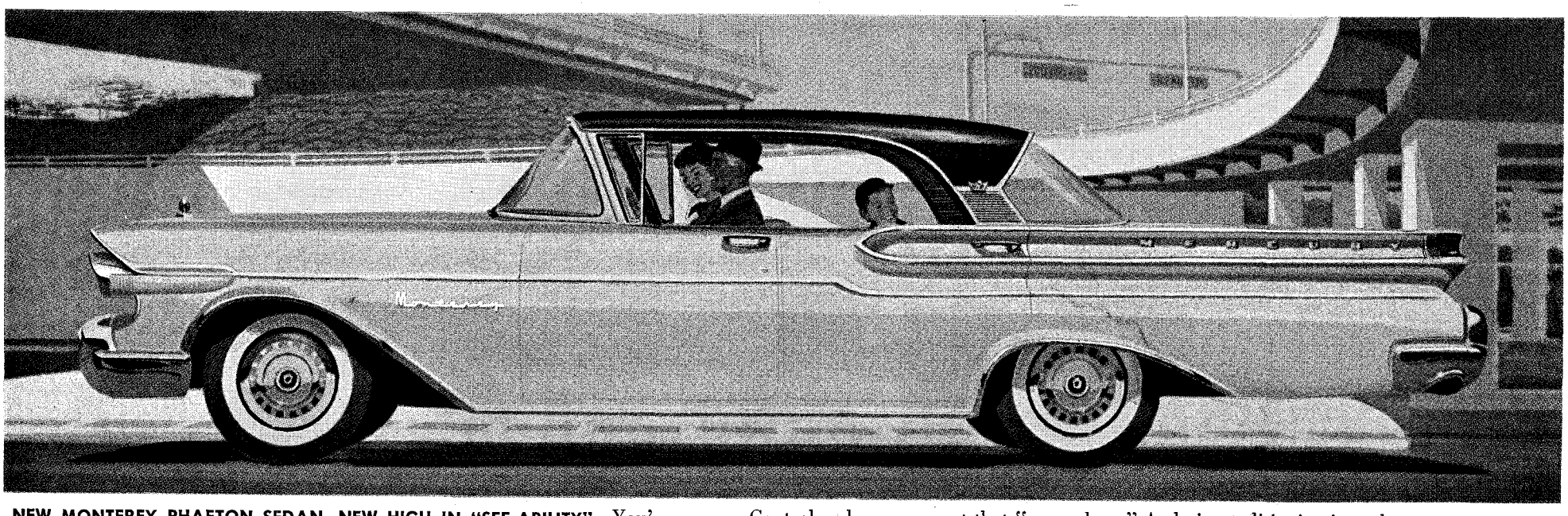
ınd price for everyone in the Big M fleet!



COLONY PARK, ONE OF 6 BIG M STATION WAGONS—ALL TRUE HARDTOPS— The most advanced station wagons you can buy. First with a true passenger-car ride. First with true hardtop design. A power-operated back window eliminates the lift gate, provides a unique all-clear loading platform. There's a giant 87.4 cubic feet of cargo space. In addition to the Colony Park shown, there are 2 Voyager models and 3 budget-priced Commuters—the biggest choice in the field.



NEW MONTEREY 4-DOOR SEDAN—PRICED JUST ABOVE LOWEST PRICE CARS— Mercury's lowest price series includes the concealed-pillar sedan shown, and a 2-door sedan, 2-door hardtop, 4-door hardtop, and a convertible. All new Mercurys are more than 17½ feet long, over 6½ feet wide, with new oversized interiors, and exclusive Floating Ride. In this series, 255 hp is standard, 290 and 335 hp is optional. Never before has so much bigness and luxury cost so little.



NEW MONTEREY PHAETON SEDAN, NEW HIGH IN "SEE-ABILITY"— You're surrounded with 28 square feet of glass for excellent all-around vision. And, as in all Mercurys, you can get dream-car features such as Merc-O-Matic Keyboard Control and a power seat that "remembers." And air conditioning is no longer a luxury. Mercury's unique new system combines air conditioning and heating in one low-cost unit. Get the full story today at your Mercury dealer's showroom.

THE BIG MERCURY for '57 *with DREAM-CAR DESIGN*

MERCURY DIVISION • FORD MOTOR COMPANY

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The picture of

STRENGTH

...strength for your protection

Behind this trademark—the Hartford Stag—lies the story of a business life which parallels the history of our nation.

Founded in 1810, severely tested as early as 1835 when a great fire swept New York City, the Hartford has, for 147 years, nurtured a reputation for dependability. Abraham Lincoln chose Hartford insurance . . . so did Robert E. Lee. Through wars, panics, disasters and depressions, the Hartford has afforded sound protection, has satisfied the insurance needs of an ever-expanding economy.

Today, 33,000 Hartford Agents—each a businessman dedicated to serving the insurance needs of his community—are located in cities and towns throughout the United States and Canada. Assisting these Hartford Agents in serving the public are 9,500 members of the Company staff in strategically located offices from coast to coast.

All the *financial* resources of this strong and well-informed organization—$750,000,000 in assets and over $300,000,000 in policyholders' surplus—stand behind every Hartford policy, too.

What does this strength mean to the American public?

It is a guarantee of proper insurance service and protection. It is assurance that the organization symbolized by the Hartford Stag has the ability and desire to meet, promptly and fully, all obligations assumed under Hartford policies . . . and has the financial strength to face the emergencies of the times.

Insurance in the Hartford Fire Insurance Company Group spells peace of mind.

There is a qualified Hartford Agent in your community. Consult him for professional insurance advice and for dependable Hartford insurance.

Year in and year out you'll do well with the

Hartford Fire Insurance Company

Providing protection for home . . . automobile . . . farm . . . commerce . . . industry

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Here's why <u>your</u> family should be among the millions who use

ONLY GLEEM — *the toothpaste for people who can't brush after every meal*

JUST <u>ONE</u> BRUSHING destroys decay-and odor-causing bacteria

MOUTH BACTERIA, CHIEF CAUSE OF DECAY, BUILD UP OVERNIGHT LIKE THIS

AFTER ONE GLEEM BRUSHING, UP TO 90% OF THESE BACTERIA ARE DESTROYED

Can you—or your family—always take time to brush after meals, even though it's best? Then use Gleem, the toothpaste that meets this modern problem. Just *one* Gleem brushing destroys most bacteria. That's how Gleem with exclusive GL-70 gives added resistance to decay . . . and protects most people against mouth odor *all day*. You'll discover youngsters love Gleem's flavor so much it's easy to get them to brush regularly. That's why so many families use *only* Gleem—it's the toothpaste for people who can't brush after every meal.

Mouth odor stopped all day with *one* Gleem brushing. Scientific tests prove just brushing with Gleem before breakfast gives most people *all-day* protection against mouth odor. Start *your* day with Gleem.

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SWINDLER IN THE STATEHOUSE

The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY Benj. Franklin

The first complete story of a spectacular crook:
Orville Hodge, who might have become governor of Illinois if he hadn't been caught tapping the public till for millions.

By Robert M. Yoder

A year ago, the only question about Orville E. Hodge, the most popular politician in Illinois, was whether this big, friendly fellow—a glad hander who really seemed to mean it—would become governor in 1960. Most people agreed that he'd make it. He had the looks and personality, maybe even the brains, to be a credit to the state. Orville's star was bright. Only President Eisenhower could get more votes in Illinois.

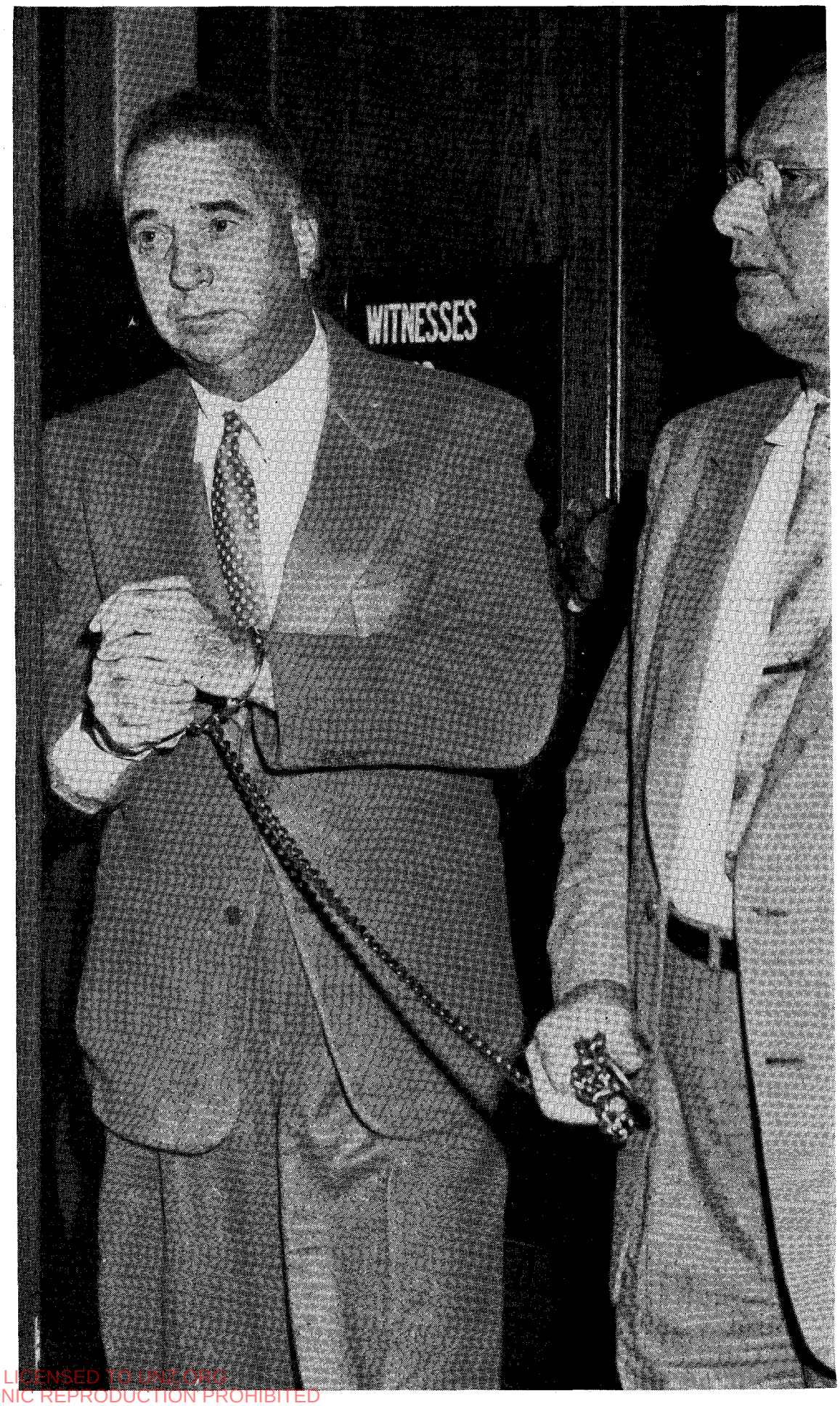
Now, a year and fourteen investigations later, there are so many questions about Orville Hodge that the man in the best position to have the answers can only say, "The Hodge case remains a fantastic enigma."

For suddenly, Hodge was exposed as a big-scale thief. Not a grafter. A little grafting by a state official—Hodge was auditor of public accounts, ranking with the state treasurer and attorney general—would occasion no surprise. Illinoisans are inured to that. Thanks to Big Bill Thompson, Gov. Len Small and many another, they have seen graft at its gaudiest.

But this was something else. This was crime, with a state-capitol setting. For three and a half years, Illinois had been harboring a con man in the statehouse, an embezzler operating one of the smoothest luxury-model robberies ever seen.

There wasn't the slightest suspicion that Hodge had this dual nature. He managed to steal his millions by a masquerade which worked very much like magic. In effect, Hodge achieved partial invisibility. People saw, but didn't notice what they were seeing.

All political reporters are skeptics, and there are none warier than the men whose beat is Chicago and the Illinois General Assembly, in Springfield. They believe, with Abe Martin, that "it sometimes happens that an innocent man is sent to the state legislature," but not often. So when you find top men in this field saying, "Hodge fooled me completely," you



Orville Enoch Hodge, former Illinois state auditor. He went to prison for embezzlement, forgery, fraud and misapplying federally insured bank deposits. Much of the case is still shrouded in mystery.

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Reporter George Thiem, of the Chicago Daily News, on his beat, the state capitol at Springfield. One afternoon last June, after a 43-day search, he found himself staring at evidence strongly suggesting major crime.

Michael J. Howlett, Hodge's Democratic opponent for the state-auditor job, tipped off the Daily News to Hodge's extravagance. Howlett didn't realize that he was putting the finger on a big-time thief.

may take it as proved that the man carried off one of the slickest deceptions of our times.

Hodge is in prison now, for ten—and possibly twenty—years. His right-hand man, Edward A. Epping, is in prison, too, and so is a moon-faced Chicago banker, "Judge" Edward A. Hintz. That much is certain. But of the essential elements of who, what, why, when and where, three out of five are still shrouded in fog of Hodge's making. Investigators still don't know exactly how much Hodge stole or what he did with the money—a fortune can't be found or accounted for. And they still don't know why he did it. They're not even sure who he was.

There is the possibility that Hodge, from his first appearance in the capital as a state representative, was the "front" of a St. Louis gangster. If so, the hoodlum came close to getting his man into the executive mansion of our fourth most populous state. It sounds fantastic, but the links between Hodge and gamblers seem to go back many years, and there are shrewd investigators who take this possibility very seriously.

Whether he was under guidance or his own man, this much is clear: Hodge is the man who almost stole Illinois. Given another term—which he was a cinch to get—given time to get at the road and school millions, given time to get his fingers deeply into financial institutions controlling much of the citizens' cash and credit, given time to finish the political machine he was building, Hodge might have become one of the giants of political crime.

Who, Orville? Most people thought good old likable Orville didn't have the drive. But then, nobody thought he had it in him to steal between $1,500,000 and $2,500,000, and leave a trail so muddled as to frustrate skilled investigators.

Said United States Sen. J. William Fulbright, after a baffling attempt to get facts out of Hodge, "Much of this story remains untold." Says a Treasury man, "This case can be a career." When it can be established how much of the loot Hodge spent on himself, pursuit of the rest is likely to provide lively new episodes in this crimino-political serial story. Most such stories end with prison gates closing behind the leading character, but this one may only be off to a good start. It had lacked murder and mention of the Chicago crime syndicate; both were supplied on the last Sunday in March, when Leon Marcus, a Chicago banker associated with the case, was shot to death in the quickest of gangland rides.

Almost everything Hodge did is susceptible of two constructions. An attorney exclaimed in court that Hodge is "the master con man of them all." Is he? Or is he simply an ordinary man who was extraordinarily successful because every circumstance made an ordinary crime work brilliantly? Certainly nobody could be as stupid as Hodge's responses to questioning would indicate. He spoke with an air of sincerity, pouring willingly, but from an empty pitcher. "I know I got the money," Hodge told State's Attorney George P. Coutrakon. "I don't know how the details were worked out."

Q.: You could not possibly have got all these checks and this money without knowing how you got it. Are you trying to kid somebody?

A.: No, sir, I was informed the money was in the bank for me—at different times—I don't know exactly when.

Hodge pleaded guilty to embezzlement, forgery, confidence game and misapplying federally insured bank deposits. He thus went to prison without facing cross-examination, which might have cleared up many questions.

Nobody is yet sure how much Hodge's crimes cost the state. All that can be said is that he could not have stolen more than $3,000,000, or roughly $1,000,000 a year. The total is currently set at $2,599,000, but all figures concerning Hodge are highly tentative. For one thing, from 2000 to 3000 canceled checks are missing.

Believe it or not, the attorney general of Illinois has had to set up a special Hodge division, under Special Assistant Attorney General Mark Roberts in charge of figuring out what Hodge did with the stolen millions, and

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Edward A. Epping, Hodge's right-hand man: When the boss needed money, Epping merely cashed fraudulent state checks.

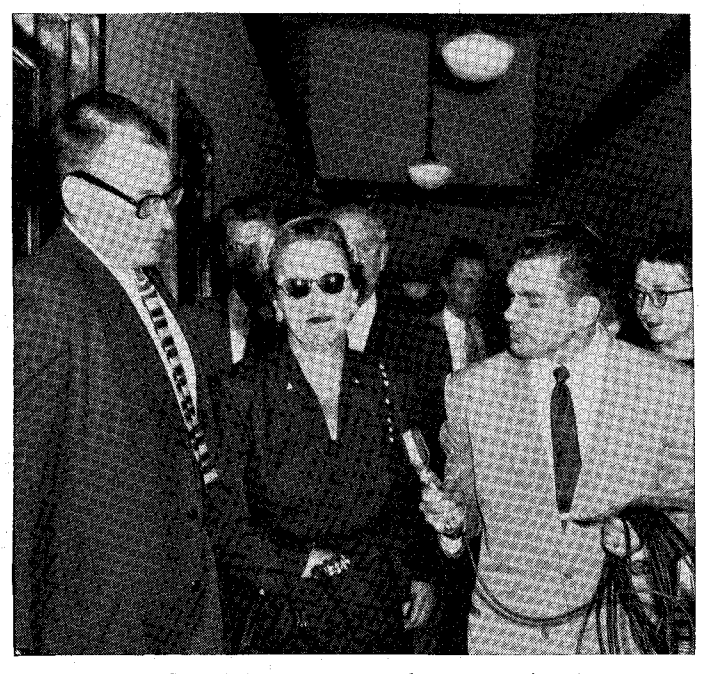
The friendly banker, "Judge" Edward A. Hintz (left). As a vice president of the Southmoor Bank, he kept Hodge's secret "brown envelope" account of $1,289,139. With this, Orville bought planes, cars, flowers.

how much the state can get back. It may be the first time a single individual ever became a branch of administrative law, coming to rank with the inheritance-tax division, the trial division, the appeals division.

Thus, much remains debatable, much cloudy. But there's no doubt whatsoever that Hodge is one of the most interesting characters to come along in many a day. A politician of superior appearance, immaculately dressed, earnest-looking and thought to be intent on making a good name, he managed for more than three years to go along totally unsuspected, though engaged in a crime which makes him one of the all-time champions. He got far more cash than the Brink's bandits of Boston, and he may not have fallen far behind Minnie Magnum, the Babe Ruth of embezzlement. It is charged that she got $2,880,000, but it took years and she was never able to live like a millionaire, as Hodge did.

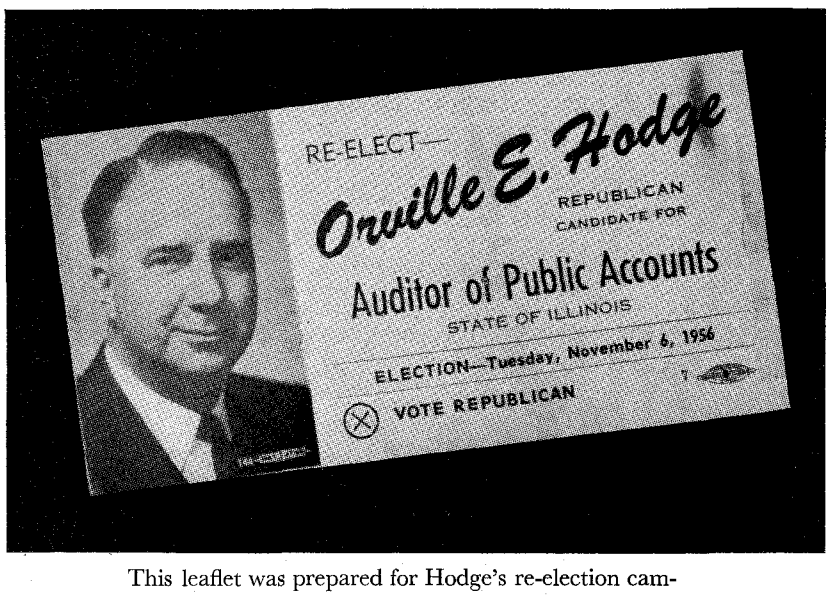
Hodge's scheme was primitive—there were even comic touches about it—but it was fiendishly hard to uncover. Exposure came only after a highly difficult investigation made by a newspaperman with special talents. In the contest between Hodge and the newspaperman there was the kind of reportorial digging which wins Pulitzer prizes, but there was also great suspense, with small accidental turns now seen to be crucial, and with a strong chance that Hodge could elude the net at the last minute, though guilty as sin.

George Thiem, the reporter principally responsible for breaking the story, often functioned more like a Geiger counter than like a bloodhound. At the start, Hodge was a man with a tremendous guilty secret, shared—so far as has been proved—with only two others. Thiem caught him in a trifling lie or two, and in padding his payrolls a bit, and possibly getting a little (Continued on Page 71)



Mrs. Margaret Hodge (dark glasses): After 30 years of marriage, she preferred to live in the penthouse of a hotel Orville had bought in Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.

Girl friend Bonita Lillie decorated Hodge's expensive suite—later known as "Cloud 742"—in Chicago's lake-front Drake Hotel.



This leaflet was prepared for Hodge's re-election campaign. After the April primaries he was considered a shoo-in, but by election day the candidate was a convict.

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A POST NOVELETTE COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE

THE ACTRESS AND THE COP

His business was chasing lawbreakers. Then, one day, he became involved in an escapade with a glamorous Hollywood star.

By WILLIAM SAROYAN

There was an olive tree at Peg and Willie Kidling's cocktail party with a small girl in it. She was riding a high branch, like a horse. When she got out onto one of the smaller branches, her mother went over to the big tree.

"All right, Nicole. You've been up there long enough. Come on down now, and be very careful."

"No," the girl said. "I'm mad."

I reached the party at half past six. I wanted to greet Peg anyway, so I went over to the tree, and she said, "How good to see you, Gunnar. Will you coax Nick out of the tree, please? I'm afraid she's going to fall."

Peg went off to greet some new arrivals, and I looked up. Nicole Kidling was looking straight at me.

"Who are you?"

"Gunnar Reykjavik."

"What do you want?"

"Your mother asked me to get you out of the tree."

"Come and get me, then."

I put my drink on the flagstone of the terrace and began to climb the tree.

"I know," Nicole said. "You're going to climb one or two branches and stop. You're afraid to climb all the way up."

"No, I'm not."

"Yes, you are. You're afraid you'll fall."

"No. This tree is perfectly safe. It's very strong."

"It's over a hundred years old. My old mother told me. She's over a hundred years old too. My old father's over *two* hundred years old."

I got up onto the second lowest branch and stood there.

Willie Kidling came over and began to laugh, and then half the people at the party came over too.

"Be careful, will you, Gunnar?"

"Hand me my drink, Willie."

The ice-cold Scotch made me feel good, but I knew a lot of people were thinking, *He must be crazy, whoever he is.* I hadn't kept up with Willie and Peg's friends. I knew almost nobody at the party, certainly nobody in the crowd at the edge of the terrace. I handed the glass back to Willie.

"Take the people away, will you?"

Willie laughed again, and after a moment he took the people back to where the party was. I climbed up onto another branch and watched the party from there.

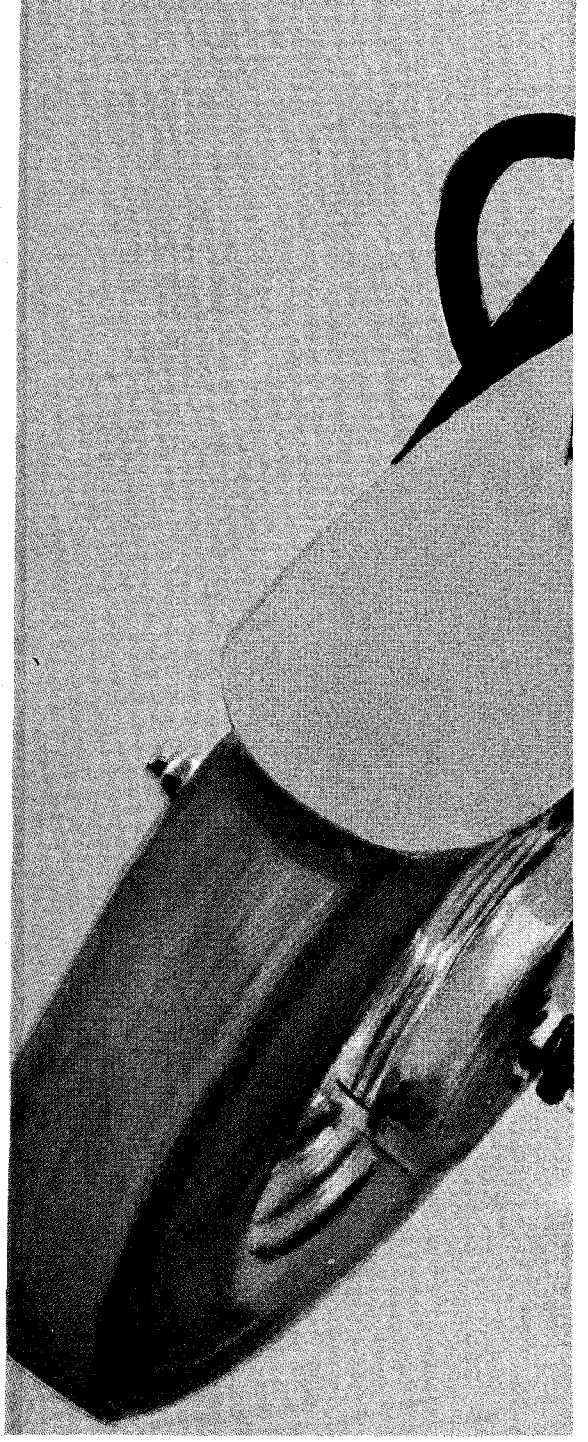
Everybody seemed happy except Peg. She kept trying to speak to her friends and at the same time to keep an eye on her daughter, a very plain little girl, nothing at all like her pretty mother. Peg was really worried about Nicole. I was a little worried myself, but I knew I'd have to go all the way up before she'd be willing to come down.

Peg came over quickly and said, "Be awfully careful, will you please, Gunnar? I didn't expect *you* to climb the tree too."

"I didn't expect to either."

"Della says if you don't come down, she's going to climb up." (Continued on Page 74)

Illustrated by Coby Whitmore



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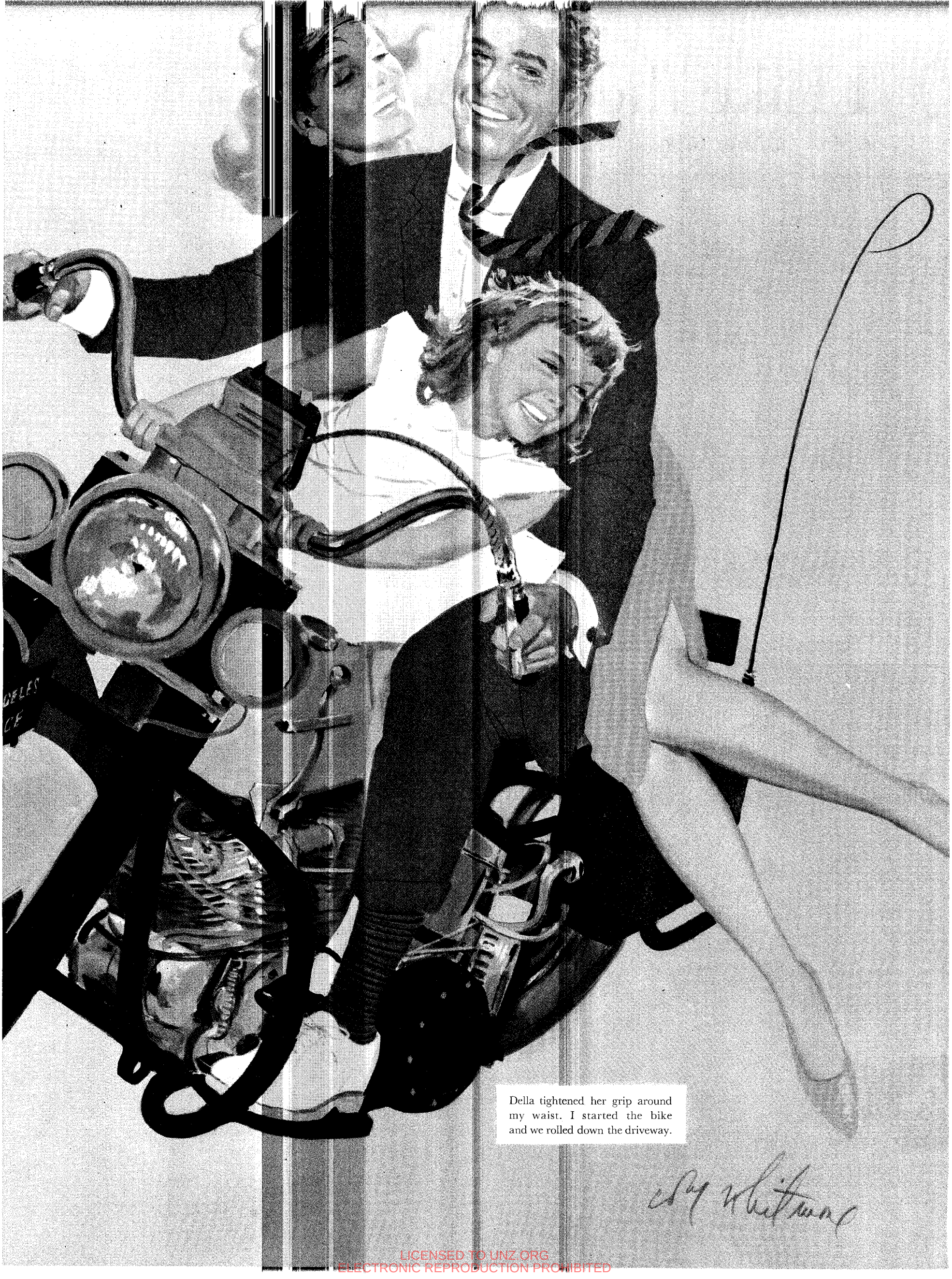

Della tightened her grip around my waist. I started the bike and we rolled down the driveway.

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I Like the Derby, But—

By SUNNY JIM FITZSIMMONS, as told to Jimmy Breslin

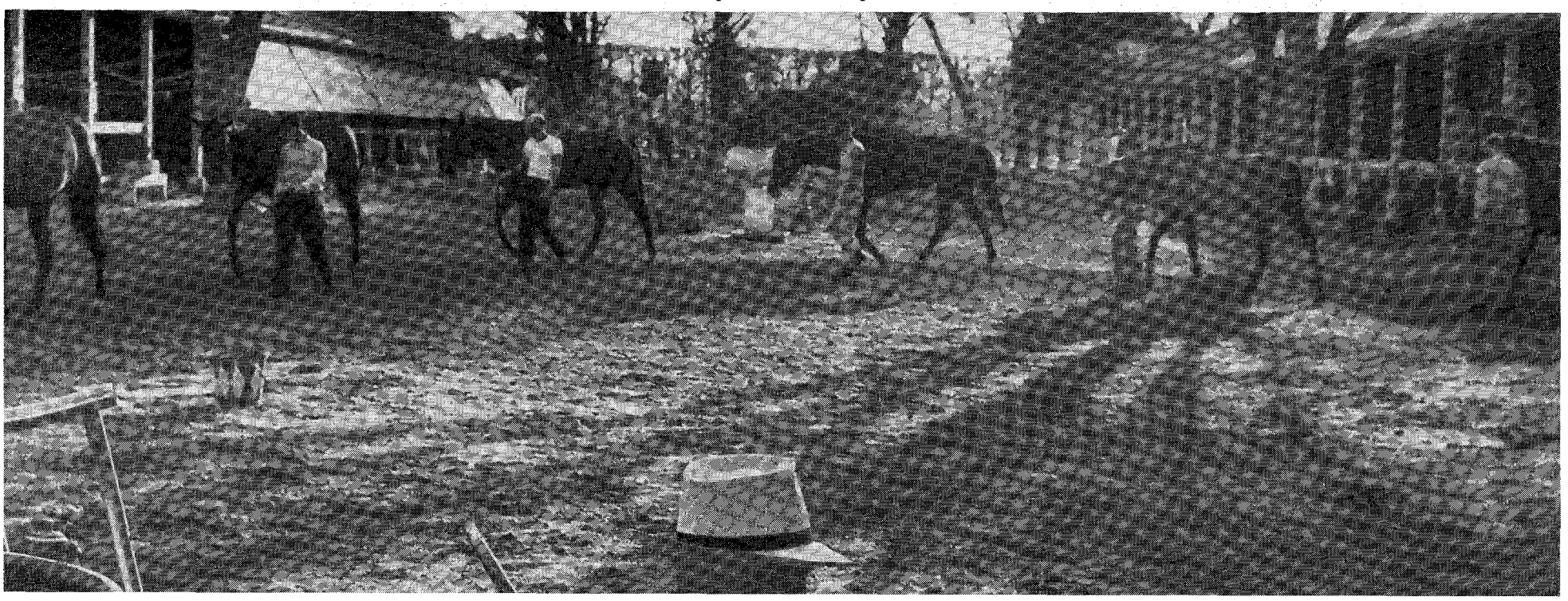
It's a great show, says racing's most famous trainer, but it's not much of a test of horseflesh. . . .

Timepiece in hand, Sunny Jim clocks some of his friends at Hialeah. "Each time a horse of mine goes out on the track—even for a workout—I don't feel easy until I've got him back safe in the barn."

Nashua made a big move when the horses straightened into the stretch. Swaps had been leading most of the way, but now Eddie Arcaro was putting Nashua's mind to his business, and I was starting to perk up. Then, as simply as you please, Swaps pulled away in a couple of strides and went on to win the 1955 Kentucky Derby while Arcaro was trying to get Nashua together for another run.

"Well, the horse ran his race and got beat," I told the writers and horse people around me. "Looked to me like we have no excuses. I'll find out about that a little later. Anyway, he seemed to come out of it all right, and I'm glad for that."

Then I went to my car and drove home for dinner. This wasn't at Churchill Downs. I was at Belmont Park, on Long Island, more than 700 miles from Louisville and Nashua, the horse I trained. I watched the race on television.



"When a horse is finished working, he is washed, then rubbed with a special oil. Next a groom 'hot-walks' him—leads the horse around the circle until he is cooled down."

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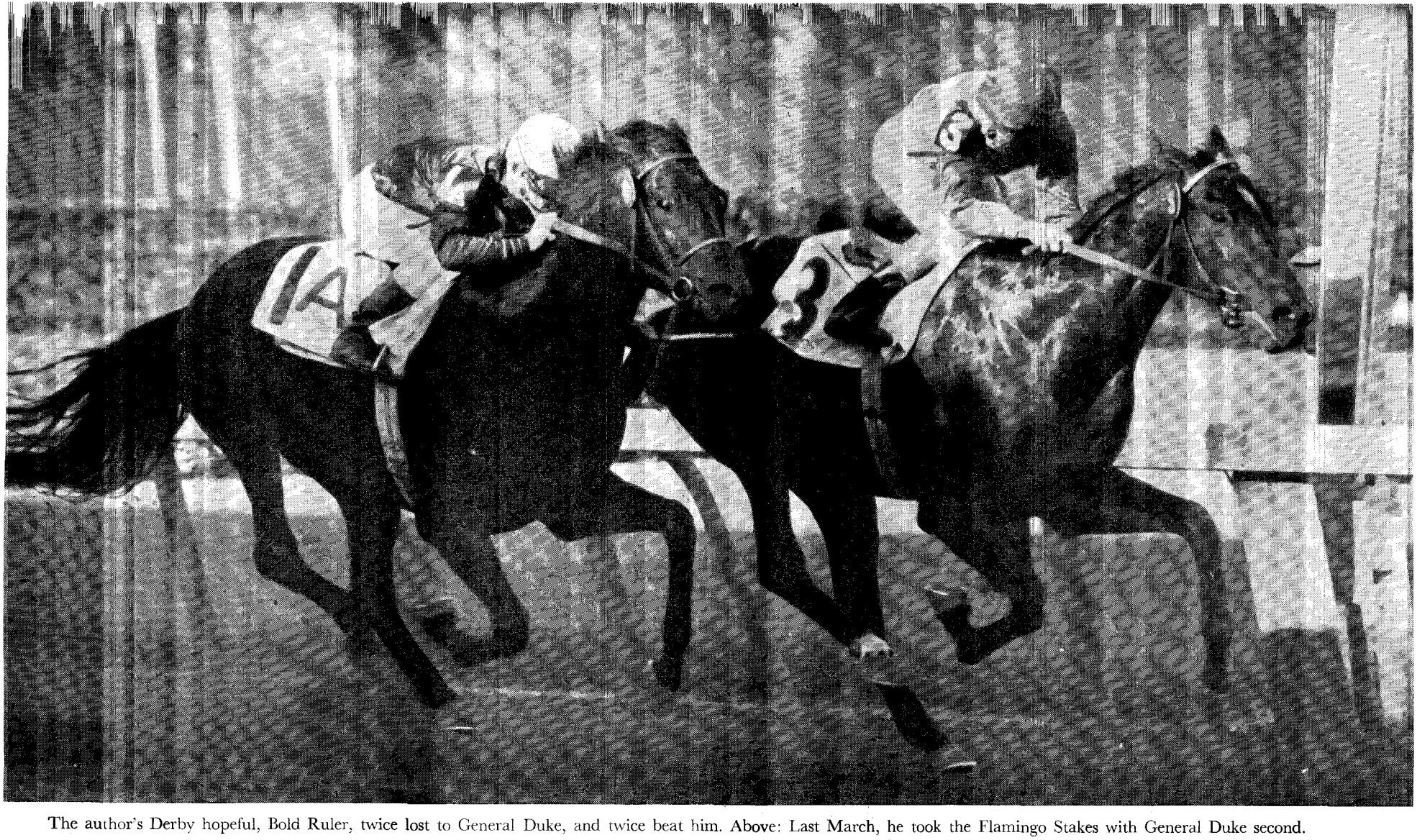


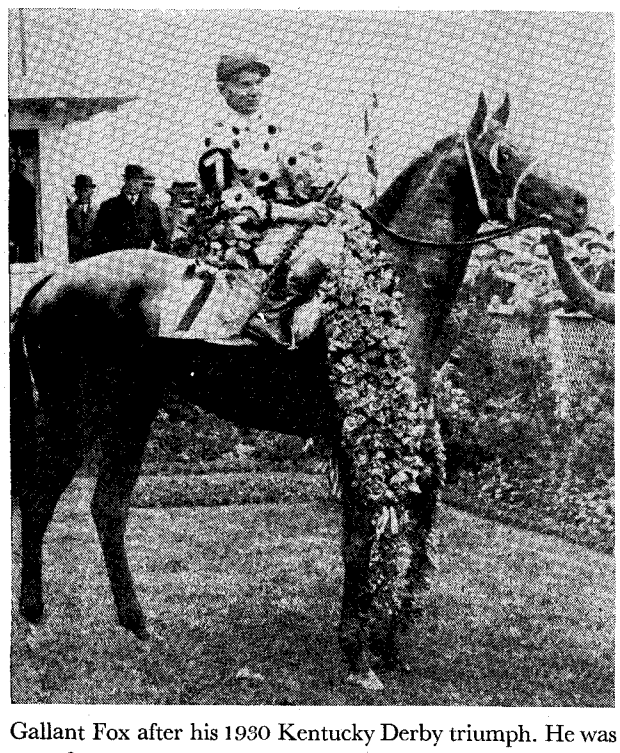
The author's Derby hopeful, Bold Ruler, twice lost to General Duke, and twice beat him. Above: Last March, he took the Flamingo Stakes with General Duke second.

Today, I think Nashua lost because all our thinking had centered on Summer Tan, a fine colt that Nashua had barely beaten in the Wood Memorial at Jamaica two weeks before. I had never seen Swaps race, and my orders to Eddie Arcaro on the telephone the night before the Derby were, "Cater to Summer Tan." Arcaro followed these instructions in the race, and when he found there was nothing to look for from Summer Tan that day, he moved on Swaps too late. Swaps had gone along without a challenge, so he had plenty left in the stretch. Nashua beat Swaps in a match race later on, and I think he could have done it again too.

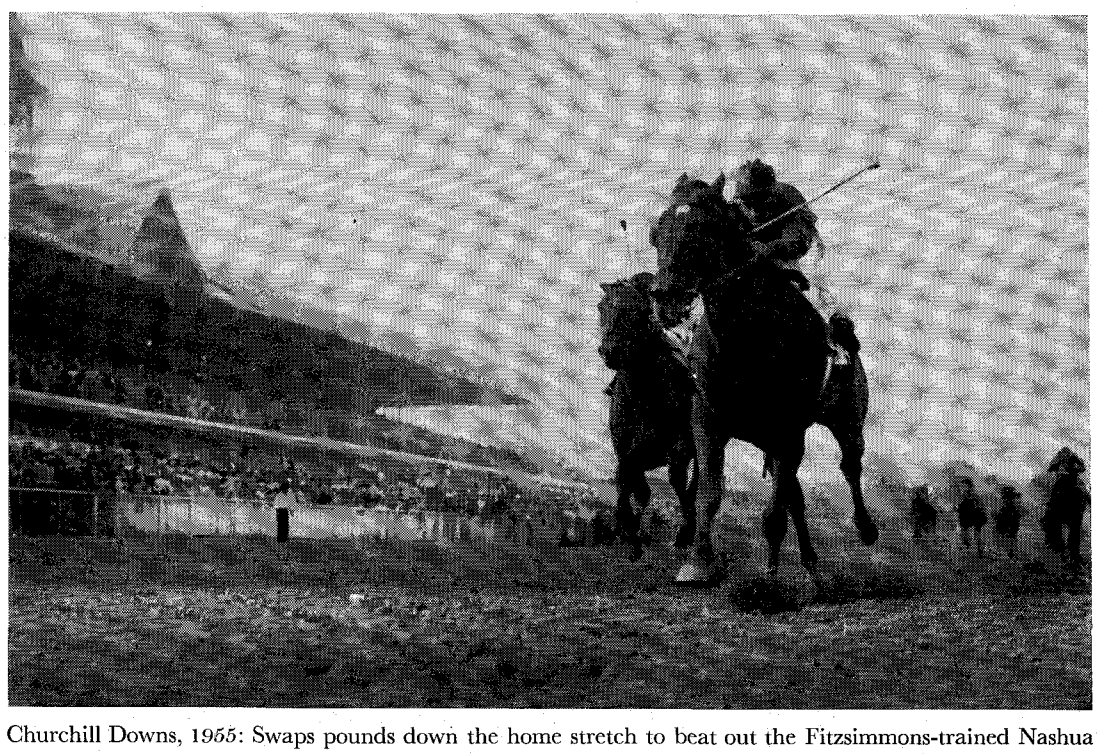
To many it seemed strange that I was not at the Derby. Nashua was my big horse—still is a favorite of mine, for that matter—but there were a few good reasons why I didn't make the trip. For one thing, I was eighty, and I don't "ship" well any more. Secondly, in Al Robertson, Bill McCleary, Jim Driscoll and particularly in Bart Sweeney, all first-rate horsemen, I had a stable crew that would carry out my wishes in every detail at Churchill Downs.

It has been said in the press that the reason I did not go to this particular Derby was that I had been able to see very little of the previous ones I attended. This is not the case at all. On each of my visits to Churchill Downs, the management has done its utmost to provide me with suitable accommodations. Any inconvenience I may have experienced has been due to my reluctance to be in a crowd. I generally seek a spot at a track where I feel the fewest people will gather, usually the infield. Unfortunately for me, on Derby days even this section of Churchill Downs is quite crowded, and only a portion of any race may be seen from there—the quarter-mile run down the backstretch and part way around the turns.

My other reason for not going to the 1955 Kentucky Derby (Continued on Page 47)



Gallant Fox after his 1930 Kentucky Derby triumph. He was one of the two triple crown winners trained by Fitzsimmons.



Churchill Downs, 1955: Swaps pounds down the home stretch to beat out the Fitzsimmons-trained Nashua in the 81st running of the Kentucky Derby. In a match race later, Nashua decisively trimmed his opponent.

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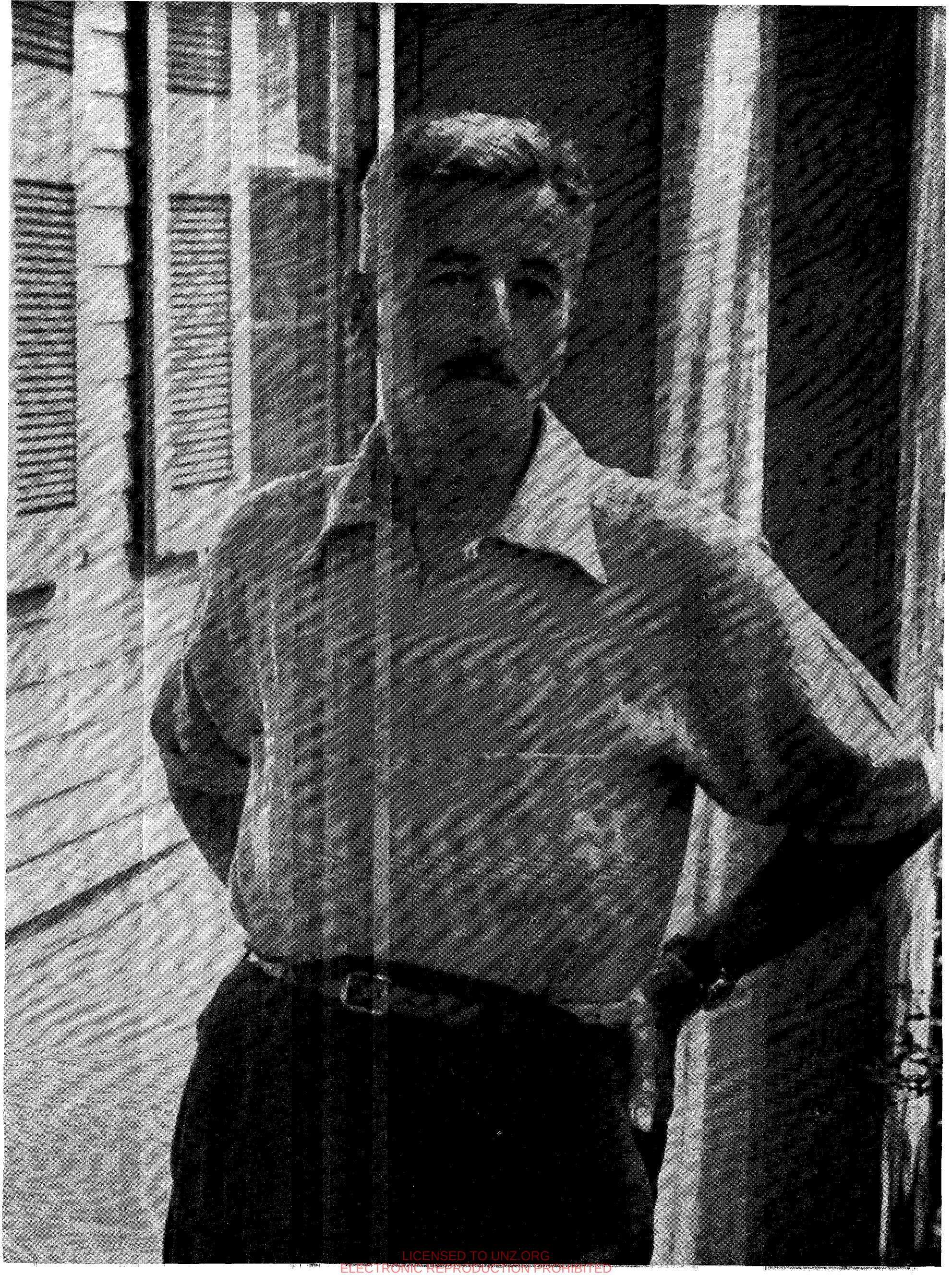

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Here, excerpted from a new novel
by one of the most celebrated American authors,
is a story that you will not soon forget.

THE WAIFS

by WILLIAM FAULKNER

In the course of a writing career extending over many years, Nobel Prize winner William Faulkner has become increasingly concerned with the Snopes family, dealing with them often and well both in the short story and the novel. To Mr. Faulkner's legion of readers the word Snopes has become a part of the language, a common rather than a proper noun, connoting a type of Southern white who, springing apparently from nowhere, has pushed and wormed his way, step by slow step, to positions of power and preference. The Snopes technique for advancement is made up of equal parts of toughness and treachery; he is not troubled by any recognizable set of moral precepts. This gives him an enormous advantage over the declining aristocracy of the region, his victim and natural enemy.

In Faulkner's new novel, THE TOWN, of which the story here appearing is a part, the Snopeses have taken over Jefferson City and operate it to their advantage. But always, from the far-flung ranks of the family, other Snopeses are advancing on the citadel. The four children of one of these descend on Jefferson City, and the resultant chaos makes up the core of this story, one of the most uproarious tall tales in our literature.

THE TOWN, published by Random House on May 1st, is available at all bookstores.

One morning—it was summer again now, July—the northbound train from New Orleans stopped and the first man off was usually the Negro porter—not the Pullman porters; they were always back down the track at the end; we hardly ever saw them, but the one from the day coaches at the front end—to get down and strut a little, while he talked to the section hands and the other Negroes that were always around to meet the passenger trains. But this time it was the conductor himself, almost jumping down before the train stopped, with the white flagman at his heels, almost stepping on them; the porter himself didn't get off at all; just his head sticking out a window about halfway down the car.

Then four things got off. I mean, they were children. The tallest was a girl, though we never did know whether she was the oldest or just the tallest; then two boys—all three in overalls—and then a little one in a single garment down to its heels, like a man's shirt made out of a flour or meal sack or maybe a scrap of an old tent. Wired to the front of each one of them was a shipping tag written in pencil:

FROM: BYRON SNOPES, EL PASO, TEXAS

TO: MR. FLEM SNOPES, JEFFERSON, MISSISSIPPI

Though Mr. Snopes wasn't there. He was busy being a banker now and a deacon in the Baptist church, living in solitary widowerhood in the old De Spain house, which he had remodeled into an antebellum Southern mansion; he wasn't there to meet them. It was Dink

(Continued on Page 116)

Faulkner, now nearing sixty,
still lives in his native Northern Mississippi.

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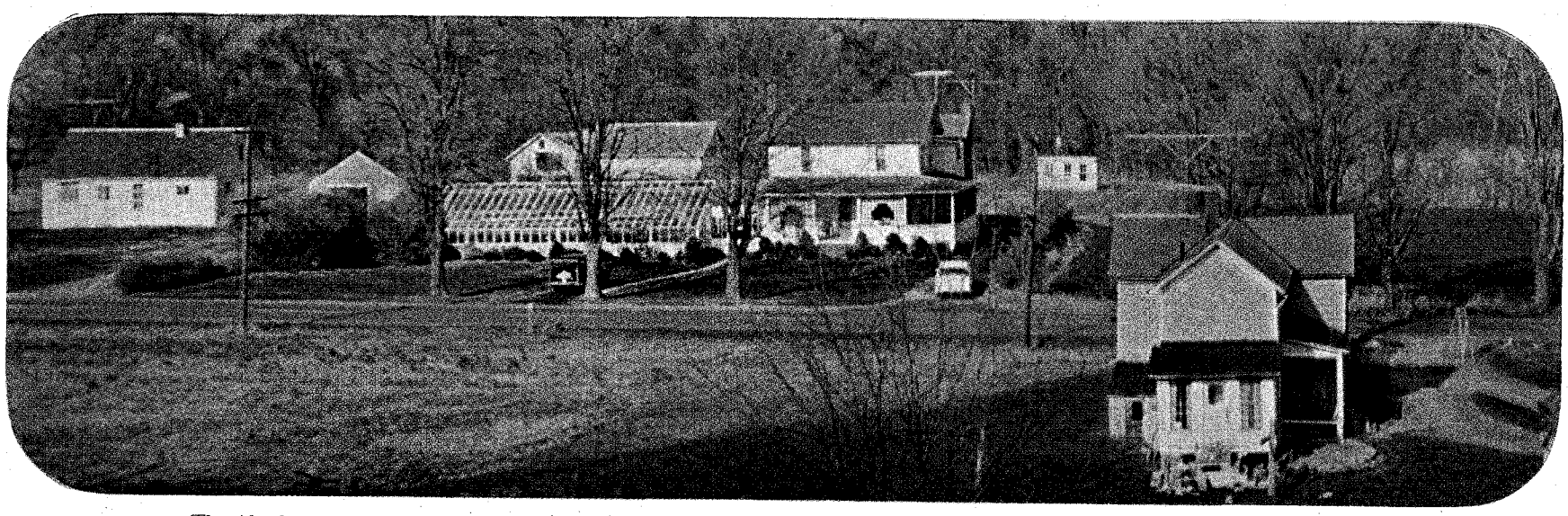
Photographs by Gus Pasquarella



The Abrahams' greenhouse and home (center), site of their florist business and editorial headquarters for their newspaper column.

They Make 50,000 Gardens Grow

This young husband and wife do what they love most—raise flowers—and pocket a tidy income by advising others on their methods.

In the greenhouse, Katy Abraham hopefully pollinates snapdragons in an attempt to develop hybrid plants.

By Richard Thruelsen

George and Katherine Abraham—Doc and Katy, as they are known to many thousands of garden enthusiasts—are a young couple who have come about as close as you can get to achieving an ideal family enterprise. The Abrahams run a small-town florist business, operate a greenhouse, write a weekly garden column for seventy-two newspapers and conduct a Saturday radio program during which they discuss the problems of wheedling flowers, fruits and vegetables from the good earth. The Abrahams, both college-trained horticulturists, share in each phase of this unusual plant-and-tell program and also collaborate with equal energy in raising two children, a dog, half a dozen bobtailed cats and assorted ducks and chickens and in the hammer-and-saw-and-paintbrush work usually in progress around their Naples, New York, home. Evenings, when the children and the livestock are asleep, Doc and Katy attend to the chore of sorting and answering the flood of mail—52,000 letters a year—in which their readers and listeners from St. Louis to Presque Isle, Maine, ask for advice on how to make their gardens grow. As this regimen suggests, the Abrahams lead a full life.

There are several unusual circumstances concerning the particular niche the Abrahams have carved out for themselves in the field of husband-and-wife enterprises. The most striking of these is undoubtedly the Abrahams' hyphenated activity as both commercial florists and horticultural journalists. Few professional flower growers—whether they grow under glass as greenhouse operators or in the open as nurserymen—have the inclination or cultural equipment to write garden columns or conduct radio seminars on bugs and begonias. The horticultural writer who must take

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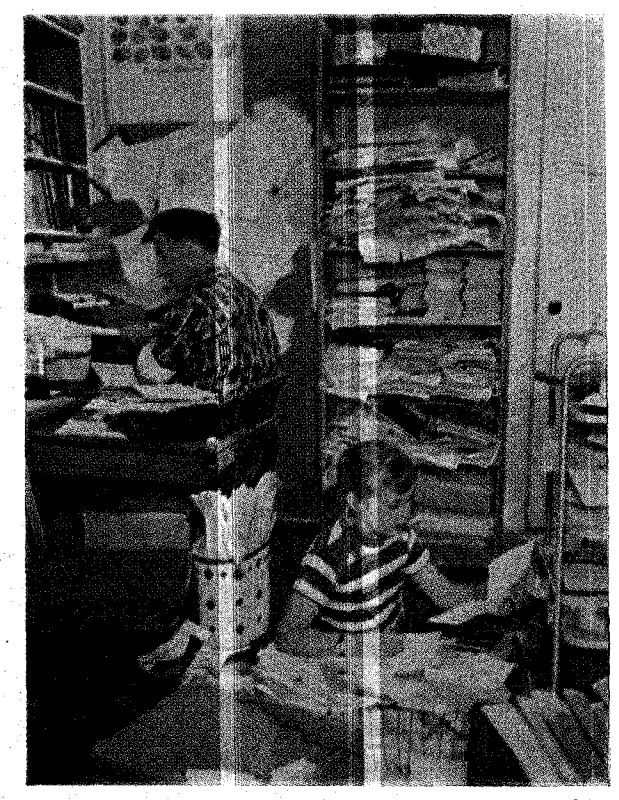
Spring comes to the lawn of Mrs. William Widmer, one of Doc Abraham's best customers, as her gardener plants geraniums from Doc's greenhouse.

time off from his typewriter to pot a thousand calla lilies or arrange a basket of cut flowers for a waiting customer is an equally rare bird. The Abrahams work both sides of this floral path and seem to enjoy it.

The location the Abrahams have chosen to practice their green-thumbed activities is also, at first glance, somewhat surprising. Naples is a village of 1000 or so souls in the Finger Lake district of Central New York state. A region of tall hills and rich river valleys, this so-called Switzerland of America is an area of farms and vineyards. The nearest big city is Rochester, forty-five miles to the north. People are close to the soil around Naples and the soil is good to the people—so good that the countryside supports a number of the country's largest commercial, mail-order plant nurseries and several notable wineries. Grapes, potatoes, tomatoes, flowers, fruit trees and berry bushes all take lovingly to the soils of the hillsides and the lake-filled valleys which drain the region's heavy snows and regular rainfall off toward Lake Ontario. Such a bucolic paradise would seem like dubious territory in which to launch either a newspaper feature on gardening or a neighborhood greenhouse-and-florist business.

Doc and Katy Abraham were conscious of these apparent disadvantages when they moved to Naples (Continued on Page 105)



In his tiny cluttered office, Doc writes his column while his daughter Leanna, ten, opens letters from readers.

Doc and Katy arrange a commercial display for a bank, which gets the same tender loving care as an individual customer.

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MR. DOBIE'S DOWNFALL

He basked proudly in the admiration of family and friends until he tried some of his own advice.

By T. E. FERRO

It did not occur to Mr. Fenimore Dobie, a modest man, that the sun shone on him alone. He just knew that he felt warm and comfortable, and that life, even though it is often quixotic, had been good to him. It was understandable, therefore, that he did not question his place in the scheme of things.

Nor did it occur to his neighbors on Chapman Street to question it. He was their friend and mentor, and that was reward enough for them. That he also pretended not to be the great man he was—even while holding court at No. 246—but a simple fellow no better than anyone else, merely confirmed in their minds the time-honored faith that a man who possesses exceptional gifts does not talk big, or puff out his chest, or remind you that he told you so.

Only Julia, his own flesh and blood, questioned it. It was not that she looked upon her father with critical eyes. She loved him and admired him. But unseemly pride she left to others. Perhaps she had more important matters to think about, like running the house, cooking the meals, washing the dishes and making sure that her husband, Sam, who dwelt contentedly in the shade of her father's reputation, got to the office on time each morning. Or perhaps, a tender plant, she would have liked a bit of sun for herself.

"Like all literary people, Dobie, you're fuzzy in the head," Sykes snorted furiously.

Once—but only once—she expressed her secret, heretical doubts to Sam. She acknowledged that her father was an extremely intelligent man, but really, was he a genius? Because if he were a genius he'd be the general manager of Sykes and Hammer by now, wouldn't he, and not merely a salesman in the House Furnishings Department?

"Go on," Sam said coldly.

She had gone on. She conceded tactfully that her father listened to political speeches and the next day read them in the newspapers, but did that make him an elder statesman, his letters of advice to the President and the Secretary of State notwithstanding?

Sam frowned.

As an added thought, she introduced the topic of baseball, agreeing to her father's mastery of the game's subtleties, but suggesting that he was not the manager of the New York Yankees. Casey Stengel was.

"Let's take your points one by one," Sam said. "One, he may not be the G.M. of Sykes and Hammer, but he's the bulwark of House Furnishings, isn't he?"

"That's what you call him, yes."

"Sweetie, it was Miss Winnipeg who first put it so appropriately. And she ought to know; she's worked by his side for twenty-four years." He hesitated. "Or maybe it was Mr. Coleman, of Oriental Rugs, who first said it. Or Mr. Pfeffer, of Light Wines and Spirits. Anyhow, let me tell you this: If your father were in Washington and had the ear of the President, I'd sleep easier nights. And so would Miss Winnipeg, Mr. Coleman and Mr. Pfeffer." He put his arms around her. "Make the best of it," he said gently.

"Make the best of what?"

"Of being what you are, the daughter of a great man. You'll be remembered. Lord Chesterfield's son is remembered. And he didn't set the world on fire either. He just got all those letters from his father."

So when P Day (Publication Day) dawned, as it did every month, Julia sat silently at the breakfast table. There was her father and there was her husband; the former attending his eggs and toast, the latter attending the great man with admiring eyes. (Continued on Page 61)

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At Independence Hall in Philadelphia, the Cook children touch the clapper of the Liberty Bell. From left: Deborah, 6½, Christopher, 11½, Adrienne, 8½, and Jennifer, 10.

Our Youngsters Discover America

By CHERRY and DON COOK

A foreign correspondent and his wife tell how their children reacted to their homeland after an eight-year European "exile": Their first look at skyscrapers, at Washington—and at TV.

Eight years is a long time to be away from anywhere—and particularly from your native country. For our four children—Christopher, eleven and a half; Jennifer, ten; Adrienne, eight and a half, and Deborah, six and a half—the eight years we had been away from America until we sailed home from Europe a few months ago, was practically their entire lives.

Our last family trip back to the United States had been in 1948. For one reason or another, we had put off our return this time far too long. But a succession of foreign assignments for the New York Herald Tribune—correspondent in West Germany; roving correspondent based in Paris; bureau chief in London—had been more than enough to keep us occupied and content in Europe.

All the same, we had been constantly aware of the disadvantages of rearing our children entirely in Europe. (Continued on Page 127)

Ice-cream sundaes: "From the first hot dog and banana split, the children hardly looked back" on the French delicacies they left behind, say their parents. Favorite sandwich: bacon-lettuce-and-tomato.

The Cooks and Jefferson, their Labrador retriever, at Valley Forge, Pa., one of the many historic sites they visited.

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Man on a Hot Spot

Felix Stump is the No. 1 military man in an area thirty-five times as large as the U.S.A. To his far-flung patrols he says, "If you have to, shoot!"

By William L. Worden

Among gilded pagodas, rice paddies and teakwood jungles, the free nations and the Communists are playing a rough-and-tumble chess game for an enormous piece of real estate which is vital to world peace and prosperity. It is called Southeast Asia.

The star chess player—as far as United States military interests go—is tall, lanky Admiral Felix B. Stump, U.S.N. He is boss of the Pacific Command, which currently is the largest, most turbulent and important command in the world.

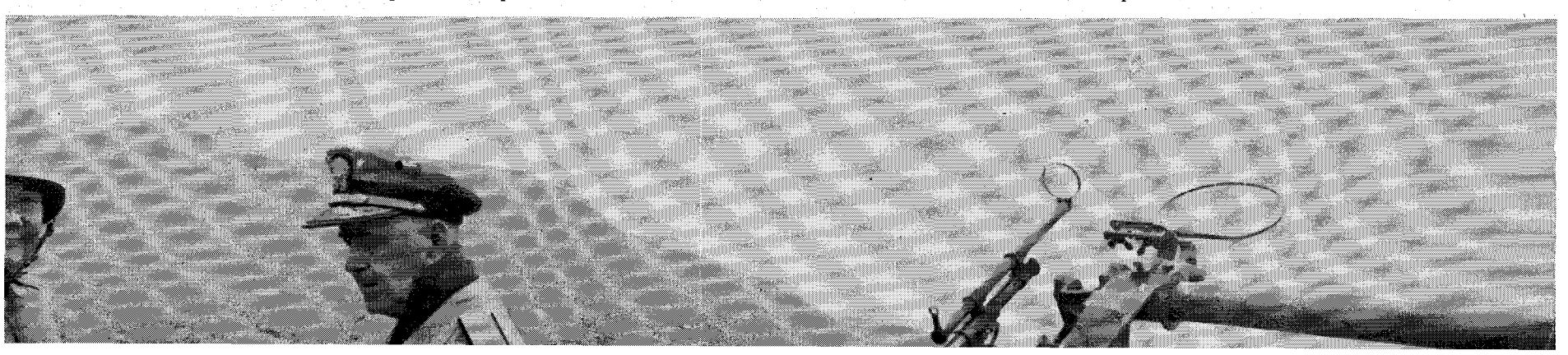
Now in his sixty-third year, Admiral Stump runs all United States military interests—Army, Navy, Air Force and Marines—over an area thirty-five times as large as the United States. He commands 500,000 men, about 4000 military planes and 500 Navy ships. They are stationed from the Americas to Pakistan, and from Alaska to the South Pole.

He's an aviator—with a master's degree in aeronautical engineering from M.I.T.—a sailor, and—although he'll deny this—probably the most influential statesman in Southeast Asia.

Citizens of free Asian countries know Stump well. Yet, paradoxically enough, if this distinguished four-star admiral toured America, the chances are that no one outside of the White House, the Pentagon, the State Department, the state of West Virginia and the city of Memphis would recognize his face.

Four years ago, when he was chosen to relieve Admiral Arthur W. Radford at Pearl Harbor, the selection came as a surprise to many in the military services. He was not nearly as widely known to Navy and Marine Corps rank and file as a dozen other admirals. In fact, a couple of weeks after he relieved Admiral Radford, the marine on guard at Pearl Harbor headquarters mistook the new commander in chief for a headquarters gardener. This was a (Continued on Page 97)

Admiral Felix B. Stump, U.S.N., inspects an antiaircraft installation on Matsu Island, a Chinese Nationalist outpost next to the Communist-held mainland.



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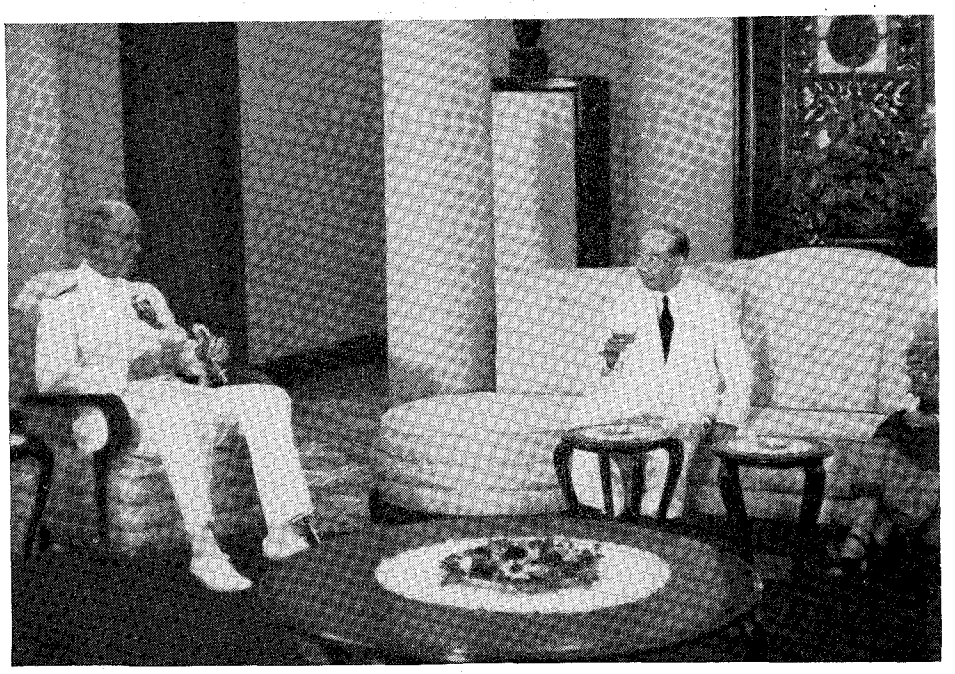
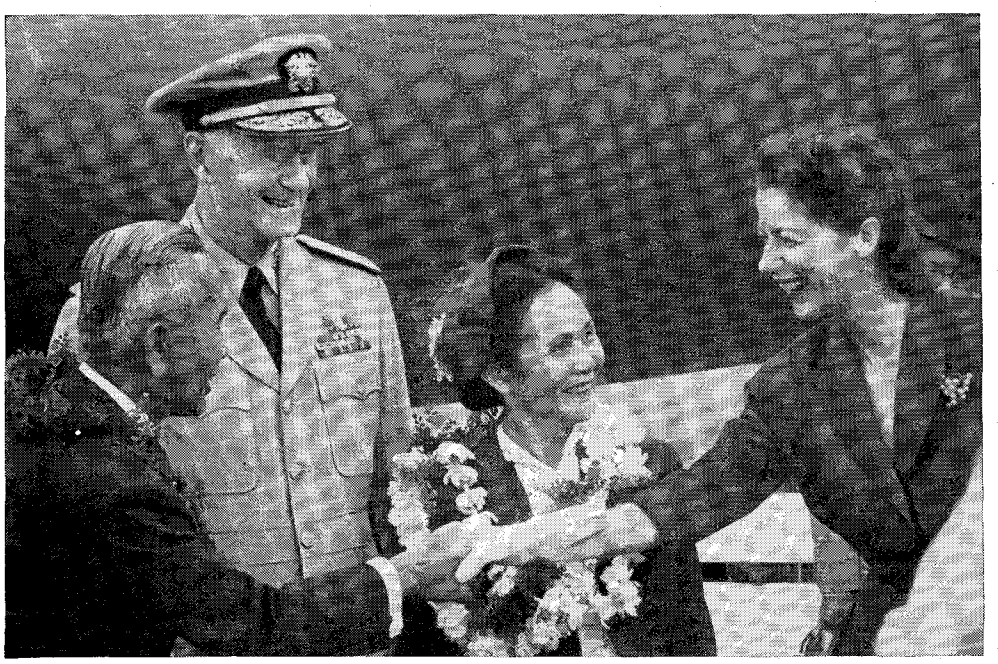
FROM ONE END OF ASIA TO THE OTHER HIS FACE IS FAMILIAR

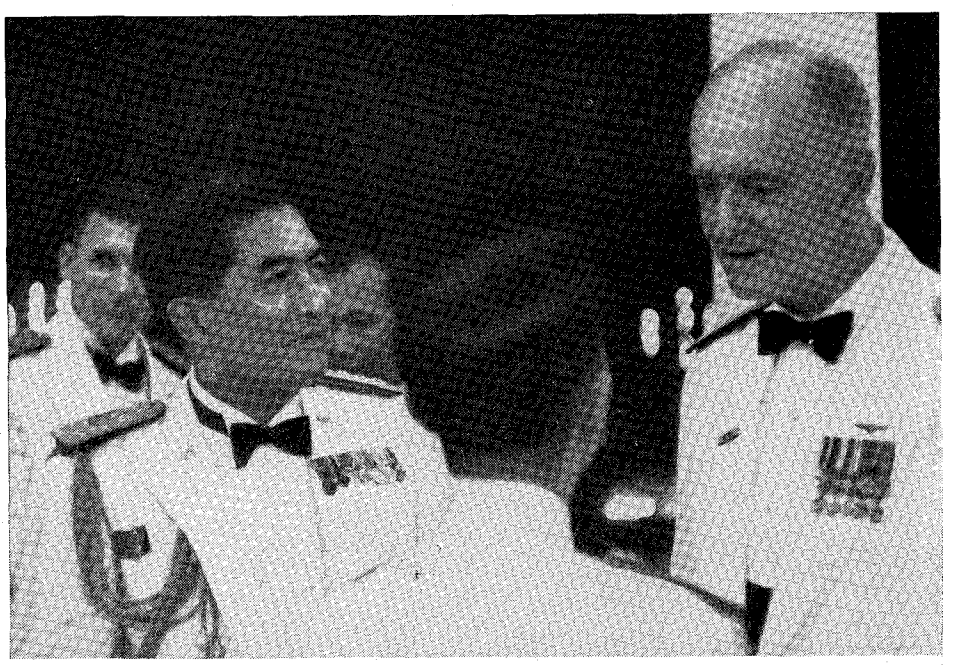
With Carlos Garcia, President of the Philippines, when Garcia was Vice President.



Cambodia: Champagne with King Norodom Suramarit and his queen.

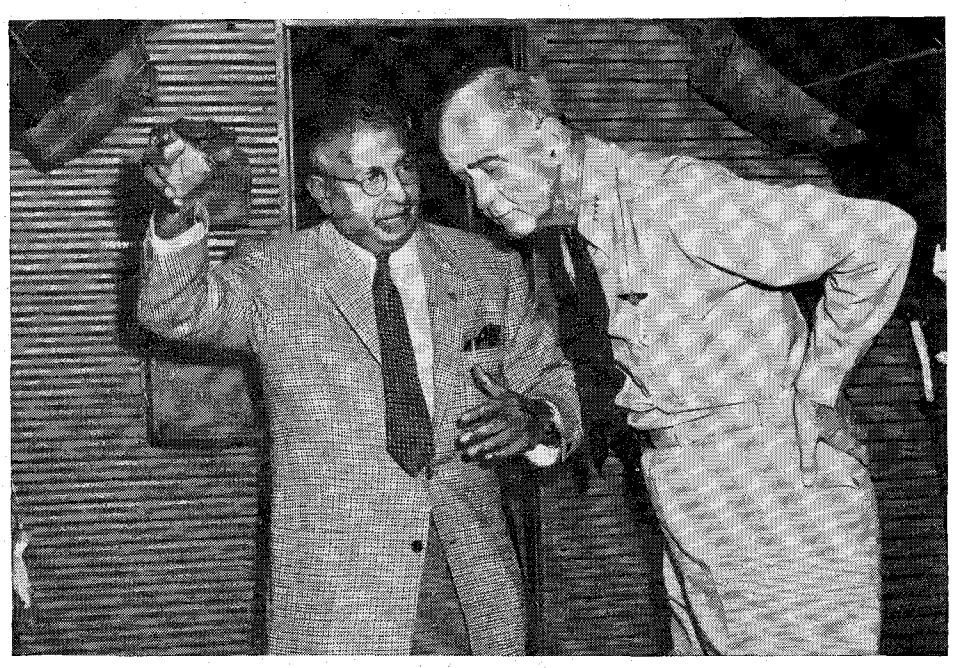


Honolulu: The Stumps greet Thailand's Prime Minister Pibulsonggram and his wife.



A talk before dinner with Lieut. Gen. Kharb Kunjara (left) of Pakistan.

Formosa: Met by Admiral Liang (left) and General Wang, Nationalist commanders.



Aloft with Sir John Kotelawala, who was then prime minister of Ceylon.

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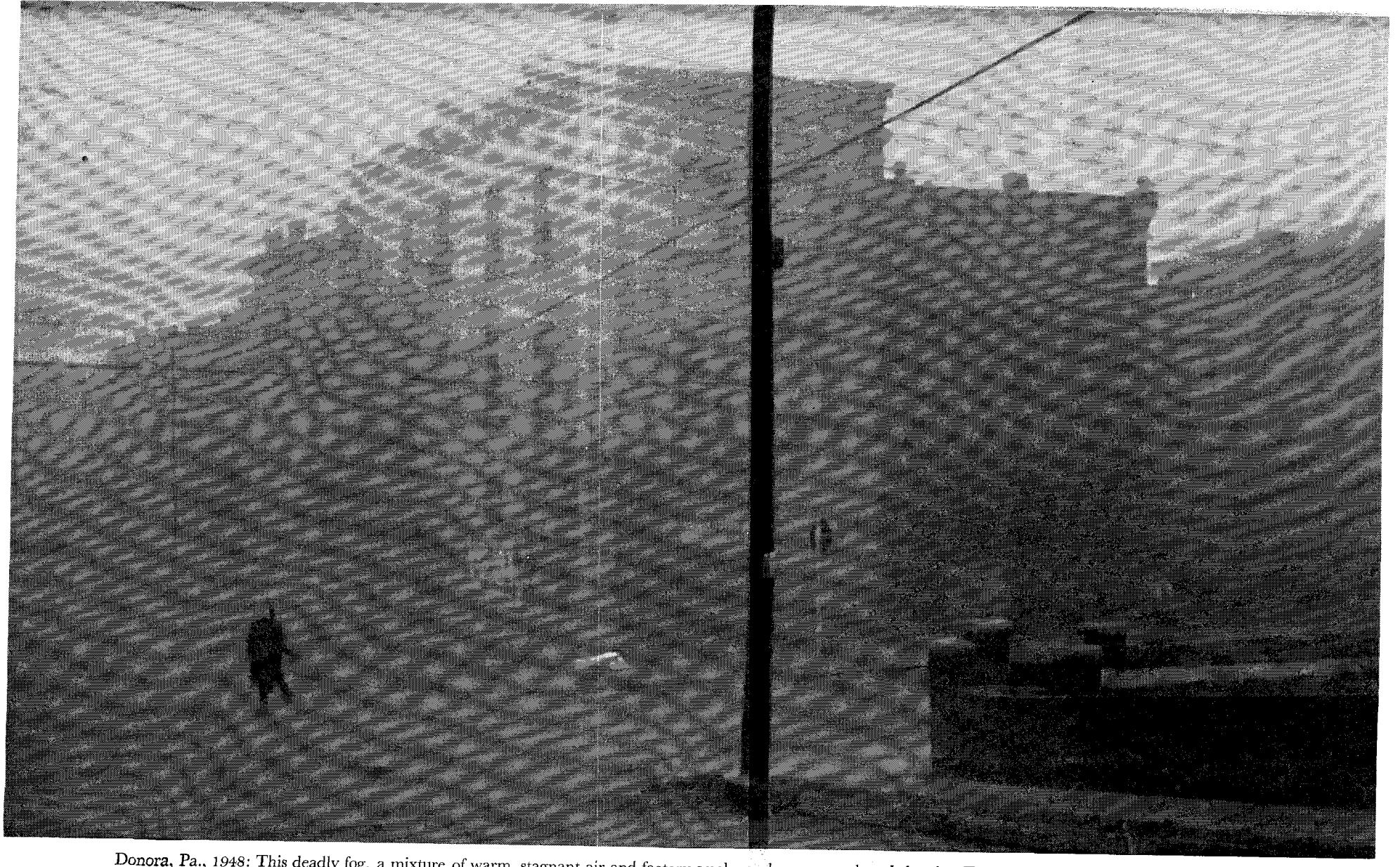

Donora, Pa., *1948:* This deadly fog, a mixture of warm, stagnant air and factory smoke and gases, smothered the city. Twenty persons died and 5910 others were sickened.

That Creeping Menace Called Smog

Pollution of the air hovers over most of our cities, costs us billions in health and property damage, and sometimes kills.

A Donora victim is rushed to the hospital. She survived. Many elderly asthmatics literally strangled to death.

By Leigh White

Remember the days when summer resorts used to brag about the ozone in their air? All we knew about ozone then was that it was a heavier form of gaseous oxygen, light blue in color and pungent to the taste and smell. If oxygen was good for us, the argument ran, why shouldn't ozone be even better?

We now know that ozone, far from being the invigorating tonic that it was once supposed to be, is a poison gas as deadly as any that has ever menaced our communal health. We know, too, that there is much less ozone in the clean air of the countryside than there is in the dirty air of some cities afflicted with the sort of smogs that occur in sunlight. The ultraviolet rays of the sun, it seems, cause ozone to form whenever a stagnant mass of air becomes loaded with motor-exhaust fumes. This is why the authorities of Los Angeles and other cities are so worried about their increasingly congested traffic.

Smith Griswold, the Los Angeles County Air Pollution Control Officer, is prepared for the

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worst. Last summer he entered a gas chamber and exposed himself for two hours to a mixture of air containing two parts of ozone per million.

"I felt all right during the first half hour," he told me, "but during the second half hour I suffered from chest constrictions. During the third half hour I had trouble concentrating, and during the fourth half hour I was as high as a kite. I felt as if I'd drunk six martinis. The next day I began to cough up clear mucus."

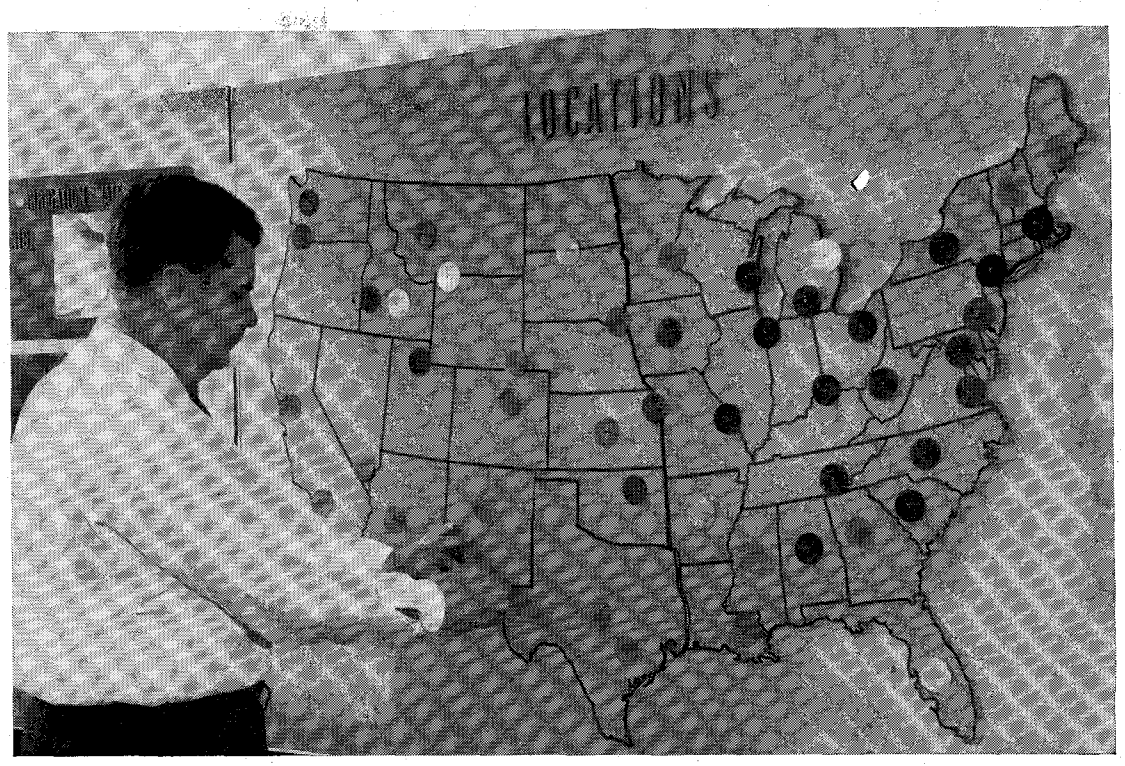
Immediately after the experiment, Griswold was examined by Dr. Hurley Motley, of the University of Southern California, who found that he had lost twenty-five per cent of his vital capacity. In other words, he was one quarter dead. Griswold, a former Stanford football guard, is a lean and powerful man of forty-seven. Had he been older or less healthy, or had he remained in the gas chamber very much longer, he might have died. As it was, it took him several days to recover his full vital capacity, and several weeks to get over his cough.

Jet pilots have developed the same symptoms after flying in the ozone layer of the upper atmosphere. Ordinary citizens, exposed to weaker concentrations of ozone in the Los Angeles air, complain only of eye, nose and throat irritations, which are probably due more to the photochemical oxidation of the atmosphere than to ozone alone. What the long-range effect on their health will be, nobody knows, which is why Doctor Motley, at Griswold's behest, is now experimenting with volunteers at the Good Samaritan Hospital.

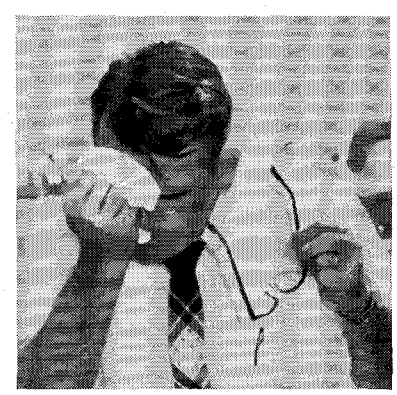
Ozone is but one of the many pollutants that foul a city's air. To define the entire problem and control the creeping menace of air pollution, experiments are being carried out all over the United States these days by experts working with private and public organizations. Their progress is recorded twice each month in Smog News, a press review published by the American Society of Mechanical Engineers in New York. In Chicago last winter, the Armour Research Institute organized a four-day conference on air pollution, and in St. Louis this summer the Air Pollution Control Association—a group composed largely of municipal smoke inspectors—will celebrate its fiftieth anniversary by holding another four-day conference on the subject.

Two years ago, Congress authorized the United States Public Health Service to spend up to $5,000,000 a year over the next five years to develop a nation-wide Community Air Pollution Control Program. The Public Health Service, although it has yet to spend $5,000,000 in any one year, has since organized a national air-sampling network. In Cincinnati, at its new Robert A. Taft Sanitary Engineering Center, it has established a vast laboratory for testing air samples and new devices for measuring and controlling air pollution.

In Louisville, at the request of the municipal authorities, the Public Health Service is directing a two-year survey of local conditions as a basis for formulating a model air-pollution ordinance. In the meantime, with and without the help of the Public Health Service, municipal officials all over the country are regularly testing the local air for a wide variety of dusts, smokes and vapors, including what, in the coal-burning cities, is probably the most common pollutant of all—sulfur dioxide. This is a combustion gas, (Continued on Page 122)



Vernon Hanson, an engineer at a Cincinnati laboratory, pins up disks cut from filters exposed to samples of air from various American cities. Disks show the type—not necessarily the degree—of air pollution.



Los Angeles, September, 1955: A record attack of smog made citizens weep. Some resorted to improvised gas masks (right). Authorities in sunny cities worry about increasingly congested traffic, because the sun's rays cause ozone, now known to be a poison gas, to form whenever a stagnant air mass is loaded with motor-exhaust fumes.

Jacksonville, Fla., 1949: Nylon stockings disintegrated when exposed to air polluted by sulfuric acid.

New York, 1953: Visitors found a London-style fog over Manhattan. The city remained shrouded for a week.

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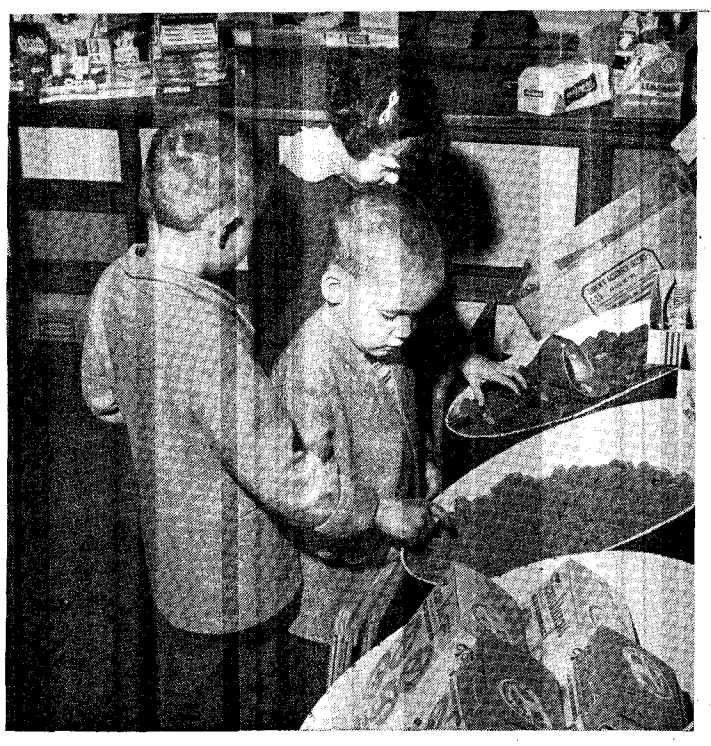
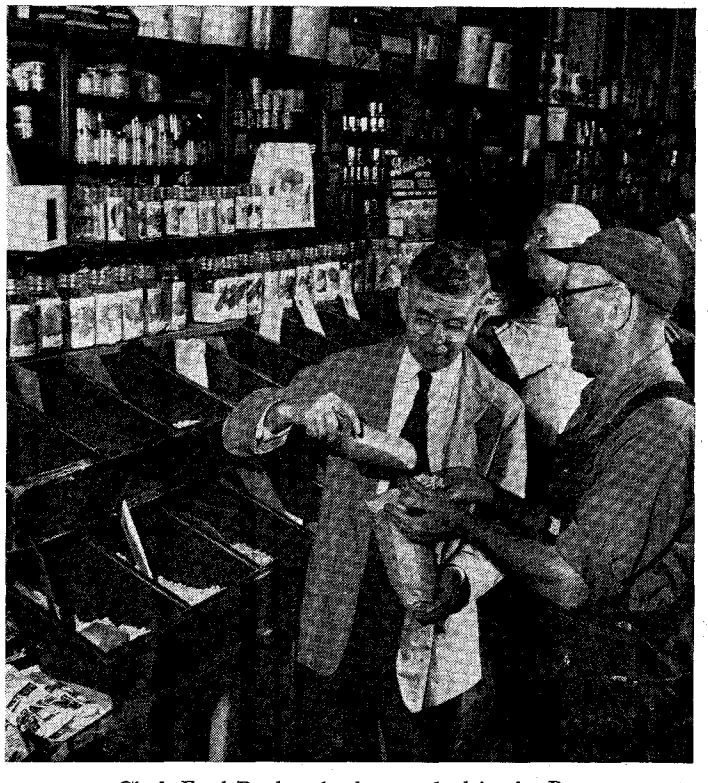


Small fry at the candy bins: "We sell about half our candy. The other half is given away," says the proprietor.

Salt-and-pepper union suits are still popular with Pennsylvania Dutch farmers and the local factory workers.



Clerk Fred Rush, who has worked in the Boyer store 50 years, ladles out seed samples for a customer's inspection.

Country Store Out of Yesteryear

A delightful visit to one of the oldest and most remarkable small-town general stores still in business.

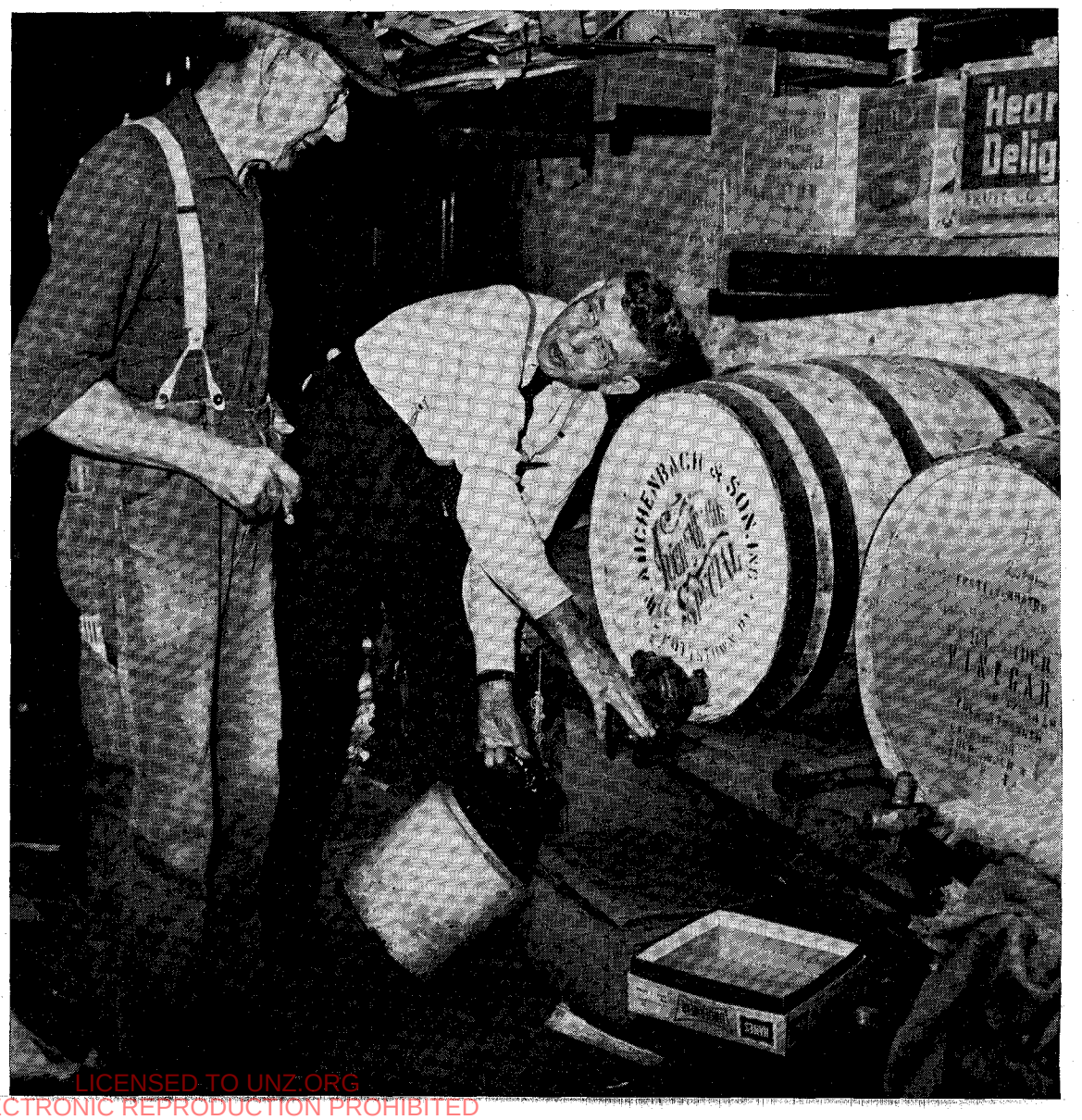
By Ashley Halsey, Jr.

A jolly, elderly Pennsylvania-German farmer rambled into the venerable three-story store of D. B. Boyer & Company, at Boyertown, Pennsylvania, recently and ordered what the establishment regards as a routine item—a five-gallon jug of molasses. Winking, the old farmer added, "I want the nonpolitical kind!" A roar of amusement went up from bystanders. For the joke, which originated more than a century ago, is still as good locally as the day it was first cracked.

In those early days, the Boyer who owned the store was a vehement Whig. When the election appeared likely to go against his party, he climbed onto a barrel of molasses and harangued everyone within earshot. "Unless you vote Whig," he shouted, "this country will go down, down, down!" To emphasize, he stamped on top of the barrel—and plunged down into the molasses.

"There probably never was a sweeter moment in the whole history of politics, especially from the opposition viewpoint," says Daniel B. Boyer, Jr., great-grandson of the self-dunked speaker, and co-partner in the family store with his brother Jim. Like most of his family, Boyer, a tall, darkly handsome man of thirty-eight, is as thoroughly steeped in the lore and ledgers of the family business as his great-grandfather was in molasses. A Haverford College graduate, he left a promising career with a drug manufacturer in (Continued on Page 100)

In the basement of the store, Rush fills a customer's stoneware jug from a hogshead of molasses. For local folk who still swear by an old-fashioned spring tonic, the Boyers also stock a bin of sulfur aptly labeled "brimstone."



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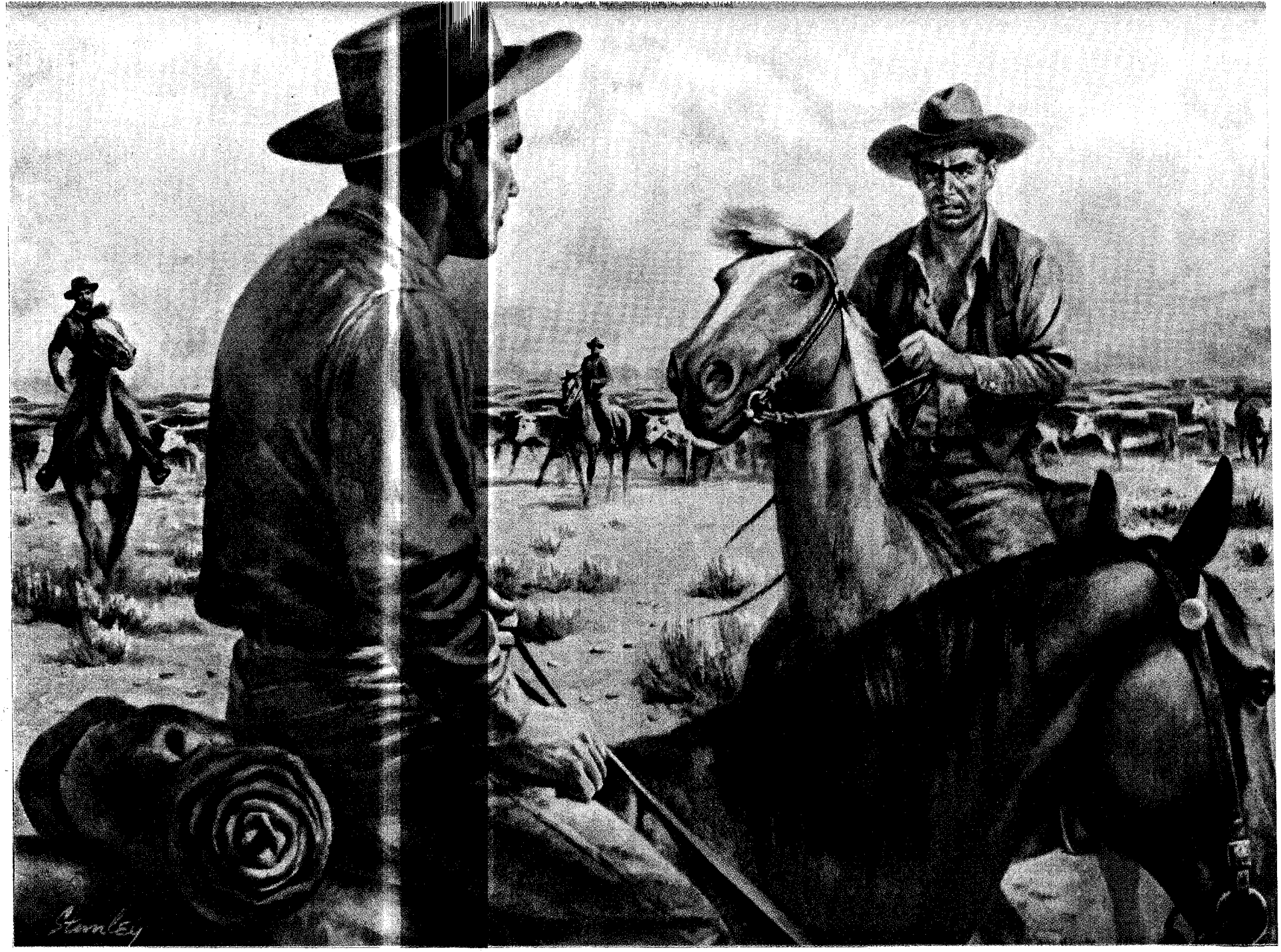

"I'm warning you, ep your mouth shut, or next time I'll take a rifle to you," Keane threatened.

Revenge in the Desert

By OLAF RUHEN

If he tried to fight back it would be five against one—and no one would ever know how he died.

I was traveling by myself, four days out of Mataranka and heading east to the Queensland border when I came up on this big camp in the mulga scrub at a place called Afghan Soak. There were twenty men there with three or four hundred horses, twenty travelers sitting down waiting for the flood waters to subside on the route ahead; waiting for the end of the wet. I knew it could be a long wait—in that part of tropical Australia the wet season ends anywhere between February and April, and this was February's first week.

I stopped a little way out of the camp and hobbled all the horses in my plant—the camp horse, the two pack horses, the four loose hacks and the one I had been riding; even the old blue roan that wasn't much use for anything now. I had started with the roan, got myself my first job droving for wages, and picked up the others, one or two at a time. I'd been away from my brother's house eight months, but it wasn't time for me to go back yet. I was going to Queensland instead, now that I had some horses; and I was going to contract for droving some of the big mobs of cattle that would be moving soon to fattening country near the coast.

There was always work for a drover then, and good money for him to earn. My brother wouldn't worry about me. He knew I could look after myself; he'd taught me that, and he was the only family I had.

I got all the horses hobbled, and I dropped the pack saddles and my riding saddle at the foot of a tree, and laid out my blanket roll where I would sleep.

While I was doing it, there was a little fellow walking over to me, a nuggety, thick-set, friendly-looking fellow, brown as a nut, and his face like a map of Ireland. He held out his hand to me.

"You're new around here, aren't you, young fellow?" he said. "I haven't seen you before. I'm Bill Marney."

I'd heard of Marney, of course. Who hadn't? He was the best bushman the north will ever see.

"I'm Bob Corcoran," I told him. "Heading for Queensland. What are the chances of getting through?"

"None for a week anyway," he said. "You traveling alone?" (Continued on Page 110)

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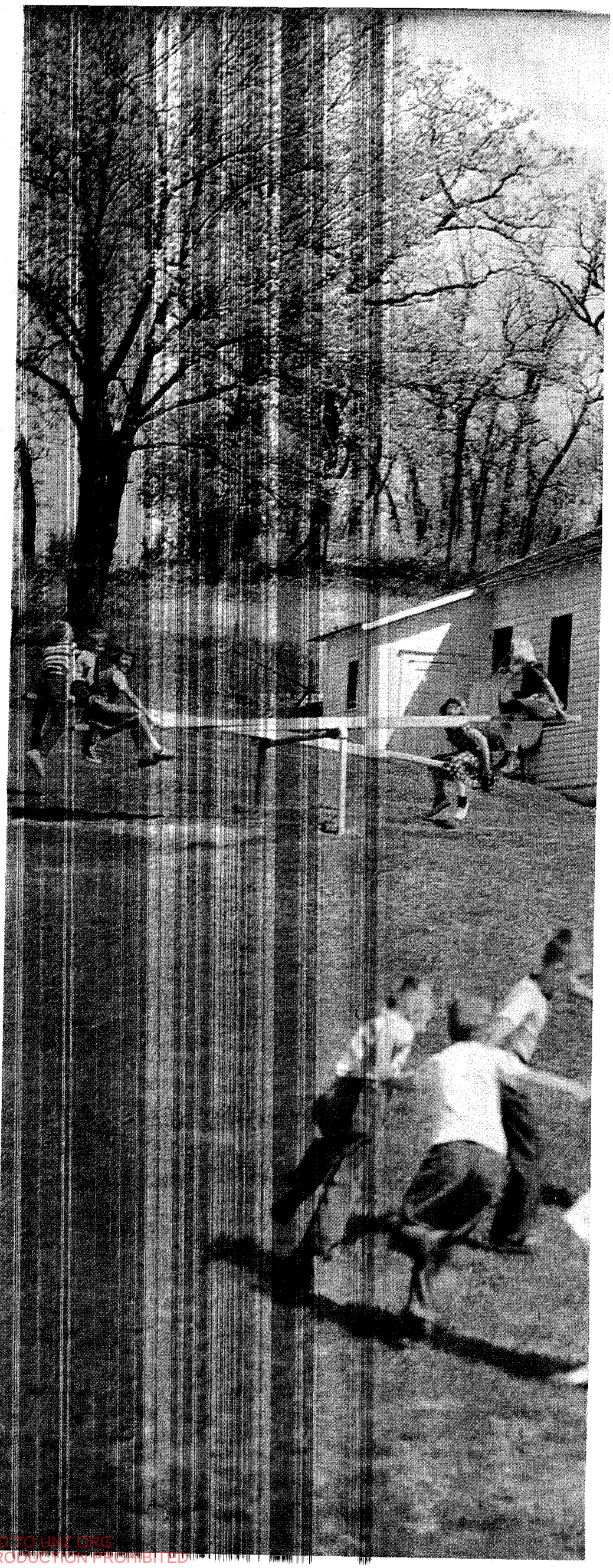
The Face of AMERICA

Kids in May



It's May and it's recess time. And since vacation begins next month, no wonder everyone is kicking up his heels. Here you see the entire student body (save four who were laid low when this picture was made last year) of the Frontenac School, in Southeastern Minnesota. But the teacher, Mrs. Einar Carlson, waits in the doorway with some plans about arithmetic and spelling for these first-, second- and third-grade pupils; soon the kids must content themselves with just staring out the windows and dreaming. This one-room schoolhouse, which has its 100th birthday in June, is right at home with the old-fashioned schools that once peppered our countryside, before the consolidation trend to big, modern buildings. Maybe the brick and concrete structures are more practical, but they will never evoke such nostalgia as their cozy clapboard ancestors. ● Photograph by H. Landshoff

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NO BLADE OF GRASS

By JOHN CHRISTOPHER

The old familiar world was dying, and only the treacherous could survive....

"There's going to be a gate on this valley—a gate that can be held by a few against a mob," David told his brother. He urged John and Ann to remain with their children for a year at his farm in Blind Gill, in Northwest England. Only in this way, he argued, might they be safe from the crisis caused by the voracious Chung-Li virus, which threatened to destroy much of the earth's food supply. Already this strange plague had plunged the great nations of the East into starvation and violence. And even now scattered patches of barren ground at Blind Gill gave evidence that the virus was spreading to the Western world as well.

England wavered between optimism and fear as the outbreak was halted, then broke out anew in resistant strains. Now, during the Christmas holiday, there was hope that the disease might ultimately die out and that man might survive the epochal devastation. John and Ann, as yet unwilling to throw up their lives for an uncertain future, rejected David's offer. Besides, their friend Roger Buckley was in a position to give them warning should the government take drastic steps to control a panic-stricken population.

II

The lull which seemed to have fallen on the world continued through the winter. In the Western countries schemes for rationing foods were drawn up, and in some cases applied. Cake disappeared in England, but bread was still available to all. The press continued to oscillate between optimism and pessimism, but with less violent swings.

It was significant, John thought, that no one spoke yet of the reclamation of the lifeless lands of Asia. He mentioned this to Roger Buckley over luncheon, one day in late February. They were in Roger's club, the Treasury.

Roger said, "No, we try not to think of them too much, don't we? It's as though we had managed to chop off the rest of the world, and left just Europe, Africa, Australia and the Americas. I saw some pictures of Central China last week. All bare earth and clay. Do you know, in its way, it was more frightening than the famine pictures used to be?"

The waiter padded up and gave them their lagers in slow and patient ritual. When he had gone, John queried, "Frightening?"

"They frightened me. I hadn't understood properly before quite what a clean sweep the virus makes of a place."

The first shot came before the final word, and two others followed while it was still in the air.

"Any rumors of an answer to it?"

Roger waggled his head in an indeterminate gesture. "Let's put it this way: the rumors in official circles are as vague as the ones in the press, but they do have a note of confidence."

John said, "My brother is barricading himself in. Did I tell you?"

Roger leaned forward curiously. "The farmer? How do you mean, barricading himself in?"

"I've told you about his place—Blind Gill—surrounded by hills with just one narrow gap leading out. He's having a fence put up to seal the gap."

"Go on. I'm interested."

"That's all there is to it, really. He's uneasy about what's going to happen in the next growing season—I've never known him so uneasy. At any rate, he's given up all his wheat acreage to plant root crops. He even wanted us all to come and spend a year up there."

"Until the crisis is over? He is worried."

"And yet," John said, "I've been thinking about it off and on since then. Dave's always been more levelheaded than I, and when you get down to it, a countryman's premonitions are not to be taken lightly in this kind of business."

Roger looked at him. "Tell me, if I get you the inside warning of the crack-up in plenty of time, do you think you could make room for our little trio in your brother's bolt hole?"

John said tensely, "Do you think it's going to come to a crack-up?"

"So far, there's not a sign of it. Those who should be in the know are radiating the same kind of optimism that you find in the papers. But I like the sound of Blind Gill, as an insurance policy. I'll keep my ear to the pipeline. As soon as there's a little warning tinkle at the other end, we both take indefinite leave, and our families, and head for the north. How does it strike you? Would your brother have us?"

"Yes, of course." John thought about the idea. "How much warning do you think you would get?"

"Enough. I'll keep you informed. You can rest assured I shall err on the side of caution. I don't relish the idea of being caught in the London area in the middle of a famine."

A trolley was pushed past them, laden with assorted cheeses. The air was instilled with the

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A moment later John saw him clear of Roger and standing back. His right hand held a revolver.

drowsy somnolence of midday in the dining room of a London club. The murmur of voices was an easy and untroubled one.

John waved an arm. "It's difficult to imagine anything denting this."

Roger surveyed the scene in turn, his eyes mild but acute. "Quite undentable, I agree. It's going to be interesting, watching us being British and stiff-lipped, while the storm clouds gather. Undentable. But what happens when we crack?"

Spring was late in coming; a period of dry, cold, cloudy weather lasted through March and into April. When, in the second week of April, it was succeeded by a warm, moist spell, it was a shock to see that the Chung-Li virus had lost none of its vigor. As the grass grew, in fields or gardens or highways, its blades were splotched with darker green—green that spread and turned into rotting brown. There was no escaping the evidence of these new inroads.

John got hold of Roger. He asked him, "What's the news at your end?"

"Oddly enough, very good. The papers will be carrying it tomorrow. The U.N. claims they've got the answer. They've bred a virus that feeds on Chung-Li—all phases."

John said, "It comes at what might otherwise have been a decidedly awkward moment. You don't think ——"

Roger smiled. "It was the first thing I did think. But the bulletin announcing it has been signed by a gang of people, including some who wouldn't falsify the results of a minor experiment to save their aged parents from the stake. It's genuine, all right."

"Saved by the bell," John said slowly. "I was wondering about sending the children back to school. I suppose it's all right now."

"Better there, I should think," Roger said. "There are bound to be shortages, because they will hardly be able to get the new virus going on a large enough scale to do much about saving this year's harvest. London will feel the pinch more than most places, probably."

The U.N. report was given the fullest publicity, and the government at the same time issued its own (Continued on Page 86)

Illustrated by Earl Mayan

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Post Scripts

Quota

I'm all for calling
It a day,
A well-earned respite,
I would say.

By dint of efforts
Grim and steady,
I've made enough
Mistakes already!

MAY RICHSTONE

Wage Rage

It's hard, in this uncertain age,
To stretch the money one acquires.
Although I make a living wage,
How very quickly it expires!

RICHARD WHEELER

Mein Grossfader's Wisenspouten

1. Der world ben ein grosser stage mit all der folkers uplousen der acten.
2. Ein dummkopf ben sooner parten mit der money. Excepten mit tooken longer, der smartischer ben also parten.
3. Ein oldisch poochenpup ist nicht needen newisch trickers.
4. Mit too many cookers der soupenbroth ist spoilen, but der upcleanen und dishen-washen ben quicker.
5. Der acten ben outshouten der speaken, excepten mit ein frau.
6. Oftenisch, exchangen der thinken for ein pfennig ist oberchargen.
7. Springtiden showers ben bringen buddenbloomers und also ben bringen muddenpuddlers mit sloshen.
8. Blitzen ist never striken der samisch place ober on accounten der place ist nicht remainen.

DAVE MORRAH

Steady, Girl

Monday it was Ricky,
Friday it was Tom.
Easter Week was Dickie,
While Joe is Junior Prom.

This afternoon it's Bobby,
Our child announces readily.
Her favorite teen-age hobby
Is "going steady" steadily.

ETHEL JACOBSON

You Don't Know What Panic is, Until——

During the course of a speech before an audience of five hundred persons you find that a sweeping gesture of your hand knocked seven eighths of your notes off the rostrum.

You make a remark about some policeman being a "lousy, no-good flatfoot," then turn around to discover, a foot away, staring you in the face, a ——

Immediately after ordering filet mignon for yourself and eight or nine dinner guests, you peer into your wallet to find that you forgot to get a check cashed.

You sleep right through the alarm, until ten-thirty, on the morning when all of the big brass from the main office in Los Angeles is to visit the local branch.

You sit at the boss' desk at the office, imitating him, suddenly to realize that he has become part of the audience.

At a baseball game, while holding your own cup of coffee in one hand and somebody else's in the other, you look up to see a foul tip headed right in the direction of your head.

While painting the roof guttering, you manage to get one arm caught in the guttering, and, as you try desperately to balance the paint bucket with your other arm, the stepladder begins to sway.

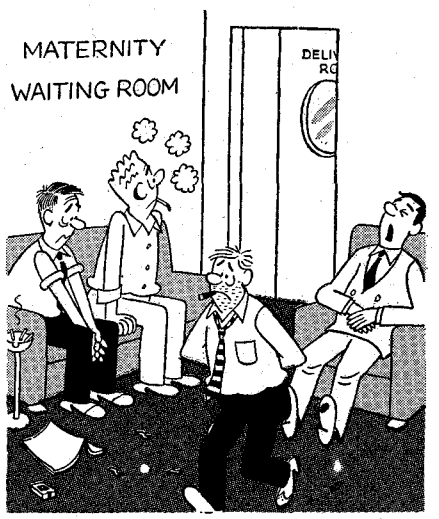
VERNON H. KURTZ

GUESS WHO By BILL HARRISON

. . . the candy was for

. . . is in charge

. . . is new here



. . . already has five children

. . . is next

. . . put up the sign

. . . owes J. P. Smith five dollars

. . . just had a haircut

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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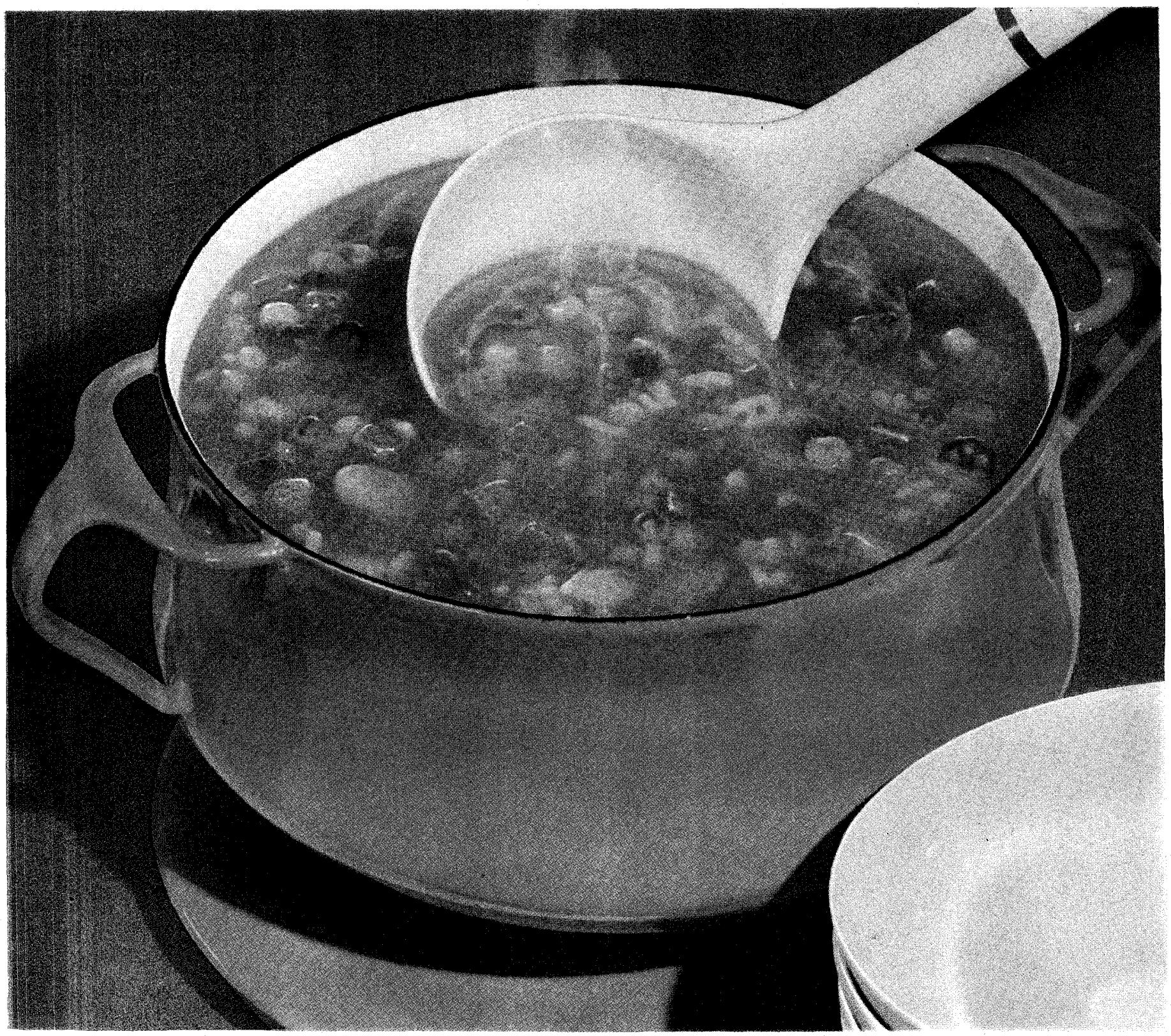
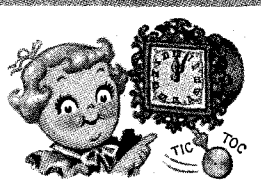
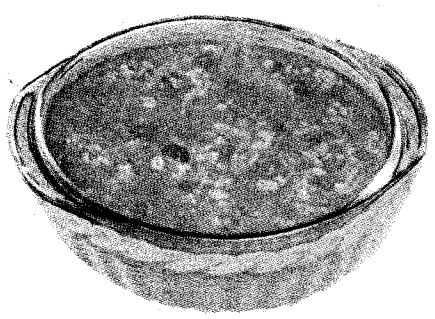
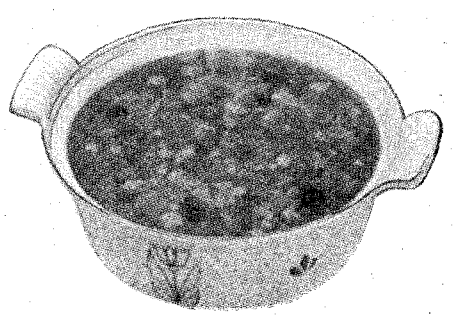


4-Minute Meal  M'm, M'm, good!

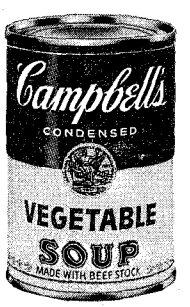
Here's a new way, a *great* way — to have soup at its very best! Campbell's Vegetable Soup — so fine and nourishing — brought *right* to the table from the stove in its own cook-and-serve pot. That's soup as it should be — when it's hot and most delicious — 15 garden vegetables and brown beef broth ready to eat at the *precise* moment of best flavor and goodness. Stove-to-table soup takes just 4 minutes, from heating to eating!



Company coming? On the table there's a basketful of soup — Campbell's Vegetable Soup heated in an oven-glass dish, then placed in a table-protecting basket for serving.



Ladle out your Vegetable Soup course right from the casserole, and ladle it generously! Everyone likes vegetables *this* way — 15 of the garden's best, flavored with fine beef broth.



SOUPS SUPPLY BASIC NUTRITIONAL NEEDS: Vitamins, Minerals and Liquids—for general well-being • Proteins—for upkeep and growth • Carbohydrates—for energy

Once a day...every day...SOUP!

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Into each of their lives the war had deeply etched its scars. . . . Now at last it was

The Moment For Love

By LAURENCE CRITCHELL

The night was intensely dark. Curtains of rain fell through the city streets, pouring unmercifully on the luckless, the poor and those who had to be abroad. At Tokyo Central even the beggars and the sellers of lottery tickets had gone away. The long, echoing tunnel to the railroad platform was almost deserted; the only people there besides Jeff were an American woman and a young boy, hurrying along as if they were late. He came abreast of them.

"Let me take the suitcase," he said.

"Oh," said the woman, startled. She was dark-haired and attractive. "Thank you."

"I can carry your musette bag," said the boy eagerly.

"All right," said Jeff. "Thanks."

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"I'm sure of it," she said with conviction. "More sure of it than anything that's happened since . . ."

They walked along together in silence: an Army officer, a woman and a boy in a long, stone, echoing, windowless tunnel. Something in the quality of the moment reminded Jeff of the Metro in Paris and a girl he had said good-by to for the last time in those crowded, tile-walled chambers. But that was something he preferred to forget. He mounted the iron steps briskly.

"Here's a porter," said the woman gratefully. "Thank you very much."

"Sure," said Jeff. He waved at the boy. "So long."

"So long," said the boy.

The train was waiting. It was the night express to Kyushu, and in those days it was for Allied personnel only; the white stripe that was the badge of the occupation ran the length of it. Jeff showed his ticket and a copy of his orders to the train officials and the American M.P.'s at the gate, and hunted up his own berth. This was the week before Easter and not many people were traveling; the cars were bright and warm and had a feeling of intimacy. A Japanese car boy came with a hanger and took his coat. The boy was owlish and solemn and wore black-rimmed spectacles. On the berth across the way, wearing slacks, curled up with an American magazine, was a young Red Cross girl, blond-haired, almost pretty; she wore a short-sleeved blouse and looked cool. It was very hot in the car.

"You turn heat down," Jeff said to the Japanese car boy. "O.K.?"

"O.K.," said the boy.

"But, of course, he won't," said the Red Cross girl, not looking up from her book. "They never do."

"No," said Jeff with a grin. He took off his blouse.

The day had brought rains; the night had brought the deluge. Great gusts of black wind rocked the cars; when the train was out of the Tokyo station, moving very fast toward Yokohama, the rain beat on the windows. They were in a little rocketing, lantern-lit enclosure, curtained in flimsy green along the aisles, very brightly lighted. The berths had been made up, and there was nothing to do but go to bed or stand out between the cars. Jeff went out (Continued on Page 54)

Illustrated by R. G. Harris

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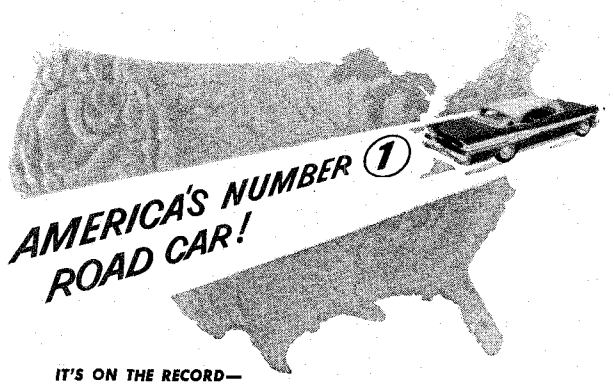
NO ARGUMENT HERE –

Pontiac landed the Prize*!

Seems like everybody's casting his vote for Pontiac as the new-car catch of the year! What's the lure? Bet you'd guess it was Pontiac's styling, from the looks of those bright, breezy colors and eye-baiting lines.

And styling is part of it, all right, but what really gets people is the way this baby takes to the road. Try it and see. It's hard to tell what will impress you most: the eager-to-please response of Pontiac's all-new V-8 engine, the snap-finger action of its perfected controls or the buoyant softness of Level-Line Ride! But one thing's sure: You'll agree with the others that Pontiac's the prize! Come in the very first chance you get— and step out in America's No. One Road Car!

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION



IT'S ON THE RECORD—
Pontiac topped 'em all, regardless of size, power or price in official stock car competition!

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I Like the Derby, But — (Continued from Page 25)

was basic. By the time your horse walks onto the track, the Derby is an anticlimax to a trainer. You're tired, and your big worry is that the horse comes out of the race all right. The Derby is a mile and a quarter of the hardest going for a three-year-old colt. It comes on the first Saturday in May, and at this stage of his career, a three-year-old is like a growing teen-ager who is taking final examinations in school. If he gets pushed a little too hard, it does something to him.

A three-year-old in the early spring is a fragile animal. At night he may be snoozing in the barn, just as valuable a horse as can be found. The next morning, his value may be gone. A cough, a leg banging against the stall wall—any of a hundred things can happen to a young horse. And if I were to point too much for the Derby with a still-growing colt, the chances are I would break him down and ruin any future he might have had.

At the same time, I can't pass up the race. Each year, there are around 9000 Thoroughbreds foaled. Some 2000 go on to win at least one race as two-year-olds, but only about 130 are considered good enough by their owners to be nominated for the Derby. Those 130 are narrowed down to a starting field of around four-teen to sixteen. So you can see that you're lucky just to have a horse good enough to be entered in the race.

The Kentucky Derby is the best-known race in my sport. It is popular with most of the people in the country, even those who never go to horse races. I like to think of the Derby as racing's front parlor. The Derby shows off what a nice sport racing is.

It is the race every trainer wants to win, and once you win it, you want it again too. Like me—I'm not satisfied with three winners—Gallant Fox, Omaha and Johnstown. My ambition is to be up there with Ben Jones, who has trained six Derby winners.

Each spring, while I'm trying to get a colt ready for a full career on the track, all I hear is Derby, Derby, Derby. It places a trainer in the middle. It's a temptation to try too hard with the colt.

Right before the Derby, you've always got a lot of colts that break down, or don't seem up to a race, and have to be scratched. Equipoise, one of the big horses in racing history, was scratched the morning of the Derby. In 1954, Turn-to and Porterhouse, both considered among the favorites, didn't last through training.

You don't want to have that happen with your horse, especially when you consider how much money a Derby starter can cost the person who owns him. Nashua, for example, had expensive breeding. William Woodward, Sr., was part of a syndicate which paid $372,000 for Nasrullah, the imported stallion that sired both Nashua and the horse I hope to have in this year's race, Bold Ruler. By the time Nashua retired to stud, he had won $1,288,565, the most money any horse ever took down, and a darn sight more than his trainer ever will. Nashua was sold for $1,251,200.

As for Bold Ruler, he won $191,288 as a two-year-old, and has what could be a couple of rich years ahead of him. A man training a horse in this class had better worry about the long term, or he is likely to wind up delivering groceries for some store. It would be a bad gamble working Bold Ruler too hard for the Derby. Those are the words of a mild man. I suppose others could make it stronger.

I don't know everything about racing—far as I'm concerned, the longer a person is in the sport the more he has to learn—but I know some of the more obvious answers on the Kentucky Derby. I've been in this business for a long time. If anybody cares to be picky and pin me down, I was hired for my first job on a race track the day Pres. Grover Cleveland was inaugurated for his first term. I'll save you the trouble of looking up the date. That was seventy-two years ago. Since then, in addition to my three Derby winners, I've trained some 200 winners of ninety other important stakes races. The total winnings come to something like $6,000,000. I've also had many winners of ordinary races.

Now, when all those people at Louisville this week stop fussing around at having a good time and settle down for the Derby, they won't necessarily see the best horse in the field win. There are many races over the year which prove differently. It isn't often that the winner goes on to sweep the Triple Crown of three-year-olds classics, the way two of mine did. That means winning Pimlico's Preakness and the Belmont Stakes, as well as the Derby.

Many times a three-year-old which doesn't do well in the Derby starts coming to true form later on in the year. In Jet Pilot's year, 1947, he beat Phalanx by a head. Phalanx went on to be a big horse that year. So did Faultless, the third-place finisher that day. Faultless, for example, won the Preakness a week later, and Jet Pilot broke down in the race and finished far up the track. More recently, Native Dancer and Nashua were beaten at Louisville.

A trainer doesn't really know his own horse by Derby time, much less the rest of the field. A horse doesn't mature until he is four or even five. A young horse can fool you badly. Granville, which was my horse in the 1936 Derby, shows that.

Granville was a nervous colt, and he would become too jumpy for his own good before a race. He always seemed to know, right off in the morning, if he was to run that day. So I tried the tricks I always do on a horse of this type. I thought Granville associated a race with the light breakfast we fed him those mornings. So I had him fed lightly for a couple of days when he was not running. Then I'd have him taken from his stall and walked around a bit at the time he normally would be saddled for a race. This, I figured, would ease him—if only through familiarizing him with the race-day routine.

But it didn't work. On a day when he was going to run he would be the same as always—jumpy as a cat. He knew all about it. Don't ask me how. In the Derby Granville still was nervous, and he got in a jam at the start and threw Jimmy Stout, his jockey.

Take any year and it's the same story. Trainers don't know the answers before a Derby. In 1918, Willis Sharpe Kilmer

Preventive Maintenance

She doesn't mean a thing to me.
I know a dozen better.
It's just that I would hate to see
Another fellow get her.

By Thomas B. Congdon

Beautiful to look at . . . wonderful to play

1957 Marilynn Smith registered clubs! Venus golf ball!

CHOOSE THE EQUIPMENT, Milady, that was designed exclusively for you—calculated to cut strokes from your game.

The 1957 MARILYNN SMITH Registered Clubs are SYNCHRO-DYNED clubs—scientifically engineered as a set rather than as individual units. Result? A perfectly coordinated family of clubs that help you hit each shot in the book with amazing consistency.

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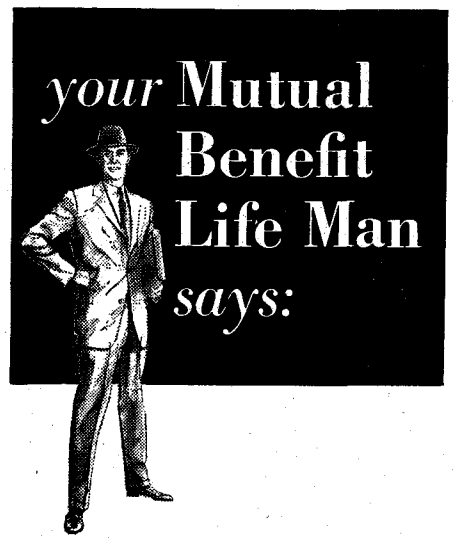

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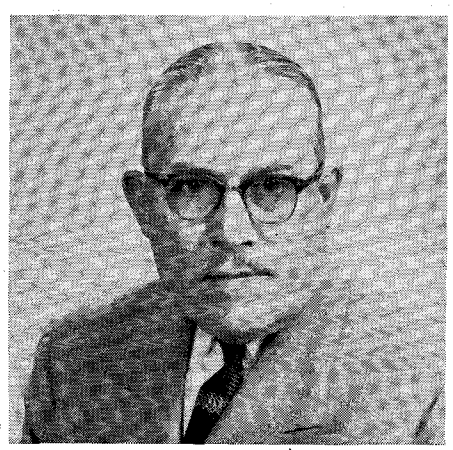
Why gamble on setting enough aside from savings to *eventually* build your estate—when you can be sure of it *now*? With the aid of a trained Mutual Benefit Life man like **G. Reese Foote, Sr., of Buffalo,** simply draw up a plan that meets your objectives and reaches your goals. The instant your plan begins, your estate is created and you pay for it as you go along. Then no matter what happens, your estate exists *today*—there's no question about the uncertainties of the future.



The **Mutual Benefit Life** *Insurance Company, Newark, N. J.*

paid $15,000 to get a work horse for Sun Briar, his speedy colt. Sun Briar never got to the Derby, but the work horse did. He was Exterminator, a horse I consider the best handicap runner I ever saw. In 1949, Ben Jones thought Ponder was just a plodder, and said so right up to post time at Louisville. But Ponder was the only one of his Calumet Farm horses in condition for the race, so he entered him. Ponder started to run in the stretch, and they still haven't caught him.

In 1951, Sol Rutchick, the trainer, was against putting Count Turf in the race. He told Jack Amiel, the owner, to forget about it. But Amiel wanted his horse in the Derby, so he took Count Turf there with Slim Sully, an assistant trainer. The night before the race, Amiel, who owns a restaurant in New York, called up Rutchick and told him the horse was going to win by four lengths. Rutchick laughed. Count Turf won just like the restaurant man said he would—by four lengths. It was the biggest day the horse ever saw. He wasn't too much after that.

On the other hand, there have been big horses which never entered the Derby because nobody figured at the time that they were in that class. Seabiscuit is a good example. I broke him for racing as a two-year-old in 1935. He didn't look like much of a horse, just a cheap selling plater. I raced him more than thirty times as a two-year-old. The next year I had him in a $3000 claiming race, which he won. Then I stepped him up to a $5000 race, and he won that too. But nobody was buying him—even when he won a $7500 race. I told the Wheatley Stable owner, Mrs. H. C. Phipps, to sell the horse for $8000, if she could.

One afternoon at Saratoga I told her brother, Mr. Ogden Mills, who was then part owner of the stable, that the price had better be raised. "And I'm not too sure you should sell him at all," I said. "He might be a useful horse."

But I wasn't emphatic. Seabiscuit was not the kind of a horse you go on a limb for. So Mr. Mills went into the clubhouse and took an $8000 offer from Dr. Charles Strub, boss of Santa Anita Race Track, who was buying the horse for Charles S. Howard. Howard and his trainer, the late Tom Smith, never had even seen the horse.

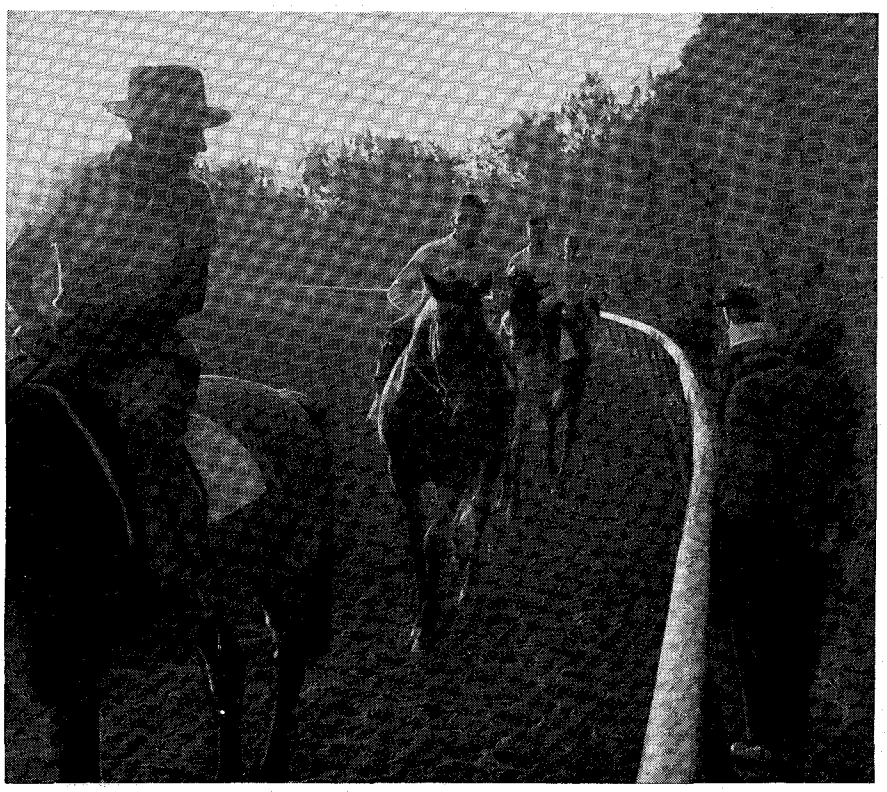
Well, anything anybody wants to know about Seabiscuit is in the record book now. He wasn't ready for the Derby, but he matured later on and became one of the greatest horses we've ever had. Around race tracks, they talk about his match race with War Admiral, a Derby winner, as if it had just finished. Seabiscuit won it. I'd still like the answer to this one.

Bill Corum, the Churchill Downs president, and the rest of the people connected with the Derby over the years feel the best thing that can happen is for a horse that is strictly an outsider to come up with one big day and beat the kind of horses I've been talking about. It makes the race that much more popular all over the country, where everybody likes an underdog. This adds charm to the Derby, they say, although I didn't see it that way when Nashua was beaten, and if something like that happens to Bold Ruler this year I won't go for it, either.

After the Kentucky Derby the field dwindles for the Preakness a couple of weeks later. By the time June and the Belmont Stakes come around, only the big horses are in it, as a rule. The cream is at the top by now, but at Derby time it all looks like milk. Sometimes a horse that just doesn't figure takes it all.

Most people don't realize that the Derby horses are not the top Thoroughbreds in the sport. Maybe they will be someday, but a still-maturing three-year-old is no match at even weights with an older handicap horse. The true test of a horse comes when he is four and up, and carries weight assignments in handicap events. Horses such as Tom Fool and Armed never got to the Derby, but a year later they would have been too strong for a horse fresh from Churchill Downs. And it would be unfair to match this year's Derby winner with either Bardstown or Summer Tan, the top handicap horses around now. Both are mature five-year-olds. Needles, last year's winner, would have needed a fifteen-pound weight advantage before it would have been fair to put him in with Nashua, then the handicap champion.

Even in the Derby itself, the horses are not of the same age. Every January first, a horse automatically has a birthday—ready or not. Breeders try to arrange it so a horse will be foaled as early in the year as possible, but it doesn't always work that way, nature being what she is. So Swaps came out on the track a full six weeks older than Nashua in the 1955 Derby. I don't know how much difference it made, but I'd always rather have it the other way around.



Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons (light hat) scans his horses as they come in from a dawn workout at Hialeah.

For me, training a horse is a constant worry, and the Derby conditions make it harder still. Each time a horse of mine goes out on the track—even for a workout—I don't feel easy until I've got him back safe in the barn. When a horse runs, all the weight lands on one thin leg, his lead leg. That's the one which comes down on the track first after each lunge. This fragile sliver of leg is all that stands between a sound horse and a badly damaged one. The younger the horse, the more the danger. And a Derby horse, as I've pointed out, is young.

About the best way to show the work which goes into getting a horse ready for the Derby—and how you hope to keep him from being injured—is to put down the training schedule, and the thinking behind it, for Bold Ruler this year. He was the top two-year-old in 1956, but in the Remsen Stakes, in November, at Jamaica Race Track in New York, he reared up coming out of the gate and finished far up the track.

He seemed all right when he got back to me, but he might have hurt himself at the start. If the right facilities had been available, I would have turned out Bold Ruler for a month of relaxation. I did this with Nashua after he finished his two-year-old season. But I wanted Bold Ruler right where I could see him all the time, so I had him shipped to Hialeah along with the rest of the string I planned to race in Florida.

There I put Bold Ruler in slow training for about three weeks, gradually increasing his workouts in preparation for the Hialeah meeting. We started him with slow gallops—the same pace as you'd use going through the park. After a good dose of these gallops, I slipped a three-mile gallop into Bold Ruler's routine every once in a while. I like long gallops for my horses. It gradually develops their heart and lung muscles without strain, and prepares them for the faster workouts.

Usually it takes six to eight weeks to get "a leg up" on a horse, meaning to have him ready for some speed. But Bold Ruler really hadn't been out of training, so I could have worked him fast after two weeks. I started by "breezing" the horse—sending him along at a good clip, mostly his own pace—for seven eighths of a mile. I did this with Bold Ruler two or three times, then had him go a good half mile all out. I looked for the colt to cover this distance in about forty-seven seconds, which he did. Then I pushed him up for a good run of five eighths of a mile. He did that in a minute.

After that I thought Bold Ruler was ready for his first start of the season. I entered him in the $20,000 Bahamas Handicap at Hialeah, a seven-furlong race—a furlong is an eighth of a mile. Bold Ruler beat a good field of Derby eligibles that day, and the first big step had been taken by a horse I hope you'll see in the Derby.

The winter racing at Florida and California nowadays is a big help to modern Derby colts. It used to be that you would take your horse to Aiken, Columbia, or Camden, South Carolina, and winter him there. Winter racing was almost nonexistent, and trainers were afraid of taking a chance on it. So they wound up trying to get their horses ready for the Derby exclusively. That was making the temptation to (*Continued on Page 51*)

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Here's a special cake...with a special frosting... make them both with Borden's Cream

Says Elsie, The Borden Cow: "This is Borden's 100th Birthday Cake—quick and easy to make and melt-in-your-mouth good! Economical, too; instead of the two ingredients, butter and milk, you use just one, Borden's rich, thick cream." Borden's has a cream for every use . . . heavy cream, light cream and sour cream. Then there's thrifty Borden's half-and-half (richer than milk, lighter than cream). You can get them at your food store or from your Borden man.

BORDEN'S CENTENNIAL CAKE

2 cups sifted cake flour • 1 cup granulated sugar
3 teaspoons baking powder • ½ teaspoon salt
½ pint (1 cup) Borden's Heavy Cream
1 teaspoon vanilla extract • 2 eggs

Line 2 lightly greased 8-inch cake pans with waxed paper. Sift dry ingredients together twice. Pour cream and vanilla into deep 1-quart bowl; beat with electric mixer or rotary beater until just stiff. Add eggs, beating until blended. Add flour mixture; beat at low speed of electric mixer or by hand until batter is well blended. Turn into pans. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) 25-30 minutes. Cool 10 minutes. Remove from pans.

FRUIT CREAM FROSTING

1 teaspoon unflavored gelatin • 1 tablespoon milk
1 cup heavy cream, chilled • 3 tbsps. granulated sugar
¼ teaspoon grated orange rind
¼ teaspoon grated lemon rind • Orange sections

Chill bowl and rotary beater. Mix gelatin and milk in cup. Place over hot water and stir until gelatin is dissolved. Whip cream until stiff. Blend in gelatin and remaining ingredients. This makes enough frosting to cover two 8-inch layers. Chill; decorate with orange slices just before serving.

For 100 years folks have been saying, "If it's Borden's, it's got to be good!"

See Borden's TV shows, "People's Choice," "Queen for a Day," and "Fury"

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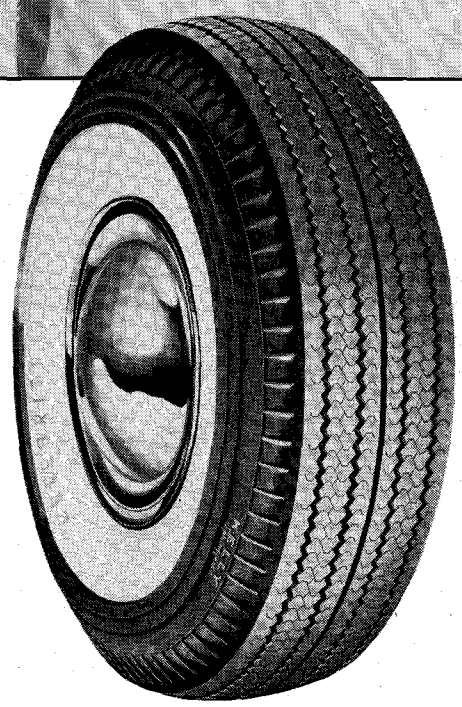
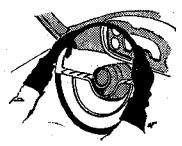
True control of your car depends on how quickly, how safely your tires respond to your commands. That's why so many safety-conscious drivers are switching to the new Kelly Celebrity. It is engineered to meet the stiffest requirements of today's higher-powered cars . . . to respond instantly, precisely to every starting, steering, stopping operation. It provides the greatest possible driving control and safety on *any* car, *any* road, under both stop-and-go and sustained-speed driving conditions. See your Kelly Dealer and get the facts about today's greatest tire for *worry-free* driving. Available in all sizes, including 1957 models.

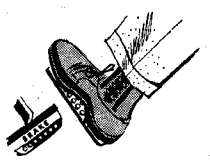


You can feel the difference in control this great new tire gives you!



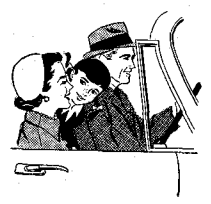
You'll feel it in your hands . . .

You'll notice new steering ease, new stability on the sharpest turns. The Celebrity's new *six-rib tread* puts more rubber, more traction edges on the road to reduce sway and side-slip, gives you *steering without veering* and a far softer, easier, quieter ride!



You'll feel it in your feet . . .

You'll see how the Celebrity's new Power Stop Tread responds to your brake to bring you to *safe and shorter stops*. And when you step on the accelerator, you'll feel that added traction get you off to swifter, surer, *non-slip starts*— on any road, in any weather!



You'll feel it in a lighter heart . . .

When you put Celebrities on your wheels, you take tire worries off your mind! Besides its super-safe tread, the Celebrity has a new, super-strength nylon cord body and improved tubeless construction to give you greatest possible *blowout safety, puncture safety!*

KELLY *Springfield* **TIRES**

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THE KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRE COMPANY, CUMBERLAND, MARYLAND

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(*Continued from Page 48*) push a colt along even harder to resist, and the casualties among three-year-olds were high.

In that first Florida race of his this year, Bold Ruler broke the track record, but I didn't care about that. Fast times don't mean much to me, even in training. For example, before his next start, in the Everglades at Hialeah, Bold Ruler did a mile in 1:35. It was figured out later that only twenty-nine horses in history had ever run a mile that quickly. My own Johnstown was one of them. Well, Bold Ruler was beaten by a nose by General Duke in the Everglades the next Saturday, which proves what workout times mean. Actually, I was worried by that workout clocking. It was much too fast, and nine out of ten colts could have been hurt by it.

Workout times do mean something if a horse runs a distance three seconds or so slower than he should. Then something is wrong with him. But I think I could see that myself without any clocks telling me. All I look for is a good sound stride and no limping or coughing afterward. Nobody ever got paid for running against a clock.

When Bold Ruler wasn't on the track this winter, he was living the life of any horse I train. The routine is the same for as long as the horse runs. At 4:30 or so each morning, the stable starts stirring and the horses begin getting their breakfast. Bold Ruler eats three times a day just like everybody else, so we try for some variety in his meals. He goes through twenty pounds of hay and eleven quarts of oats during a day. That's the basic food. Then we give him some head lettuce, dandelions, carrots and a little sugar. We keep his water bucket filled with water brought up from Hot Springs, Arkansas. I drink this water myself.

The more Bold Ruler eats, the better I like it. Every good horse I've ever had was a big doer at mealtime. It means they're relaxed. In Bold Ruler's case, he isn't a nervous horse at all. He's extra playful, however, and likes to take a nip at you. Otherwise, you generally find him asleep.

After breakfast, Bold Ruler is rigged with riding tack, and I have him brought out and walked in a circle along with the rest of the horses scheduled to work that day. I sit in the middle and watch each horse. If I don't like something I see—maybe the look of his coat or the clearness of his eyes—the horse goes back in the stall and a veterinarian examines him.

Each exercise boy then receives instructions on what I want done with the horse he is riding. This isn't a rule-of-thumb thing. I figure all this out the night before with my sons, John and James. We keep records of every workout of every horse we've had in the past thirty years.

When a horse is finished working, he is washed, then rubbed with a special oil. A groom "hot-walks" him—slow walking around a circle until the horse is cooled down. The horse spends the rest of the day in his stall. He usually snoozes, munches on hay and then looks out to see what's going on. Afternoons, a groom walks him for an hour or so to break the monotony.

Once Bold Ruler was over the first couple of races, win or lose, he was on the long haul which we hoped would bring him to the Derby. He won the $100,000 added Flamingo Stakes at Hialeah, nosing out General Duke. But then, in the Florida Derby at Gulfstream Park, General Duke came back to even their score and to set up what could become another rivalry such as the one between Nashua and Swaps. From there it was to be the Wood Memorial at Jamaica on April twenty-second, and then the train ride to Louisville and the Kentucky Derby.

These races were steppingstones to the Derby, but actually they were more than that to me. My idea of getting a horse ready for the Derby is to have him fit for an entire campaign, not just the one race. With Bold Ruler, once he was fit enough to go in that first race, the Bahamas, he was in condition for a season which wasn't going to end until sometime during November in New York. The Derby is just one of a string of big races that we want Bold Ruler to be in.

I think this way, but around the time of the Wood Memorial, the Derby starts getting the upper hand. Everybody talks about it, and I want to win it. So I have to watch extra carefully that we are not rushing the horse toward it. In Nashua's case, he beat Summer Tan in the Wood Memorial in one of the best races I've seen. He came out of it fine and shipped to Louisville. He lost the Derby, as I said earlier, but he came back to win the Preakness and Belmont Stakes easily that year. Later on, Nashua won a flock of others, including the match race with Swaps. He didn't have just the one race in him at Derby time.

The bosses—that's what I call the people who own the horses I train—had to pay $411,000 in 1956 just for the upkeep of the twenty-nine-horse string I had. These bosses are the backbone of racing. I wish my horses were as sound as the bosses. Anyway, I've got to have a lot of winners to meet the costs. Winning one big race, if you break the horse down while you're at it, isn't going to pay many bills. I run a stable in a pretty expensive way, so I have to make sure the methods pay.

Whatever horse sense I have comes because I was born in a place most people don't think of as Thoroughbred country—Brooklyn. But in the days of my boyhood, 1880 and thereabouts, Brooklyn was the horse-racing center of the nation. I was, in fact, born in what became the middle of a race track, Sheepshead Bay. The house my family lived in was sold later to make way for the track.

I was ten when I got my first job as helper around the stable. From there I worked up to jockey. When I put on too much weight, I turned to training. I've found, over these years, that horses keep me alert and active. In seventy years I've never got up later than 5:30 in the morning. So I'm usually in bed about 9:30 at night, although a good television show, like a fight or a shoot-'em-up with plenty of horses in it, might keep me up somewhat later.

People make quite a thing of the fact that I still do some cooking and occasional personal laundering. When away from home with my two oldest sons, John and Jim, who are with me on the track, we find it more convenient to "batch" it and split up the light housework. I got plenty of experience at taking care of myself while barnstorming around half-mile tracks during my early days with horses. In a large family like mine—I have six children, seventeen grandchildren and twenty-two great-grandchildren—it is a good thing for a fellow to be able to shift for himself.

Best way I can show how a horse keeps me young is to tell you about an afternoon at Belmont Park last October thirteenth. In the Jockey Club Gold Cup at two miles, Nashua made his last appearance before retiring to stud. He ran smartly, setting a record as he won, and everybody was feeling sorry that he was finished.

But I didn't have any time to be walking around and moping. I was back in the saddling enclosure making sure everything was all right with a two-year-old, Bold Ruler. He was to run in the next race, the Belmont Futurity. He won the race and the $91,000 first money, and then I knew I had something to keep me looking ahead.

This year there are other two-year-olds in the barn—among them Nasco. He's a full brother to Bold Ruler. In Florida this winter I thought he might develop into something pretty good. I expect I'll be around to see about that too.

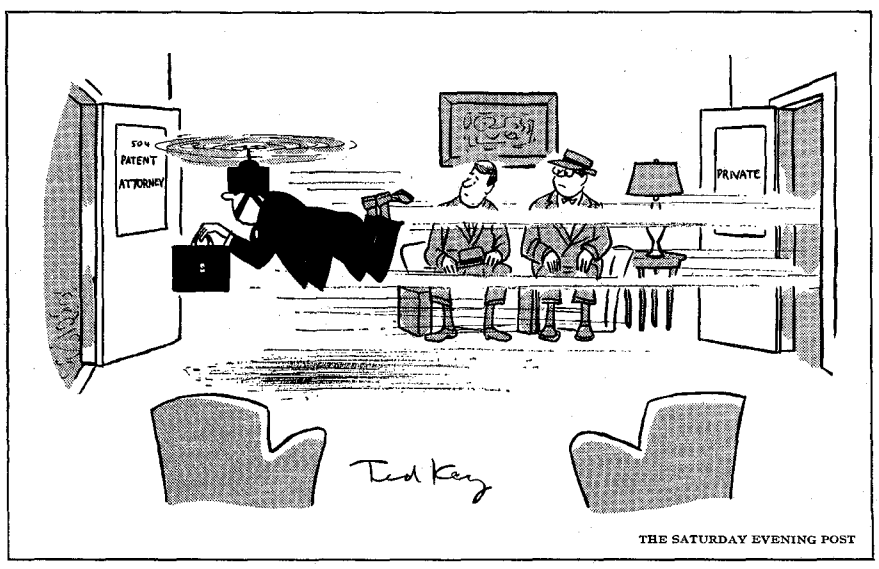
I don't take any vacations—haven't had one in as long as I can recall—and I don't have any time to sit around and fiddle the day away talking about what happened at Gravesend Bay in 1895, or some such thing. I'm too busy thinking ahead with my horses. Right now, I'm thinking about another Kentucky Derby. I just hope Bold Ruler will be fit and run as good a race as he can.

If you're worried about the betting—well, I don't know all the answers there, either. Oh, I've had some luck in my time. Like the day when May, my son John's wife, was looking for somebody to go partners with her on a bet on One Throw, a horse that ran in the Everglades Handicap at Hialeah in 1952. Nobody would go in with her, so I loosened up and put up half of the two-dollar bet. The horse won, and I got thirty dollars back for my dollar—which I promptly had to turn over to my granddaughter.

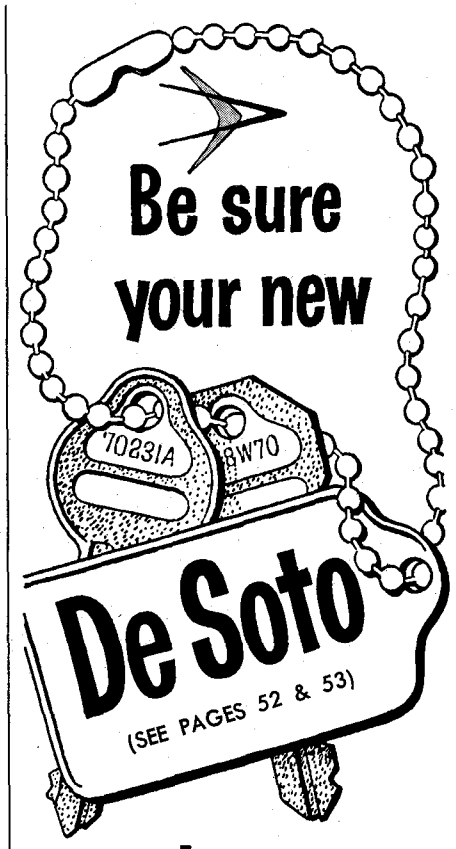
That's pretty good betting for me. The biggest bet I ever made was $100 one day at Saratoga on Man o' War, an 11–20 shot. He was a sure thing to win the race, I figured.

Man o' War was beaten by Upset that day, the only race he ever lost. That put a new word in the English language and a dent in the Fitzsimmons bankroll. And it was another illustration of how little any of us really know about horses. For the Kentucky Derby, that goes double.

THE END



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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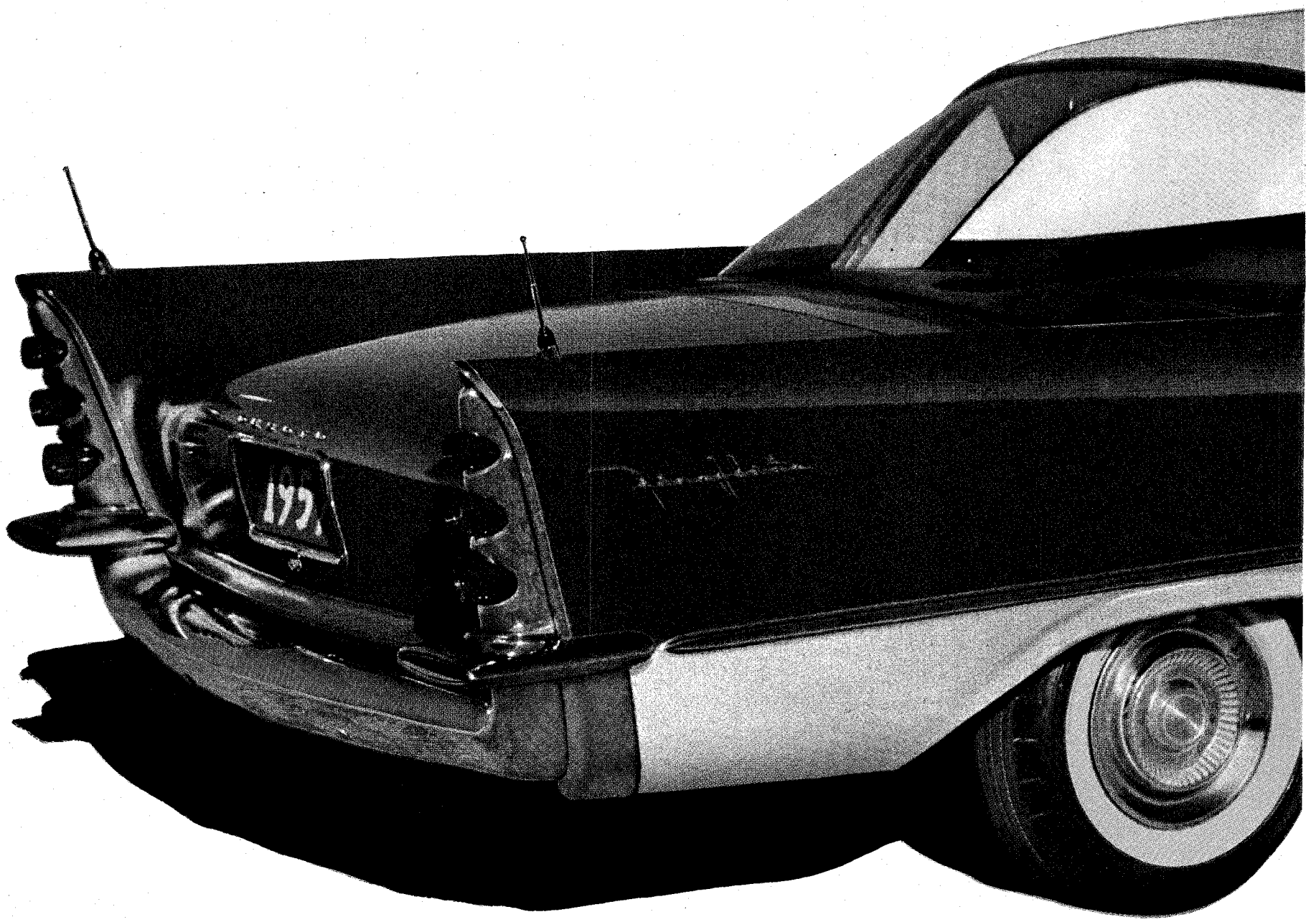

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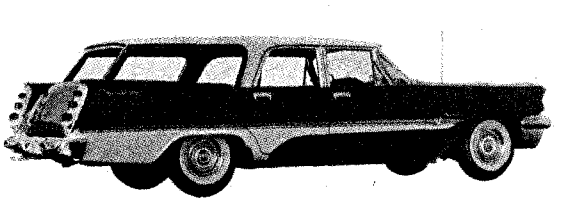
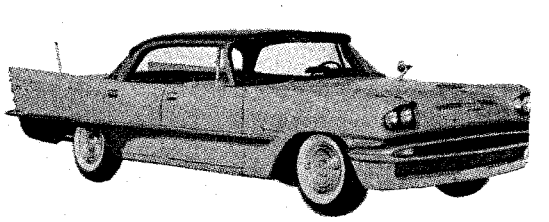


Fireflite 4-door station wagon in Fiesta Red and White



Fireflite 4-door hardtop in Seafoam Green and Tamarack Green

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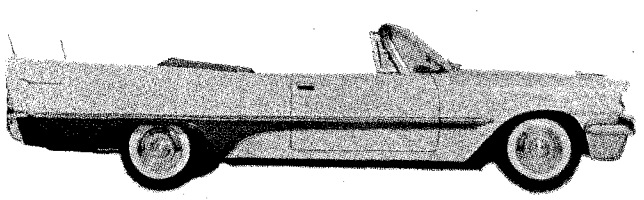
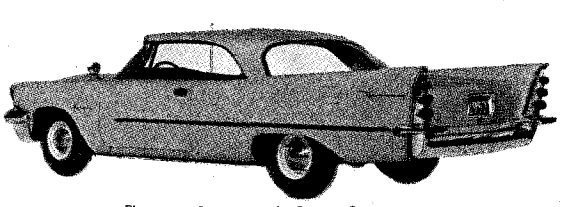


Fireflite convertible in Sunlit Yellow, Tamarack Green

Fireflite 4-door sedan in Muscatel Maroon and White



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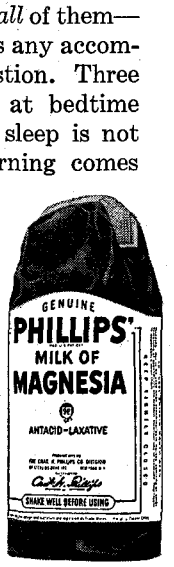


PHILLIPS'
MILK OF MAGNESIA

The Moment For Love

(Continued from Page 45)

between the cars and smoked a cigarette. He was feeling a little lonesome. He had been feeling that way ever since the late afternoon, when he left the hospital. One of the nurses had accompanied him to the door.

"You take my advice now," she said, giving him a little pat on the shoulder. "Go find yourself a nice girl and get married."

"Is that the prescription?" he said with a smile.

"That's the prescription," she said. "Plenty of T.L.C."

T.L.C.—Tender Loving Care. But it was not to be loved that he needed, he thought now, watching the little lonely lights of the villages go past; it was to love. That was what the doctors had missed. They had probed for shell fragments, repaired torn ligaments, mended broken bone, but they had not seen the little hollow where his heart had been. Something had broken inside, long ago, and those simple letters, T.L.C., brought it all back with a rush.

Her name was Mary Simmons. She was an Army nurse. He had met her in England in World War II, just before the invasion of Normandy, and he had known her intermittently for sixteen months: first at Reading, where she was stationed, then at the evacuation hospital at St. Lô, then at the 24th General Hospital at Rheims.

He could still remember her dark hair and dark, lovely eyes, and the trim look of her uniform against the ruins. She was killed in a plane crash near Troyes, on her way to see him, a few months after the end of the war in Europe, and sometimes it seemed to him that all the future had died with her. There had never been anyone else.

The door opened behind him that moment and someone passed through between the cars. It was the woman and the boy.

"Hi," said the boy.

"Hi," said Jeff.

The boy hung back. "Can I stay out here for a while?"

"It's bedtime," said the woman.

"Please."

She hesitated. Jeff saw the faint trace of sadness in her eyes. "Is it ——"

"I'll be out here for a while," he said.

"All right," she said to the boy. "But the minute he comes in, I want you to come in too."

The boy stood across from Jeff, hands behind his back. He was about ten; he had dark brown hair, cropped very short, and a stubby, clean, freckled face. He grinned.

"You're a captain," he said.

"That's right."

"My dad's a major."

"Good for him," said Jeff. "What's his name?"

"Parris. My name's Wally. I've got the same name as him."

"Glad to know you, Wally," said Jeff. "I'm Jeff."

"You on leave?"

"Yep."

"I'll bet you're going to Beppu."

"That's right."

"We went to Beppu once," he said. "It has a swell beach. We're stationed at Itazuki. Near Fukuoka."

"Oh," said Jeff. "Then your dad's in the Air Force."

"He's a jet pilot."

"That's pretty good."

"I'll say," said the boy eagerly. "He's going to take me up for a flight someday. If he can ever get permission."

"How long have you been in Japan?"

"Two years. Dad extended, though. We're going to stay another year."

"I've been here a year," said Jeff. "But they're sending me home."

"How come?"

"Something won't heal," said Jeff, flexing his leg a little. "Shell fragment."

"Holy cow!"—wide-eyed. "You been in Korea?"

"Yep."

"Boy, would I love to go to Korea! My dad goes every day. He flies over there after breakfast and gets in a scrap or strafes a train or something like that, and then comes home for dinner. He was written up in the newspaper. Him and a lot of them."

"I read about that," said Jeff.

"I'm going to war someday," said the boy eagerly. "Then I'll find out what it's like."

"It isn't much fun," said Jeff. He looked at his watch. "I guess we'd better go in now. We're almost at Yokohama."

"Can't we stay out here until afterwards?"

"All right," said Jeff. "Until afterwards."

The station at Yokohama was windy and lantern lit and full of blackness. The rain drove in the open door. Only a few people got aboard: a major in a trench coat; a tall, very plain girl with straight black hair; and a miniature of a man, a warrant officer, with a thin face and eyes like a bird's. The singsong of the loudspeakers echoed through the night, like the sound of someone in charge. Then the train started and Jeff closed the car door.

"Where's your berth?" he said to the boy.

"We're in a compartment. Right in the next car."

"Come on. I'll see you home."

The compartment door was half ajar. Wally pushed it open. His mother was in a dressing gown. She pulled it a little closer about her and came over.

"Thank you," she said, with a smile. To Wally: "Did you behave yourself?"

"Sure"—squirming.

"Good night," said Jeff.

"Good night," she said.

"See you tomorrow, Jeff," said the boy.

The train roared on and on. To the villagers, looking up from the rain-soaked streets, it seemed like some great, window-lighted dragon, roaring its way to the south. To Jeff, looking out on the rain-swept land, it seemed like a symbol of his own life, running quickly, perhaps too easily, past the little lighted lives of others. Somewhere—somewhere there was a bridge. . . .

The Red Cross girl was sitting on the edge of her berth, looking through a small handbag. She was wearing slippers and she'd put up her hair. He saw, then, that she wasn't so young as she looked.

"Do you know what I heard a few minutes ago?" she said. "We may be held up by the storm."

"I wouldn't be surprised," said Jeff.

"What would happen? The water get too deep?"

"Maybe."

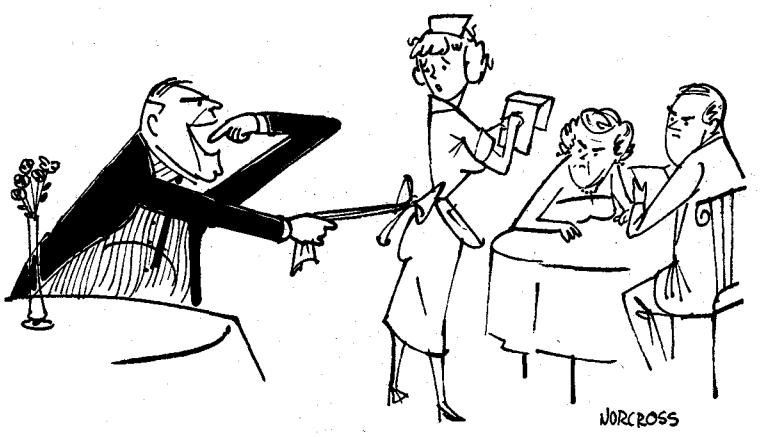
"That would be a nice mess." She took a pair of nail scissors out of her bag and then zippered the bag shut. "I'm going to be married the day after tomorrow."

"Oh," said Jeff. "Well, I'm sure we'll get through."

She laughed. "I never heard of a groom kept waiting at the altar. Did you?"

"No. But it must have happened."

(*Continued on Page 56*)



The Perfect Squelch

Howard, prosperous and portly, enjoyed his "little jokes" at the expense of others. The others seldom shared his merriment, however, as his jokes usually were caustic and cutting.

One day in a crowded restaurant, Howard tried to give his order ahead of previous comers by some jolly banter with the busy waitress. When she let him wait, he turned snappish. Minutes later, he called to the hostess, "Save me! Starvation is setting in!"

The embarrassed little waitress, already on her way to his table, dashed over and asked politely, "What will you have, sir?"

"Something light," Howard responded. "I've got to watch my waistline."

"Yes, sir, that's easy," the waitress agreed. "It's right there in front of you."

Jules Kessler

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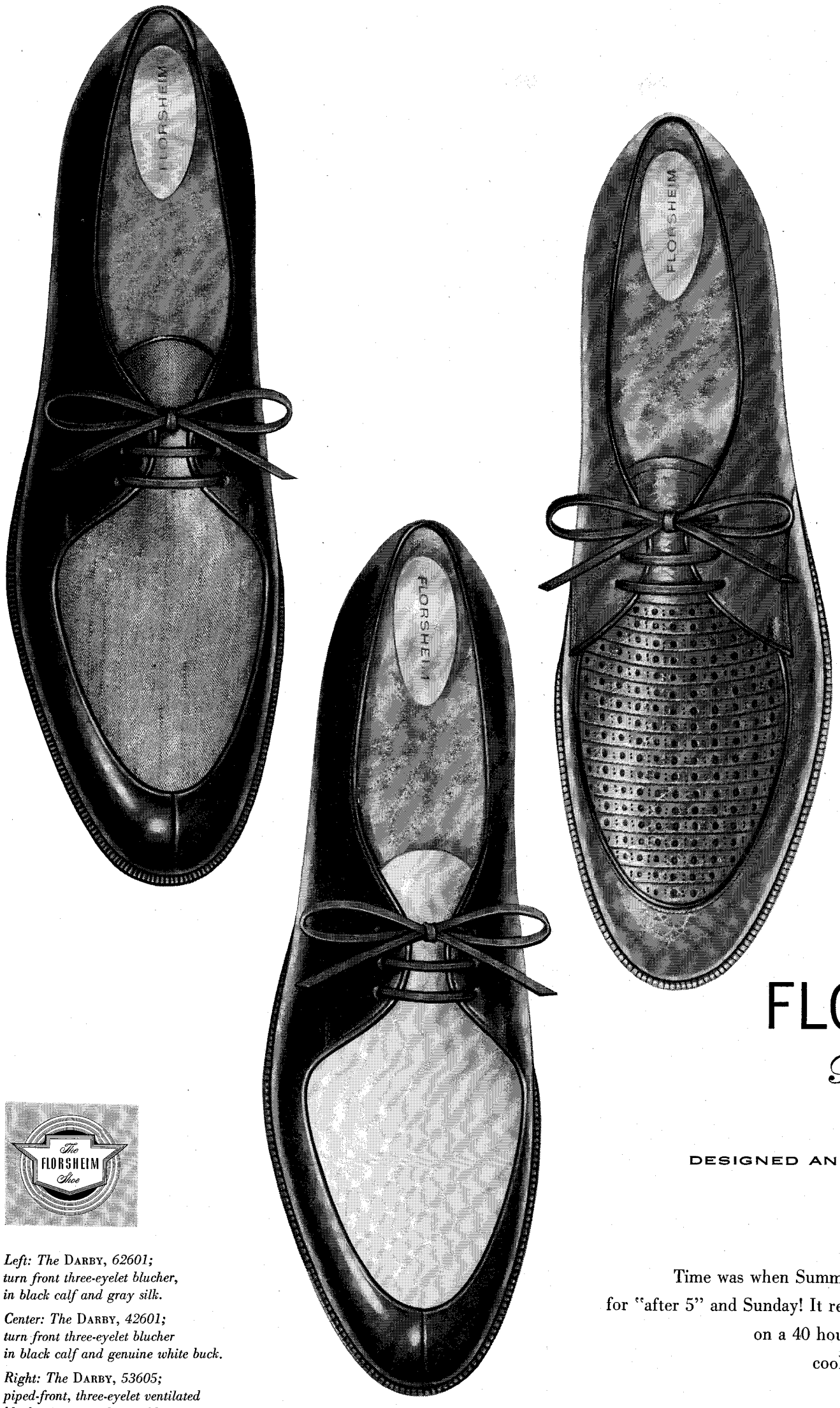

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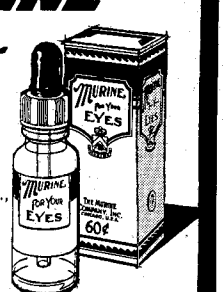

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(*Continued from Page 54*) "Might do him good," she said dryly. "Might make him appreciate me." She pulled the curtains toward her. "Good night."

"Good night."

"Oh, say, captain"—leaning out. "Do me a favor?"

"Sure."

"Wake me if anything happens. I sleep like a log."

"All right."

She disappeared into her berth. All along the aisles people were getting ready for bed. A very young girl, sixteen or seventeen, came down the aisle; she was in a robe and she carried a towel, and she had fluffy blond hair and a very beautiful figure, just trembling between the girl and the woman. Somewhere a soldier whistled. She put on a vexed air, but Jeff could tell she was pleased. She had one of the lowers, midway in the car. Jeff's was at the end, almost over the wheels. He was tall and the berth was short, so when he lay down he had to draw his legs up. The wound pained a little. He thought of taking one of the red capsules the nurse had given him at the 49th General Hospital in Tokyo, but he decided against it; he'd had enough of drugs for a while. He propped the pillows up and looked out the window. He was suddenly, mysteriously, glad to be alive.

Much later he awoke. The train had come to a stop. He looked out the window. Nothing was visible as far as the eye could see but open black waters. The train was in some great valley, in flooded paddies. He lay back and watched. But in that drowsy state of half sleeping, half waking, he was not thinking about the storm; he was thinking about that woman and her son. There was something about her that made him wish he had married. She had a quietness of manner, a calm, as if some great storm had come and gone. He thought of how his own great storm had come and gone—and then he realized that it had never really gone.

He remembered the day when he got the news of Mary Simmons' death. He was at the little stone encampment at Bar-le-Duc, in France, and it was the same day the news reached the ETO about the atom bomb at Hiroshima. The crumpled telegram fell on the great, black, thunderous headlines of The Stars and Stripes, and when he stepped outside the headquarters and saw the blood-red sundown in the west, it seemed to him not just the end of the war; it was the end of the world. Man had put out the light—and the sunrise would never come.

Footsteps went by in the aisle. He swung himself out of the berth and put his trench coat on over his pajamas. At the opposite end of the car was another man in pajamas, heavy-set, massive. With him was the little warrant officer, wearing shorts. Jeff went down there.

"What's up?"

"Looks like we're flooded out," said the heavy-set man. He had the stiff air of someone caught without insignia of rank. "The car boy says they're taking us off."

"I wonder why they'd do that?"

"That's what I say," said the warrant officer officiously. "This whole thing's a mess. These trains just run themselves, that's the trouble. I was just saying ——"

"There's probably nothing to it," said the heavy-set man stiffly. "But keep your voice down. No sense waking up the whole car."

Jeff went back to the berth. He thought of waking the Red Cross girl, but decided against it; so far, not much had happened. He got his cigarettes and went out between the cars again. To his surprise, the boy and his mother were out there ahead of him.

"Oh, captain," she said with relief, "what's happening?"

"I guess the water's got a little too deep," said Jeff.

"Do you suppose we'll be here all night?"

"I don't know. I'm sure we're all right."

"I like this," said Wally. "It's fun."

The woman smiled. "I'm Jean Parris."

Jeff told her his name.

"He's been in Korea," said Wally. "They're sending him home."

"Oh," said Jean Parris. "We're going home too."

"Who says?" said the boy, wide-eyed. "We're staying another year."

"No," she said. "We're going home."

"Dad too?"—incredulously.

"He may not go with us," she said. She looked vexed at herself, as if she'd said something she hadn't meant to.

"Oh, but ——"

"Sh-h-h-h," she said, giving him a little shake. "We'll talk about it later. The rain seems to be letting up a little," she added.

That moment the train jolted to a start. It moved very slowly through the water, but it moved.

"Look! Look!" said Wally excitedly. "We're making ripples!"

"Sure enough," said Mrs. Parris. She took his hand. "We'd better go back to bed."

"Can't we stay out here for a while?"—pleading. "Please?"

"One more minute," she said. "Just one."

Jeff had the feeling she wanted to say something and couldn't think how to say it. At last she sent Wally back to the compartment. When she and Jeff were alone, she was silent a moment.

"You know, I'm afraid I'm doing a terrible thing to him," she said. "And I wish you'd tell me what you think of it."

"All right."

She took a deep breath. "His father was killed last week. In Korea. And I haven't told him yet."

"Oh," said Jeff. He was profoundly shocked.

"What should I do?"

Jeff thought a minute. "Tell him," he said at last.

"I'm not sure I can do it."

"I'm sure you can."

"When should I tell him?"

"In the morning."

"While he's still on the train?"

"Yes. Before he gets home."

She laughed a little. "I guess I'm a coward."

"I guess I'd be too."

She looked out into the blackness for a moment. "Funny," she said. "It doesn't seem like Easter. Does it?"

"No."

"Good night, captain."

"Good night, Mrs. Parris."

She went back to her own car. Jeff returned to his berth. The rain had stopped. Wide awake, Jeff propped up the pillows again and gazed into the night. A quarter moon scudded between ink-black clouds. In the troubled light he could see low hills and flooded paddies. But the ground was rising steadily, and little by little the train picked up speed, clickety-click, clickety-click, clickety-click, like the sound of passing years. He slept.

It was a beautiful morning. The sun shone and glistened in a washed, cloudless, perfect sky. Jeff was buttoning his shirt when the Red Cross girl came back from the washroom. She wore a Japanese *yukata*, blue and white, with flowing sleeves; and she'd taken the curlers out of her hair.

"I guess I'm going to be in time for the wedding, after all," she said. The train was moving along on dry ground, very fast. "You married?"

"No."

"I keep wondering whether I want to be," she said, taking the handbag from beneath the berth. "I suppose everybody gets cold feet at the last minute. But so help me, do you know what I'd like to do? I'd like to turn right around and go back to Tokyo."

"Maybe you'd better," said Jeff with a grin.

"That's good," she said. "You just keep saying that. Then I won't."

The dining car was crowded. Jeff had breakfast with the heavy-set man he had met the night before and the girl with the fluffy blond hair. The man was an artillery colonel and she was his daughter. The conversation turned on the British area they were entering, and all at once the colonel said, "Nina, here, wants to marry an Australian."

"Dad!" said the girl, scarlet.

"Well, you keep telling me there's nothing to be ashamed of in marrying him," said the colonel. "Then there's no reason I can't mention it."

"But it's personal."

"That's what you think," said the man dryly. "No marriage is personal."

"Well, I don't want to talk about it," said the girl. She put her napkin on the table. "I'm going back to the car."

(*Continued on Page 59*)

"See! I told you he could hear it even if we can't."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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SON PETER TREATS MOM to breakfast-in-bed on day off. Resting against a luxurious Foamex pillow, Arlene gets the "balanced" comfort of a Foamex mattress, with exclusive Form-Fitted construction that distributes curve-conforming Foamex in proportion to your body-weight, gives sturdy (but gentle) support to heavier mid-section; buoyant (but firm) support to lighter head and limbs. Mattresses of Firestone Foamex start as low as $59.75!

meet the star of HOME in her own home!

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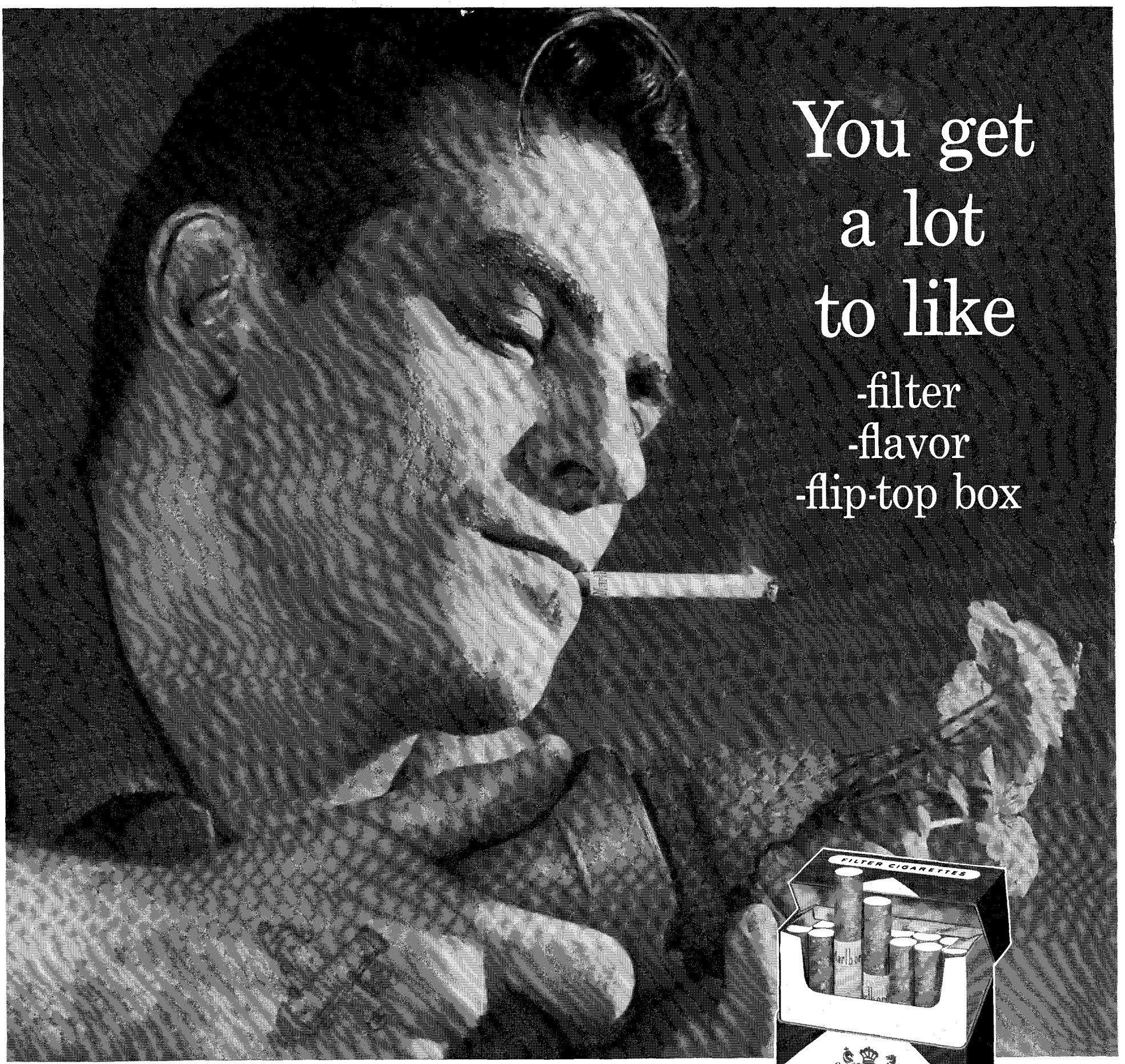
Marlboro



Here's old-fashioned flavor in the new way to smoke. Man-size taste of honest tobacco comes full through. Smooth-drawing filter feels right in your mouth. Works fine but doesn't get in the way. Modern Flip-Top Box keeps every cigarette firm and fresh until you smoke it.

(MADE IN RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, FROM A NEW MARLBORO RECIPE)

POPULAR FILTER PRICE

NEW FLIP-TOP BOX

Sturdy to keep cigarettes from crushing. No tobacco in your pocket. Up to date.

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(*Continued from Page 56*)

"You haven't finished your breakfast."

"I don't want any more," she said, and fled.

The colonel sighed. "He's an Australian enlisted man," he said, looking out the window. "Handsome devil. Great thatch of blond hair. In my opinion, he isn't worth a damn. And she's just turned eighteen."

"That's too bad," said Jeff.

"Funny thing, isn't it?" said the man, stirring his coffee. "You just can't tell 'em anything. You'd think experience counted for something, wouldn't you? I try to tell her it won't last—she won't feel the way she does for more than a year. Then she'll have to live with him. Probably in some place like Melbourne or Sydney. He can't stay in the army. That's for sure. She'll be thousands of miles from home. And living with a stranger. That's the way it'll turn out. Why do you suppose they won't listen to reason?"

"I guess they have to try it for themselves."

"You married?"

"No."

"Well, I've been married twenty-seven years. And it's no bed of roses, no matter what you say. Even with all the advantages. And that crazy kid wants to run off to Australia with some fellow she's known nine months. He'll break her heart."

Jeff said nothing. He could think of nothing to say.

"Well," said the man, pushing back his chair, "I guess there's no other way. They've got to grow up for themselves." He looked out the window for a moment. "I just wish it didn't have to be so hard." . . .

The land was beautiful and bright. On the hill slopes were little wooden houses, set above the paddies, like island homes. The paddies were overfull of water, but the dikes still showed. Now and then the wooden houses of a town flickered by. The sky was clean and pure and blue, and there was no haze anywhere, even in the remote distance. Jeff walked back slowly through the cars, thinking of the girl who wanted to marry the Australian soldier, and the girl who wasn't sure. The train was like a little suspended world, in which all lives waited, all futures hung, his own among them.

He didn't see Wally and Jean Parris until later in the morning. Then he went looking for them. They were just coming back into the car. Mrs. Parris wore a tailored skirt and a blouse, and looked extremely trim.

"I have to keep an eye on him," she said, with a smile. "He keeps wandering off."

"He's safe," said Jeff. "Sit down for a while."

Wally took the seat by the window. After a time they played some three-handed gin rummy. Then the Red Cross girl joined them, and she and Mrs. Parris played Wally and Jeff. That tickled Wally.

"Girls," he said confidently. "We can beat 'em easy."

"Sure," said Jeff. "Nothing to it."

"My fiancé can't stand this game," said the Red Cross girl. "He's all for bridge."

"What does your fiancé do?" said Mrs. Parris with interest.

"PX officer. At Itazuki."

"Oh," she said, surprised. "Ed Hoffman."

"You know him?"

"Very well."

"I'm afraid that's more than I can say," said the girl dryly. "Sometimes I don't think I know him at all."

Mrs. Parris smiled. "We never do," she said. "Only some people don't know it."

"I guess you're right," said the girl. She seemed relieved. "It's a matter of luck."

"No," said Mrs. Parris. "It's a matter of love."

The train went on and on. It ran by the houses and the country stores, it ran by old people working in the fields, by little doll-faced children holding hands, by temples and paddies and plains. And then, in the midafternoon, it ran by the golden shores of the Inland Sea, by all the little wooded islands, in the bright, sea-glittering, cheerful light, and Jeff found himself alone with Mrs. Parris in the corridor outside her compartment. Wally was taking his nap. The two of them looked out the window at the fishing boats and the red *torii* and the little half-moons of sand.

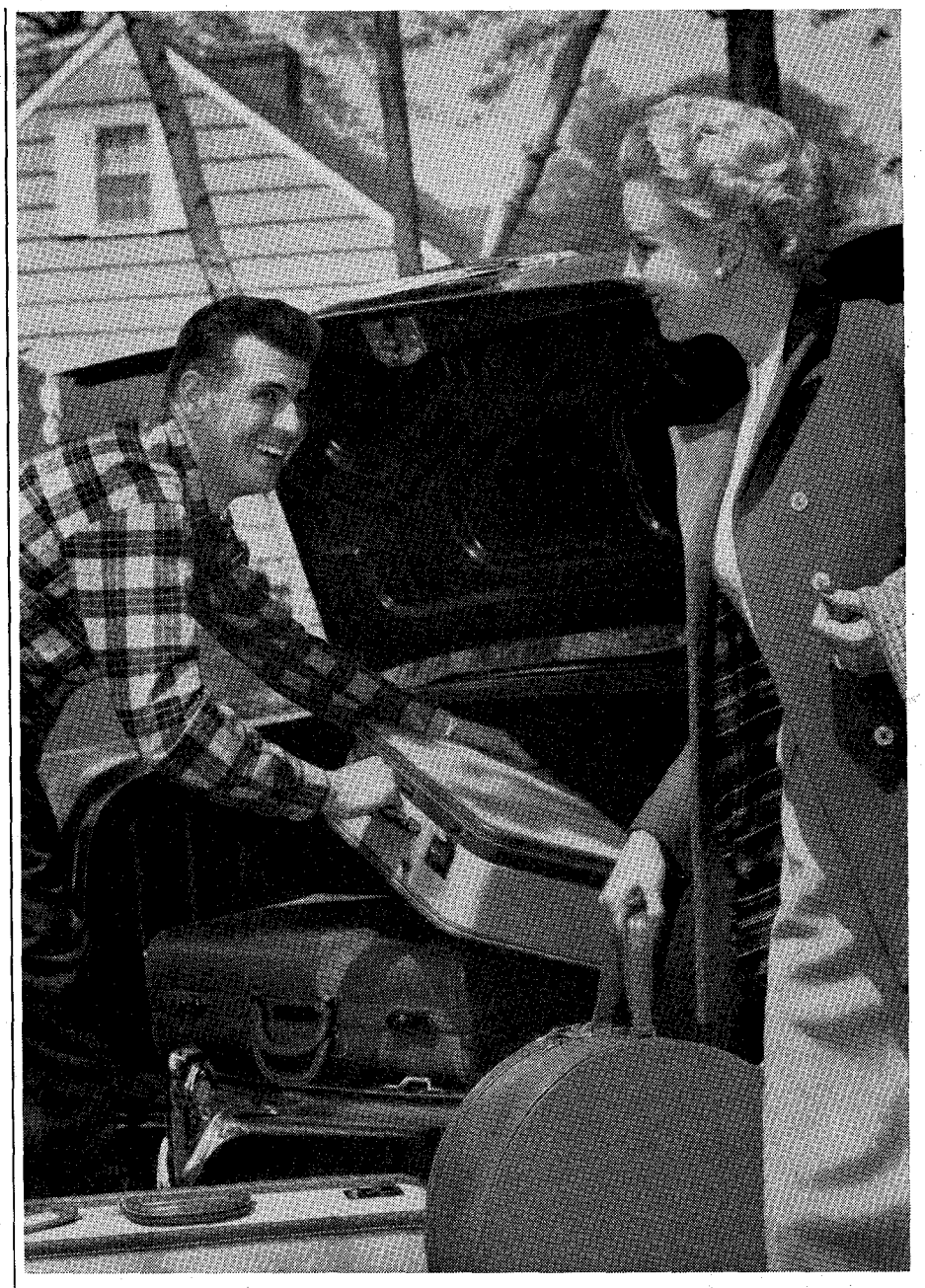
"Beautiful, isn't it?" she said.

"Yes."

"It reminds me of something I read years ago in school. A bit of verse." She clasped her hands. "'*A shipwrecked sailor, buried on this shore, bids you set sail. Full*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Nineteen ninety-five, plus cracks."



"Let's call and tell them what a good time we had!"

When you get back home from a visit with friends, it's nice to say "Thank you" by telephone.

They'll be glad to know, too, that you got home safely.

And in between visits, the easy, pleasant way to keep in touch is by telephone. Why not try it tonight?

LONG DISTANCE RATES ARE LOW

For example:	*Station-to-Station Calls* First Three Minutes	Each Added Minute
Philadelphia to Washington, D.C.	45¢	15¢
San Francisco to Reno	55¢	15¢
Detroit to Cincinnati	65¢	20¢
Minneapolis to Chicago	80¢	20¢
Dallas to New Orleans	95¢	25¢

These rates apply every night after 6 and all day Sunday. Add the 10% federal excise tax.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Call by Number. It's Twice as Fast.

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many a gallant ship, when we were lost, weathered the gale.'"

"That's beautiful."

She was silent for a moment. "I appreciate what you've done for Wally."

"I haven't done anything."

"You've been his friend," she said. "That means a great deal."

"Have you told him yet?"

"Not yet. But I'm afraid he suspects."

"How is that?"

"His father. Not coming home."

Jeff straightened up. "I would tell him. As soon as possible."

"Why?"

"So he can begin to mend. So he can begin to grow again. So you give him as much time as possible."

"You don't know how hard it is."

"I can guess."

"He loved his father. He loved him very much."

"I know."

"It will break his heart."

"No," said Jeff. "It won't."

She looked at him wonderingly. "How can you be so sure?"

"This happened to me once."

"Oh. The same thing?"

"Not quite. But almost."

"Did it seem like the end? Like a very black night?"

"Yes."

"But it wasn't?"

"No."

"How long did it take?"

"I don't know. I think it's just ending now."

She straightened up. For a long moment she said nothing. At last: "Would you tell him?"

Jeff was taken aback. "I?"

"Yes," she said. "He'll take it better from you."

"But I'm a stranger."

"You're a man. And his friend."

Jeff thought about it for a moment. "I'm not sure ——"

"I'm sure of it," she said with conviction. "More sure of it than anything that's happened since ——"

"All right."

"Here he comes," she said, as the door opened behind them. "I'll leave you alone."

Wally looked eagerly at the Inland Sea. "Let's go out between the cars," he said. "O.K.?"

"O.K.," said Jeff.

The train was coming to the outskirts of a great city. In the distance they could see the little channels running in from the sea, and the sea beyond. In the bright afternoon light everything was fresh and new looking. Jeff decided to wait until they were out of the station. Wally wanted to go outside on the platform for a minute. Jeff thought about it for a moment and agreed. They could hear the singsong voice of the Japanese announcer on the loud-speakers. A fresh wind blew. Through the arch of the station entrance—for all the world, Jeff thought suddenly, like a bridge into life—was a bustling city street, with brightly painted signs and traffic moving busily.

All at once the train jerked and clashed. "Come on!" said Jeff. "Quick!"

He slung Wally to the steps. That same instant the train started.

"Whew!" said Wally, thrilled. "That was a narrow squeak."

"We shouldn't have got off at all," said Jeff.

The boy grinned. "You sound just like my dad."

Jeff took a deep breath. He was wondering how on earth to begin. "Where are you going when you get home, Wally?" he said.

"Philadelphia," said Wally. "That's my grandma's home."

"Oh," said Jeff. He was surprised. "I'm going to Philadelphia too."

"Hey!" said Wally, delighted. "Is that your home?"

"Yes."

"Maybe we'll be on the same boat."

"Maybe."

"I just wish my dad was coming," he said. "I don't see why he has to stay in Japan. Do you?"

For a moment, then, Jeff didn't say anything. But he knew the time had come. He looked out the window. The city was running by. The long arms of the hills, reaching down to the sea, were bright in the afternoon light. The little wooden houses were like beaten gold. Off in the distance was the faint haze around the harbor, and, beyond, a few fishing boats putting in to port. There was no evidence that a war had ever come; only the twisted ruins of an observatory far off in the center of the town, like a monument.

Suddenly Jeff straightened. "What town's this?" he said in a strange voice.

"This?" said the boy. He looked at Jeff curiously. "Hiroshima."

"Oh," said Jeff.

And then the train was out of the city, running very fast through the green countryside, clickety-click, clickety-click, clickety-click, like passing years. And suddenly the little broken pieces of Jeff's life came to a focus in his heart, and in that one, sharp, poignant, blinding moment his heart was healed. There was a time for death and a time for growth, a time for sorrow and a time for love—and this was the time for love.

He reached down and took the boy's hand.

THE END

In a special test of "Vacuum Clean" action—

DUO-TRIM MADE A "CLEAN SWEEP" OF CYPRESS GARDENS!

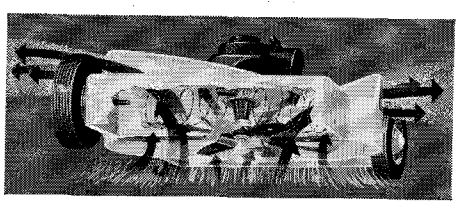
The new Power-Propelled Duo-Trim did a clean, quick and beautiful job on the lawn of Florida's famous Cypress Gardens. It'll do the same in your own back yard. Your finished lawn will look like a vacuum cleaned green carpet—without raking!

DUO-TRIM the power mower that "VACUUM CLEANS" YOUR LAWN

Duo-Trim with exclusive "Wind-Tunnel" Vacuum Action, cuts smooth and clean—sprays tiny clippings out over a wide area, *into* the lawn, *out* of sight. It all disappears without raking, even dandelion shoots and weeds!

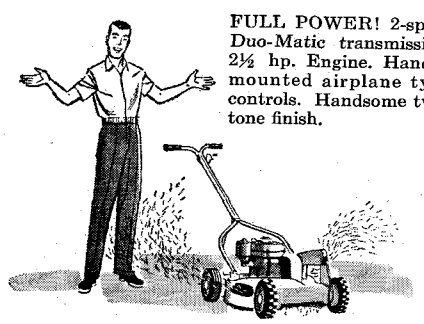
And you don't push this new Duo-Trim . . . just steer! Its positive chain drive transfers non-slipping power to the front-wheel Traction Tires. Slight handle pressure lifts front-wheels for easy turns. Flick levers with a finger to change cutting height.

See how easy cutting the grass can be—take a new Duo-Trim for a spin today. A dealer isn't far!

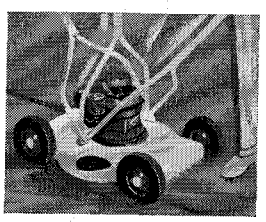


Duo-Trim's completely enclosed cutting blade creates a gale force vacuum that stands each blade of grass on end. Clippings are chopped finer, sprayed high and wide out of side ports.

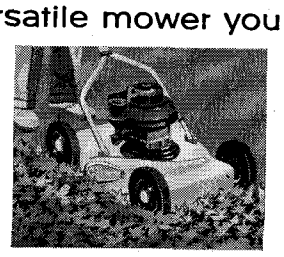
the most versatile mower you can buy



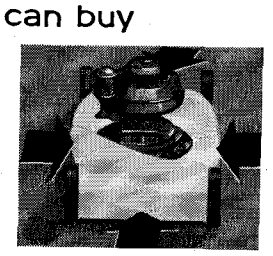
FULL POWER! 2-speed Duo-Matic transmission, 2½ hp. Engine. Handle-mounted airplane type controls. Handsome two-tone finish.



Deluxe Duo-Trim hand-propelled mowers have reversible handles that eliminate "U" turns. 18″ or 21″ —2 or 4-cycle engines.



Ends raking leaves! Just snap on Port Closures, mulches without extra-cost attachments. Trims within ½″ of obstacles.



Extra-safety! Front and back deck is extended to protect user. Cutting blade is completely enclosed. Positive shut-off switch.

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BRAND/NAMES *make it easy for you to buy the BEST*

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Mr. Dobie's Downfall (Continued from Page 30)

"Excited, pop?"

"Not really, Sam," Mr. Dobie said. "It's only an editorial. And what is the Bugle? The house organ of a department store. And, of course, I am not a writer. I'm just an old pots-and-pans man."

"Listen to him!" Sam turned to Julia. "Next, four-star generals will be calling themselves old buck privates. Anyhow," he added, "it's more of an essay than an editorial."

"You think so?"

"'Homo Sapiens, Move to the Rear of the Bus'? Definitely."

"Well," Mr. Dobie agreed, "I tried to make a philosophical point." He stirred his coffee thoroughly and thoughtfully. "But I hope I haven't been too obscure. I admonish Homo sapiens to move to the rear of the bus, but I trust it will be understood that I am referring to the bus of life."

"The last paragraph does it," Sam said. "Ad-lib it, pop, just to satisfy yourself."

Mr. Dobie ad-libbed, as any author would, remembering each and every word: "'If we made our manners in the bus and moved to the rear without being asked, we'd make our manners in the home, in the community and in the nation. And the world would be a happier place to live in.'"

It was a solemn moment, for words of wisdom do not excite immediate applause. One has to savor them first, get the feel of them, make friends with them, and then, and only then, may one speak.

"Remember when he wrote it, Julia?" Sam asked, after a respectful silence.

"Yes. You wouldn't let me turn on the dishwasher. You were afraid the noise would interfere with his train of thought."

Sam stared at her, suddenly remembering the night she had confessed doubts of her father's greatness, and he frowned. But simultaneously he remembered other nights, and he smiled tolerantly, patting her smooth bare arm.

"We're talking philosophy," he said to his father-in-law, "and she's remembering a stack of dirty dishes. How about that?"

When Mr. Dobie arrived on the floor of House Furnishings at precisely one minute to nine, he was received by his colleague, Miss Winnipeg, and Mr. Coleman and Mr. Pfeffer. Mr. Coleman had come down from Oriental Rugs, and Mr. Pfeffer had come up from Light Wines and Spirits. One by one, they grasped his hand; Miss Winnipeg first, for she was a lady and a spinster; then Mr. Coleman, who doubled in brass as the Boswell of Chapman Street, living as he did at No. 244; and last Mr. Pfeffer, who, although as ardent in his admiration, was technically an outlander, for he lived on the corner of Chapman and Maple, with a Maple Street address.

"Congratulations."

"You've done it again, Mr. Dobie."

"Done what again?" Mr. Dobie asked modestly.

"There he goes," Miss Winnipeg said, "hiding his light under a bushel. We're referring to your editorial, of course."

"Brilliant," was Mr. Pfeffer's burnt offering in one word.

"The bus of life, imagine."

"Ah," Mr. Dobie said, "you got that, Mr. Coleman?"

"It hit me where I live. Come, Mr. Dobie."

Mr. Coleman took his right arm, Miss Winnipeg his left, and with Mr. Pfeffer bringing up the rear, they marched Dobie to a display of double boilers.

Mr. Dobie glanced at the display. "They're a good buy," he said, out of habit.

"That for double boilers," Mr. Coleman said. "Look." He pointed to the wall above the display, and there, against a background of red velvet, was a framed, hand-lettered copy of HOMO SAPIENS, MOVE TO THE REAR OF THE BUS.

Once the enormity of the tribute had pierced his mind and heart, Mr. Dobie's eyes leaped from Miss Winnipeg to Mr. Coleman to Mr. Pfeffer, as on other occasions they had leaped from Reese to Gilliam to Hodges in the execution of a double play.

"I consider it an honor," he said, when he felt free to trust his voice, "to be hung in House Furnishings."

"And in solid mahogany," Miss Winnipeg whispered.

"You are not only hung in H.F.," Mr. Coleman said, "but in Oriental Rugs as well."

"No!"

"Yes!"

"And in Light Wines and Spirits," Mr. Pfeffer said, "next to a cask of Amontillado sherry."

"The hand-lettering is by Mr. Cornelius, of Display Advertising. He was up all night. His wife was furious."

"The red-velvet courtesy of Fabrics by the Yard."

"And the cost," Miss Winnipeg said, for she was of a practical turn of mind, "was underwritten by voluntary contributions."

Mr. Dobie's acceptance speech was brief. Fifty-seven years of living had taught him that the prizes of life are indeed ephemeral. Accordingly he said that he was flattered and touched, but that he was just a little fish in a big pond. He would, however, continue in the future, as he had in the past, to be worthy of their high regard. (*Continued on Page 64*)

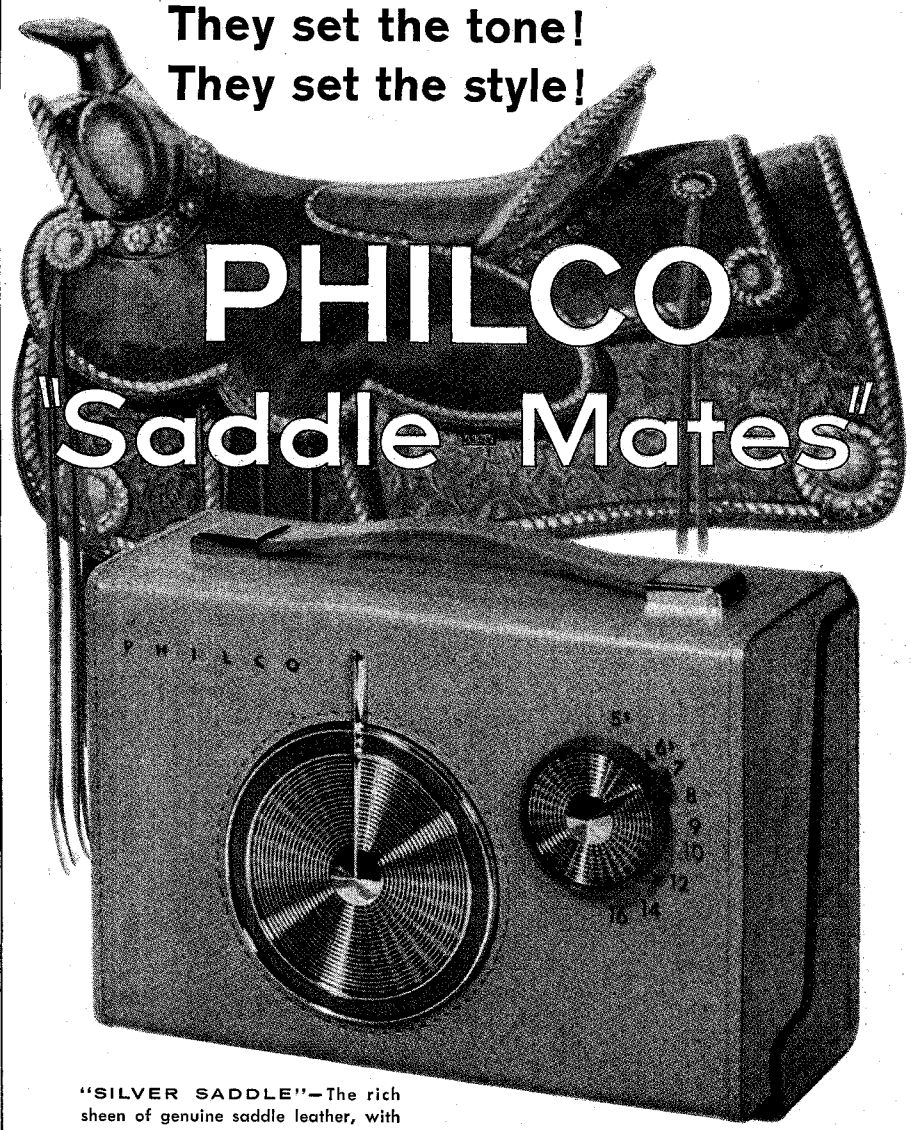
Untimely Crows

By E. V. Griffith

I plowed all morning to the
caws of crows
Instead of bird-song. Over
Clayburn's Hill
I saw them swarm the skies in
great dark rows
With demoniac cawing, harsh
and shrill.
I'd never seen so many crows
as that,
Even in settled groups, not
even where
Their congresses convene when
fields lie flat
Where harvest gleaning's left
them stripped and bare.
They filled the clear May sky
with beating, black
Wind-loving wings above me
where I stood,
And just when I thought
they'd start veering back,
They disappeared from sight
past Gritchin's Wood.
And all day long it's bothered
me, not knowing
Where in the world so many
crows were going.

They set the tone!
They set the style!

PHILCO
"Saddle Mates"



"SILVER SADDLE"—The rich sheen of genuine saddle leather, with dials and fittings that gleam like silver. Only . . $47.50 MODEL 676SA

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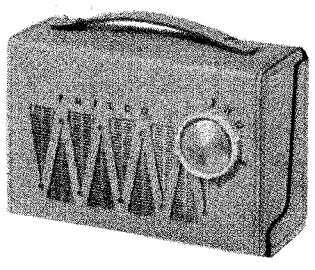
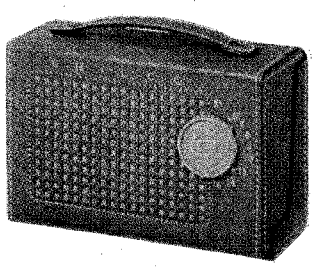
"LUXURY LEATHER LOOK"

3-way portable radios take on exciting new styling and performance in Philco, with the "Luxury Leather Look."

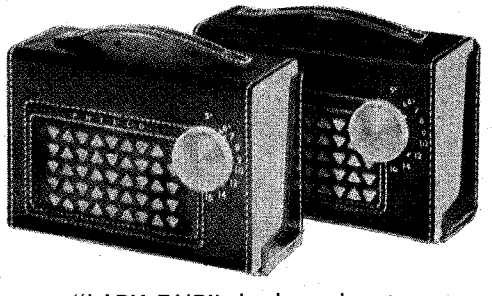
Handsome enough to be your companions in fun all summer long. Ready to go anywhere, play anywhere, even in fringe areas, on AC, DC or batteries. Case snaps open for easy changeover, won't break, chip or warp. Philco's super-power chassis, precision-etched circuit give true luxury tone. "Magnecor" aerial steps up the weakest signal. Now keep fun by your side! Choose from 7 high-style models, featuring "Silver Saddle" in genuine saddle leather! Prices begin at $29.95



"ALL AMERICAN"—The popular, rugged pigskin look with typically American youth appeal. At home outdoors or in. Yours for only $36.95 MODEL 673P



"EXECUTIVE"—Distinguished by the conservative, yet smart, charcoal grey color of its unbreakable leather-like case. Yet only . . . $29.95 MODEL 671GY



"LADY FAIR"—Lovely complement to feminine charm, chic 2-tone styling in cordovan and ivory or navy and white. It's only . . . . $34.95 MODEL 673

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When people look at you (and they do)
90% of what
they see is your clothes!

Are you paying careful
attention to what you wear?
(other people are!)

Dress Right - you

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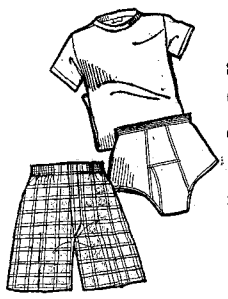
The way you look has much to do with the way that people look at you!

How to **Dress Right** this spring

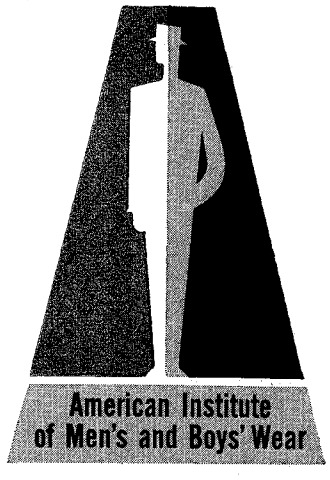
Hooray, it's spring! Put pride in your stride. Pay attention to your clothes, and you'll feel right because you'll *look* right—in clothes that fit, in colors that match, in a hat that's up to date. What you wear is as much a part of the impression you make as your smile, your voice, your handshake.

Is there a secret *to dressing right? Not really . . . it's a habit . . . a habit that pays off in comfort and confidence. It begins with noticing what looks well on others, it's discovering what looks best on* you. *It's watching store windows, newspapers and magazines, keeping up with what's new, what's flattering, what's fun. Most of all, it's paying attention to what you wear: the right outfit for every occasion, the right style, colors, accessories for* you.



Take stock now—it's spring-cleaning time! Clear out those old, out-of-date suits you never wear. Replace worn-out shirts, spotted ties, ragged shorts and undershirts and faded socks that don't stay up.

Feel like a new man this spring! A new suit—a new pair of slacks and jacket—can make you feel (and look) like a million. (An *extra* suit can be a real economy, because it lets you rotate your clothes so that they actually last longer, stay neater; they regain their shape while they "rest" on a hanger.) How about a lightweight formal jacket and trousers for summer parties? You'll be amazed how many new ideas there are in this spring's crop. You can find the best of them—in suits, shirts, slacks and accessories galore—at the store near you that displays the Dress Right symbol.



can't afford not to!

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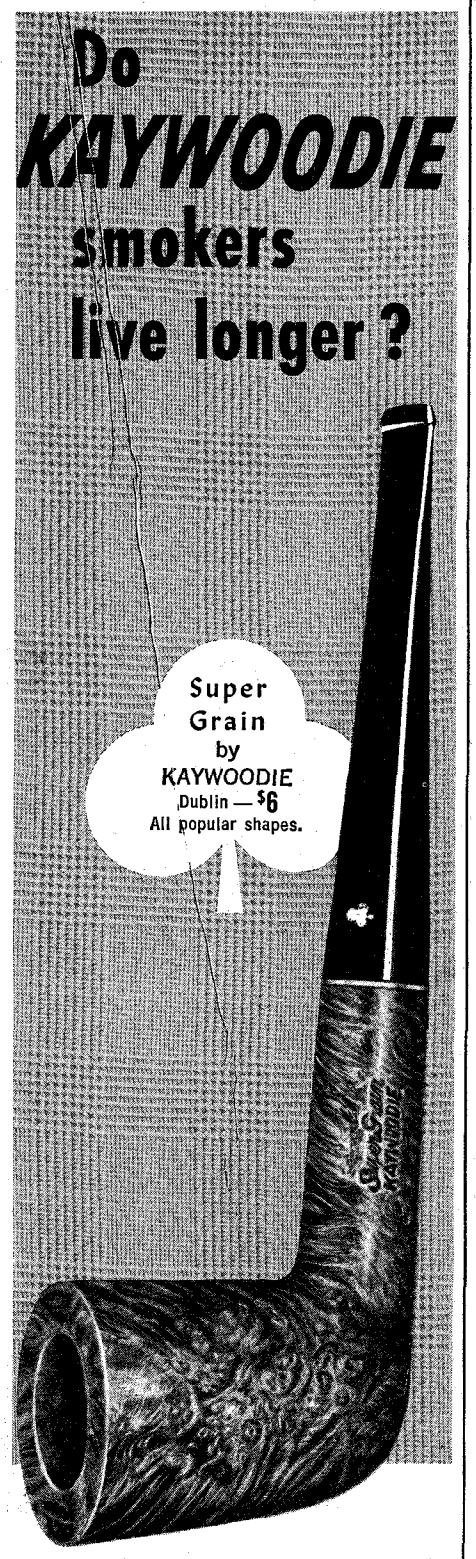

Have you ever seen an overwrought pipe smoker? Somehow the two just don't go together. There's something about pipe smoking that calms you down, lets you relax, helps you avoid the tensions so injurious to good health. And with Kaywoodie, you enjoy the sweetest, coolest smoke of your life. Sweetest because each pipe is carved from the very heart of centuries-old Kaywoodie briar. Coolest because of the dense, close grained briar, reserved solely for Kaywoodie.

What's more, the exclusive Drinkless Fitment in Kaywoodie screens irritants, condenses tobacco tars, prevents clogging as nothing else can.

Learn to ease-up and enjoy smoking the Kaywoodie way. It could add years to your life.

Gift Suggestions: *Send 25 cents for illustrated color Catalog O showing Kaywoodie styles, $3.50 to $2500.*

Kaywoodie Pipes, Inc., New York 22
World's Finest Pipes Since 1851

BRAND/NAMES *make it easy for you to buy the* BEST

(*Continued from Page 61*) "I'm wondering what Mr. Sykes will say when he reads it," Miss Winnipeg said.

"I'm wondering what he'll do about it," Mr. Coleman replied. "Frankly," he added, laying the hand of friendship on Dobie's shoulder, "I smell a vice presidency."

Mr. Dobie bowed his head. "If I am called," he said in a very low voice, "I will serve."

There's a saying that the rich have their problems too. It is a notion that is often laughed at, and perhaps with some justification. But Mr. Sykes, president of Sykes and Hammer, would not have laughed at it even if he had ever thought of it. For he was, without question, an exquisitely chiseled model of the poor rich man.

Bald and paunching, he was the image of his late father, the Colonel, Ephraim Sykes, the Cash-and-Carry King, and founder. But he was his father's son only in height and girth and in other superficialities of physical appearance. For the Colonel had known what he wanted, and had been sure that what he wanted was right. The son was never quite sure what was right. This defect in character made him irascible. It also made him soft as a Floating Island. For he was at war with himself. He wanted to be the big man his father had been, but he also wanted to be himself. Not one to confess to human frailty, he met his problem head on. He was irascible on Monday and soft as a Floating Island on Tuesday. And today was Monday.

He glanced at Dobie, whom he had summoned to his office. Then he turned to the Bugle and for the third time that morning gave his full attention to HOMO SAPIENS, MOVE TO THE REAR OF THE BUS. From his place on the wall, the Colonel, a muddy oil, glowered down impartially on son and employee.

For his part, Mr. Dobie sat at his ease. He could not guess what Mr. Sykes would say to him—probably "Well done, Dobie." Neither was he counting on a vice presidency, although he did not rule it out. He felt, as a matter of fact, as he usually felt, warm and comfortable.

"Yes," Sykes said finally, "an interesting sentiment." But he did not smile.

"A curious thing, Mr. Sykes, I dashed it off on the back of an envelope."

Mr. Sykes leaned forward, and when he spoke, the decibel count of his voice rose appreciably. "I seem to remember," he said icily, "that one Abraham Lincoln wrote the Gettysburg Address on the back of an envelope."

"Comparisons are odious, sir," Mr. Dobie said sincerely.

"They are indeed." He rose, and out of a sense of propriety, Dobie rose.

"We move to the rear of the bus and the world is a happier place to live in?" And now there was no doubt of the decibel volume. It was thunder, and Mr. Dobie recognized it as such. He knew suddenly and surely that he was not, this day, standing face to face with a Floating Island.

"Well," Sykes shouted, "at Sykes and Hammer we move to the front! Otherwise we'd go into bankruptcy and out of business!"

For five full minutes he held the floor, not merely with a torrent of words but by pacing it from wall to wall. We should forge ahead, not hold back, he said. Push, not let the other fellow beat us out. Advise a man to move to the rear, even in the bus of life, and the next thing you know, he comes to the office late and immediately goes out for a cup of coffee.

"Have you ever tried to move to the rear of a real bus?" he demanded sarcastically.

Dobie hung his head. It was mortifying to have to admit that he rarely used the bus, that he walked to work every day with Mr. Coleman, of Oriental Rugs.

Sykes snorted. "Like all literary people, Dobie," he said, "you're fuzzy in the head. You theorize about a bus ride, draw conclusions about life from a figure of speech, and yet you never ride in a bus." He flung himself into his chair and dropped the Bugle in the trash basket. He also permitted himself the final words, "Stick to what you know, Dobie. Stick to pots and pans."

Dobie had a choice as he stood at the door with his hand on the knob. He could have said, "Now look here, Mr. Sykes; I don't like the tone of your voice." The alternative was "Good morning, sir." He chose the alternative.

In full view of Miss Winnipeg and Mr. Coleman and Mr. Pfeffer, who had been hurriedly summoned from Oriental Rugs and Light Wines and Spirits, and in the presence, as well, of several dozen customers, the framed editorial was removed from the wall by a stock boy.

The desecration accomplished, Mr. Coleman immediately suggested that he would head up a delegation to wait on Mr. Sykes. "We must protest," he said. Mr. Pfeffer declared that he would be glad to serve on the delegation. Miss Winnipeg, forgetting that she was the sole support of an aged mother, announced that she would resign.

"Resign, Miss Winnipeg?" Mr. Dobie said. "I beg you not to. But you have given me an idea. I might." The minute he said that he might, it was clear to him that he should. Honor demanded it.

That night, at No. 246, dinner was not eaten; it was toyed with. Sam was all for popping one on Mr. Sykes' kisser, Julia for forgetting it. Both proposals were rejected by Mr. Dobie.

"But what will you accomplish by resigning?" Julia asked.

Mr. Dobie looked at her thoughtfully, and suddenly remembered Hamlet. Like the Melancholy Dane, he had a decision to make. It was perhaps not so exquisitely decisive as "To be or not to be," but there was an ethical question to be resolved, and only he could resolve it.

"It's true," he said, falling back on the language of Shakespeare, "that I could endure the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune—that is, publicly framed in mahogany one minute, dumped in the trash basket the next. But it is equally true," he added, now resorting to the vernacular of his times, "that tomorrow morning I could march into Mr. Sykes' office, lean across his desk and tell him to his face, 'So long, buster.'"

"Poppa!"

"I'll sleep on it," he said.

Mr. Dobie was as good as his word. He slept on it. He slept so well on it that for the first time in twenty-four years and eleven months he overslept. Accordingly, Julia and Sam overslept. As they stood in the kitchen, each with a cup of hot coffee, Mr. Dobie announced that he had wrestled with his conscience and that he had reached a decision.

"I will not burst into Sykes' office and scream 'So long, buster,'" he said firmly.

"Thank goodness," Julia said.

Sam was disappointed. "You won't?"

"No. That would be undignified as well as the act of a hothead. What I will say to him is the following, and I have memorized it." Mr. Dobie placed his coffee cup on the counter. He stood erect, and his voice carried the conviction of a man who had been wronged, but bore no grudge: "Mr. Sykes, I have thought the matter over. You have, unfortunately, misinterpreted the meaning of my editorial. Therefore, either you give orders to restore said editorial to the walls of House Furnishings, Light Wines and Spirits and Oriental Rugs, or I shall be forced, reluctantly and with regret, to tender my resignation."

"You can't be serious," Julia said.

"It's a matter of principle, Julia. Principle against bread and butter, and I'm not that hungry." He glanced at his watch. "I'd better take the bus," he said. "Imagine being late on U Day."

"U Day?"

"Ultimatum Day."

In his haste to be gone and doing, he shook hands with Julia, kissed Sam, opened the door and headed for his destiny.

Sam also checked with his watch. "I'll catch the next bus," he said. He placed a kiss on Julia's nose. "Know what I think?" he added dreamily. "I think your father's one in a million."

"I agree with you," Julia said without enthusiasm.

Mr. Sykes woke that morning, feeling like a Floating Island. And on his Floating Island days (*Continued on Page 68*)

"Perhaps we'd better take him off that banana diet!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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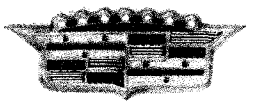
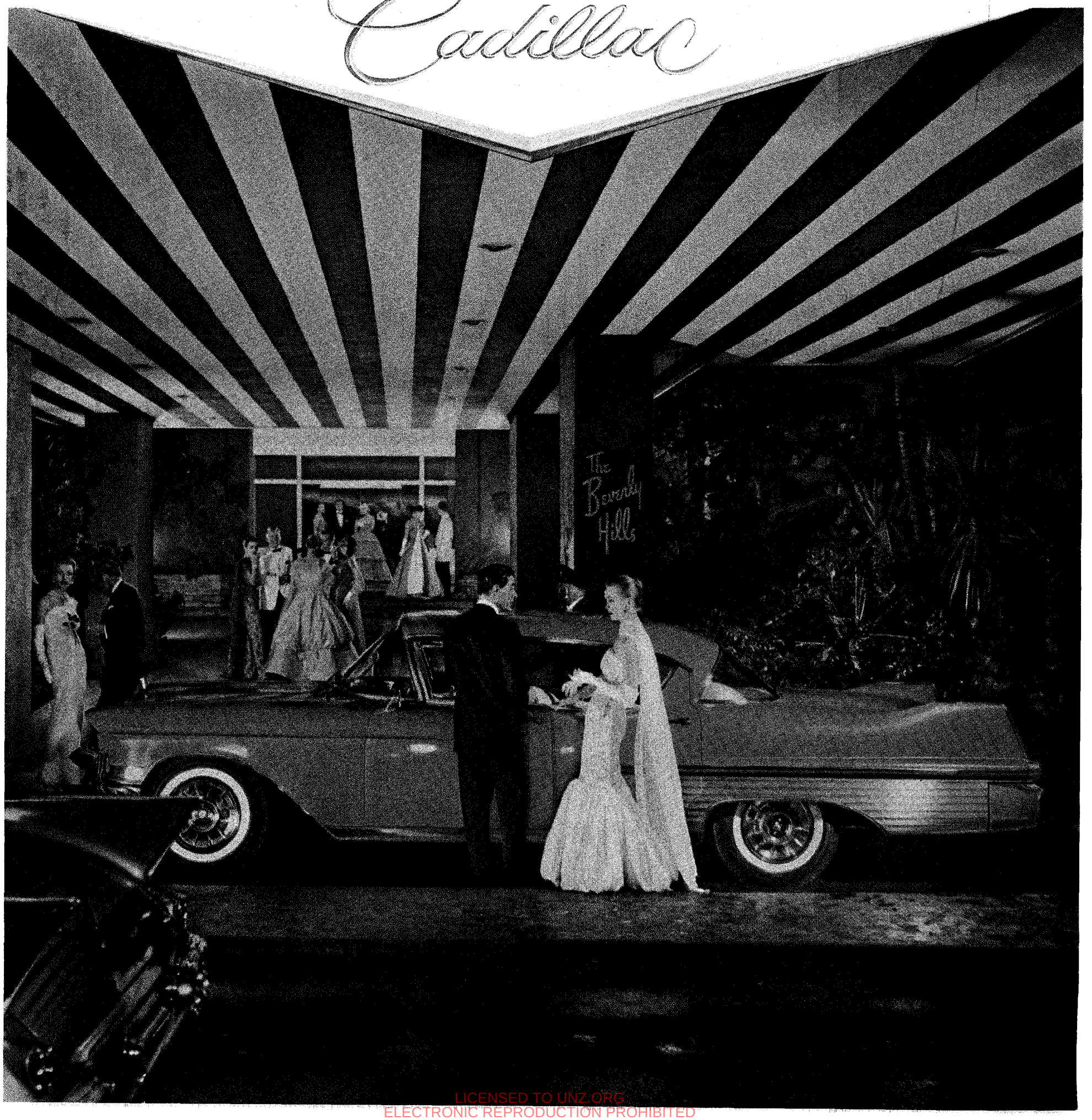
gowns by Edith Small

A Single Glance Tells the Story...



...when it reveals a gentleman and his lady in the company of a new Cadillac car. For their Cadillac tells you—instantly and eloquently—almost everything you might want to know about them. It tells you, for instance, that they are probably the kind of people you would enjoy knowing—for Cadillac owners, taking them by and large, are *fine* people, who have come to Cadillac out of their personal standards of taste and judgment. It tells you that they are likely to be people of character and substance—for Cadillac owners traditionally represent the higher phases in every field of human endeavor. And it tells you that they are people of unusual practical wisdom—for Cadillac owners, in selecting the "car of cars", make the soundest investment in all motordom. Why not visit your dealer soon—spend an hour at the wheel—and discover for yourself the many wonders of Cadillac ownership? He'll be happy to show you—at any time—what a revealing picture *you* and *your* Cadillac would present!

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION



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New, "Straight-Line" General Electri
Revolving Shelves, Magneti

MODEL BH-15 with 10 cubic feet of automatic defrost refrigerator space. A *touch* of your toe to the foot pedal opens the Magnetic Safety Door. Big, new zero-degree Roll-Out Freezer holds up to 175 lbs. of frozen foods. Available in Mix-or-Match colors—and white. With right- or left-hand doors.

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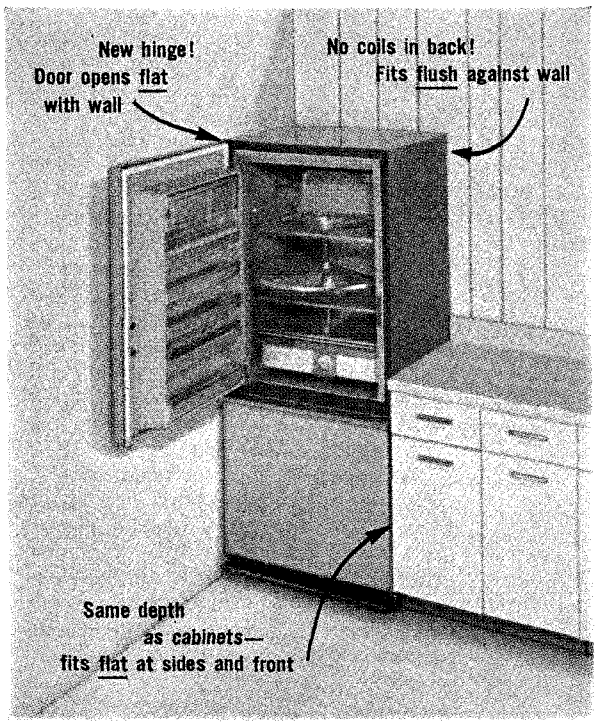
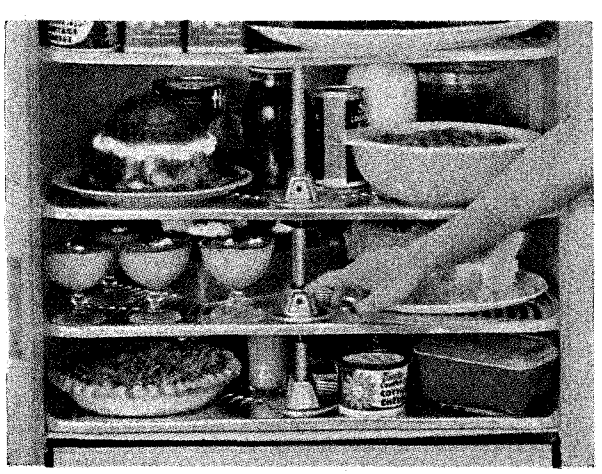
Refrigerator-Freezers Have Door, Big New Roll-Out Freezer


New hinge!
Door opens flat with wall
No coils in back!
Fits flush against wall
Same depth as cabinets—
fits flat at sides and front

NEW "STRAIGHT-LINE" DESIGN. Refrigerator fits flush with walls and cabinets. No coils on back. No dirt-collecting waste space. New hinges let door open even when in a corner . . . no space needed at side for door clearance.

TOUCH . . . and the shelves revolve. All the food you want is within easy reach!



TOUCH . . . and the shelves adjust up or down to accommodate a bulky turkey or flat pie!

Fit flat against wall or square into corner like "built-ins"! A simple touch puts all foods at your fingertips!

Look at the smooth, straight lines of this smart, new General Electric Refrigerator-Freezer!

Not a hinge or handle protrudes to mar its beautiful, trim new look. Sides, top and back are all *flat and straight*. That's why you can set it flush against the wall in line with your other appliances or square into a corner. You can make it a "built-in" simply by hanging wall cabinets around it.

Now, look inside. Just a touch puts all foods at your fingertips in the 10-cubic-foot refrigerator section and in the 5-cubic-foot Roll-Out Freezer.

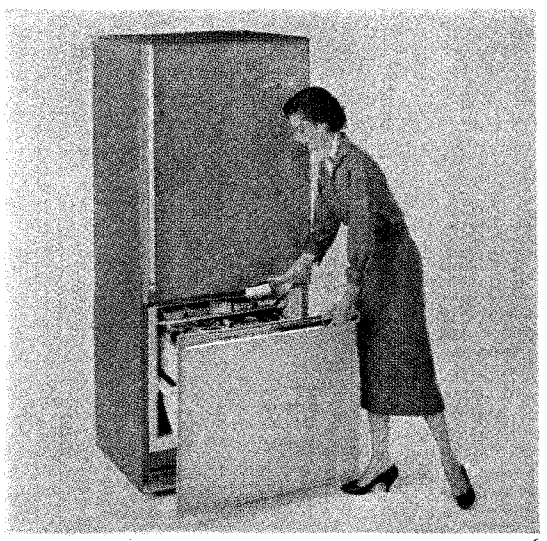
A touch of your toe opens the Magnetic Safety Door on the refrigerator. Since it has no latch, this new door helps protect children from the danger of being locked inside.

And look at the other conveniences of this big General Electric Refrigerator-Freezer: removable Revolving Vegetable Bins . . . butter conditioner . . . cheese compartment . . . fold-away bottle racks . . . adjustable, removable door shelves.

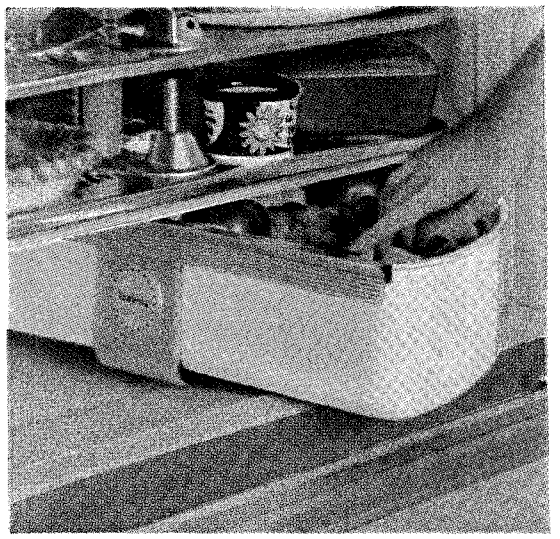
The frozen food section is at the bottom, and holds up to 175 pounds of frozen foods in two handy roll-out drawers.

Consider dependability, too! Today more than 3,500,000 General Electric Refrigerators have been in use 10 years or longer.

Ask your G-E dealer about his easy terms and generous trade-in allowance. Household Refrigerator Department, General Electric Company, Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Kentucky.



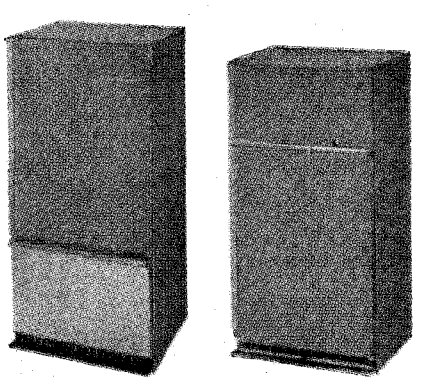
TOUCH . . . and the freezer rolls out. You see what you want at a glance!



TOUCH . . . and the vegetable bins revolve. Vegetables and fruits ride out in front of you!

Model BH-13. (*right*) with 3.5-cubic-foot freezer which holds up to 123 pounds of frozen food. All other features are identical with those in the BH-15.

Model BH-12. (*far right*) This is a two-door combination refrigerator-freezer with Revolving Shelves, Magnetic Safety Doors. Separate *zero*-degree freezer at top.



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Question Column ?

QUESTION OF THE MONTH
Should a person throw away his toothbrush after a cold?

Mrs. E. Greenberg, mother, New York, N. Y.—I think it's an excellent idea. I never thought of it. Germs could be in the toothbrush way down in the bristles. It would be a very good idea to replace the children's toothbrushes after the children have had colds. They would benefit.

Roger Thyer, proprietor, Piqua, Ohio—We don't do it but it sounds like a good idea. Maybe I'll think about it the next time I have a cold. It's worth a try anyway. Toothbrushes don't cost so much and they sure last a long time these days.

Mrs. T. S. Magsino, housewife, Belleville, Ill.—I would think it would be a good idea to get a new toothbrush. You can't be too careful about anything you put in your mouth. A toothbrush is a very personal item. Next time I have a cold, I'll replace my toothbrush.

Phemie Marchuk, bacteriologist, Columbus Laboratories, Chicago, Ill.—You need not replace your toothbrush whenever you have a cold. Not with one of these new Dr. West's Germ-Fighters. This brush is so treated that it inhibits or destroys germs that lodge on it and hold to it . . . whether they are picked up while brushing or fall on it while the brush hangs in your bathroom. For the best oral protection get a Dr. West's Germ-Fighter. The cleanest, safest toothbrush you can buy.

Copr. 1956 by Weco Products Co.

THE ALL NEW
DR. WEST'S GERM-FIGHTING
TOOTHBRUSH 70¢

BRAND/NAMES *make it easy for you to buy the BEST*

(*Continued from Page 64*) he tended to be unsure of himself, and therefore more tolerant of others. Over a cup of coffee, with saccharin, he thought of Mr. Dobie. Undoubtedly the man had a philosophical bent, and surely the world needed philosophers. What were his words? "If we made our manners in the bus and moved to the rear without being asked, we'd make our manners in the home, in the community and in the nation. And the world would be a happier place to live in."

To his surprise, Mr. Sykes heard himself say, "How true." Simultaneously it occurred to him that for fifteen years, since the death of the Colonel, he had been looking at the world from the rear seat of an expensive car, and what had he seen from that vantage point? The back of his chauffeur's head.

He rose from the breakfast table. He would have a chat with Dobie, perhaps buy him a drink. And he would take the bus to the store. Under the circumstances, it was the only decent thing to do. *Noblesse oblige.*

Mr. Dobie was moving to the rear of the bus. Unfortunately, "I beg your pardon" was not the password, the use of the elbow and the knee strictly prohibited by the rules. But there is such a thing as inching your way, and Mr. Dobie finally achieved his goal, although at the cost of personal dignity. For at the last second he was hurled into the lap of an elderly lady. To cover his embarrassment he introduced himself.

"Mrs. Johnson. Hattie," replied the woman, who was by nature imperturbable.

"My, my," Dobie said, "what a crowded bus."

Mrs. Johnson allowed that it was, but then there was the new factory at the end of the line, and what could be done about it anyhow? The more buses they built the more people there were to ride in them.

Dobie agreed that an expanding population created complexities, but he went on to explain his pet view that a public conveyance was a microcosm of the world, didn't she agree? "I'm not much of a reader," Mrs. Johnson said amiably. "I look at television." In fact, she had never once given a thought to the bus of life. She had merely thought of a bus as a means of transportation.

Peering out of the window, Mr. Dobie saw that his stop was approaching. Bidding Mrs. Johnson a polite good morning, he started for the exit—that is, his body now faced the exit, but standing in his way were so many immovable sandbags, sometimes referred to as Homo sapiens.

"Getting off!" Dobie called out. But sandbags do not have ears, nor do they give way of their own accord. They are inanimate objects, although occasionally gifted with speech. For one said, "Relax, buster; you haven't got a prayer."

"You don't understand; this is my stop." But even as he spoke the plaintive words, the bus, having stopped and started again, had already swept by Sykes and Hammer. In desperation he began to push, his elbows levers, his head a battering ram. But the cause was hopeless. By now the bus had turned into Market Street. Mr. Dobie had a fleeting glimpse of Pitkin Paper Bags, where Sam worked. Ahead loomed the Market Street drawbridge.

"I demand to be let off!" Dobie shouted, but the bus now had a rendezvous with the end of the line, as well as a challenge to meet—to get across the bridge before the gates closed and the bridge rose. It met the challenge, as did two thundering mates directly behind it. Everyone cheered, for immediately down went the gates and up went the bridge.

Mr. Dobie was the last one off the bus. It was ten after nine. There would not be a return trip for another fifteen minutes.

"Get yourself a cup of coffee, Mac," the bus driver said.

Mr. Dobie telephoned Miss Winnipeg from a drugstore.

"Mr. Dobie, what's happened?"

He explained as best he could; the details he left to her imagination.

"But how did you get to the end of the line?"

Dobie took a deep breath. "Miss Winnipeg? You won't breathe a word to a soul? I moved to the rear of the bus."

There was a lunch counter in the drugstore. Mr. Dobie ordered a cup of black coffee.

"A piece of strudel, mister?"

"All right. Thank you." Indigestion was the least of his worries.

He did not see two men, *évacués* of Bus No. 2 and Bus No. 3, enter the drugstore and plunge into adjoining telephone booths. Therefore, he did not hear Sam say, "I know I'm late. . . . Why? Well, you've heard me speak of my father-in-law? . . . Yeah, the genius. Well, I took his advice."

Mr. Sykes, for his part, had no one to make an explanation to. After all, he was the boss. He merely screamed at his secretary that he'd be along in about a half hour, and God help them all when he got there.

Simultaneously the two men came to the counter.

"Coffee," Sam said.

"A bicarbonate," Mr. Sykes said.

Three pairs of eyes met for the purpose of identification. Words, of course, were inadequate to the occasion, but Mr. Dobie chose to speak them. "Sam—Mr. Sykes, what are you doing here?"

Sam hesitated, but Mr. Sykes did not. In a voice choked with emotion, he detailed chapter and verse. He had been betrayed by the siren song of a half-baked philosopher, and he had learned what he had known all along—that the bus of life was a mirage. There were only real buses in the world, and Dobie could have them. He would stick to his car. He would also have every copy of the Bugle confiscated and burned.

He downed his drink. "I'll see you in my office at three, Dobie. We'll determine then whether or not there's room for an egghead in House Furnishings." He did not bother to say good morning.

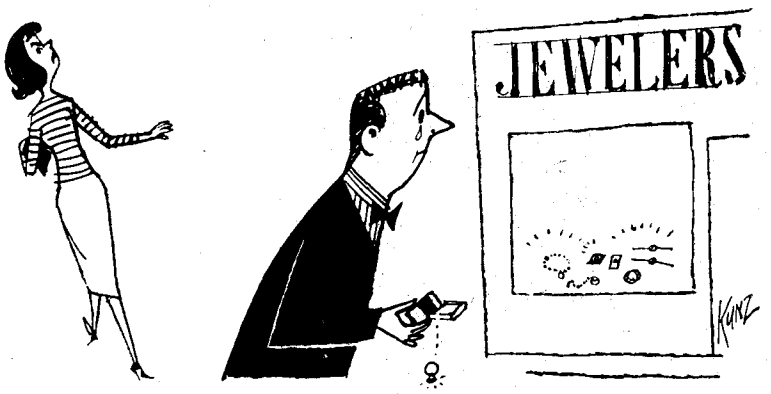
Dobie turned to Sam. He was embarrassed. But he was also an honest man. "I think," he said, "that I wrote 'Homo Sapiens, Move to the Rear of the Bus' much too rapidly. I might have to revise it one of these days. Shall we walk, Sam, or shall we wait for the bus?"

"Let's play it safe," Sam said; "let's walk."

At the water cooler in House Furnishings, Mr. Dobie accepted condolences from Miss Winnipeg, Mr. Coleman and Mr. Pfeffer. It was not denied by the triumvirate that moving to the rear of a bus had produced catastrophic results. "But," said Mr. Coleman, the most resourceful of the three, "you are a writer and a philosopher. Is it your fault that people do not practice what you preach?"

"Amen," Miss Winnipeg said.

Mr. Dobie looked at his three dear friends. How loyal they were, and how unworthy he was. It was five minutes to three. In five minutes he would be closeted with Mr. Sykes for the last time. He would resign, provided, of course, that Mr. Sykes (*Continued on Page 70*)



You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

When Melinda returned Howard's engagement ring, he hurried to the jeweler's to sell the ring back. On the way he lost it. Happily, he convinced himself that his loss was in fact a gain: Now he could collect the full value from his insurance company instead of accepting a sacrifice price from the jeweler. The insurance company, however, refused to pay. So Howard sued.

"That ring," the company lawyer said, "ceased being 'personal property to be worn by the insured or a member of his family' the minute that Howard decided to sell it. It then became 'merchandise for sale,' which is not covered by our policy."

"Nonsense!" Howard snorted. "My insurance isn't turned on or off in the middle of the night depending on whether my girl loves me or doesn't. Pay up!"

If you were the judge, would you make the insurance firm pay?

• •

The insurance firm did not have to pay. The court ruled that the moment Howard decided to sell the ring, it technically became uninsured "merchandise for sale."

Based upon a 1932 New York decision.

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"... and let's put another one there"

Consider your way of life. Then plan your telephone service around it.
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(*Continued from Page 68*) didn't forget the amenities and scream "You're fired" first. Dobie sighed. He hoped that it wouldn't happen that way. It was a detail of life, one of the little satisfactions that make the difference, a sop at best to one's vanity, and yet somehow precious.

"I'll miss you all," he said. He was tempted to add, "Hail and farewell," but he resisted it.

Mr. Dobie laid the symbols of his authority on Mr. Sykes' desk. They were his order book, his employee's 10-per-cent-discount card and the key to his locker. And because he was a man who did not bear malice, he extended his hand. "Perhaps one day, under happier circumstances," he said, "we will meet again."

"Sit down, Fenimore," Sykes said.

How ironical, Dobie thought. *The minute my name is stricken from the payroll he calls me Fenimore.*

"About our morning's adventure," Sykes said casually. "Forget it. I had a rush of blood to the head."

Dobie stared at him in amazement. But all he saw was the face of a man who seemed strangely at peace with the world.

"By the way, did you happen to see the morning paper?"

Dobie admitted that he hadn't.

"I refer you to the lead editorial," Sykes said. "It might interest you. They call it 'Mr. Dobie of House Furnishings.'"

He pushed the newspaper across the desk, reminding Dobie that it was a great daily with a guaranteed circulation of more than half a million.

"They mention me? By name?"

"They also mention me. As a tail to your kite, Dobie, but they mention me nonetheless."

And sure enough, there it was, as big as life, or at least as big as Cheltenham Bold could make it. MR. DOBIE OF HOUSE FURNISHINGS. Well!

"Read it," Sykes said.

"Aloud?" Dobie asked politely.

"By all means."

He read in a voice which trembled slightly. "'We have received a stream of complaints recently about the condition of our buses. We have been meaning to comment on it. But we have been concerned with larger affairs, or so we thought. Now, however, the comment has been made for us in the Sykes and Hammer Bugle by Mr. Fenimore Dobie, of the House Furnishings Department. And his concern and ours are the same.'"

"Skip to the last paragraph," Sykes commanded.

"'But to get back to Mr. Dobie, about whom, incidentally, we've heard from our wives, he probably thinks of himself as a little fish in a big pond.'"

"Right," Dobie said. "'But he is wrong,'" Dobie heard himself read. "'He is a wise and thoughtful man. For that matter we also salute Mr. Hiram Sykes, who had the good sense to have Mr. Dobie's essay appropriately framed and hung in the various departments of the store.'"

Sykes coughed. "Proceed, Dobie," he said finally.

Mr. Dobie proceeded, but his voice no longer trembled. "'Yes, Mr. Dobie, we agree with everything you had to say. We have only one regret—that we didn't say it ourselves. Hats off to you, sir. Come in and see us. We'll be at home.'"

The clap on the back was resounding. But Dobie did not flinch. He just stood erect, half smiling, as have all martyrs since time immemorial, who have survived the ordeal of being different and have lived to embrace the sweet moment of redemption.

"Yes," Sykes said, "it's philosophy that makes the world go round. Philosophy and free publicity. How many times did they mention Sykes and Hammer?"

"I didn't count," Dobie said with dignity.

Sykes rested his arm on Dobie's shoulder. He muttered something about the possibility of a raise. True, the board of directors would not meet for six months, and his voice was a small one. He was only the president and the chief stockholder. "But count on me to mention your name," he said. The handshake was more than warm and friendly. It was fervent.

That night, at No. 246 Chapman Street, in the presence of Julia and Sam, and Miss Winnipeg, Mr. Pfeffer and Mr. Coleman, Mr. Dobie made a tape recording of HOMO SAPIENS, MOVE TO THE REAR OF THE BUS. He did it reluctantly, protesting that, at best, he had merely committed a simple thought to paper, and really now, they shouldn't exaggerate its importance. But Mr. Coleman had an answer to that.

"We are too close to the historical moment, Mr. Dobie," he said. "Let posterity decide. Do I hear a dissenting voice?"

There was none. THE END

You never know when a woman is going to turn on a man, but it's often when she's behind the wheel.

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We wouldn't want you to say

"Now you tell me"...

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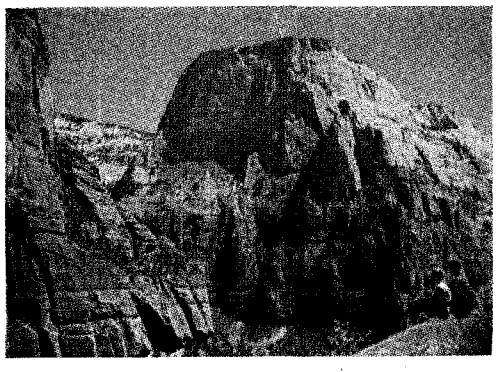
California

It's no secret, so we'll tell you now—tell everybody—before you make that trip to California.

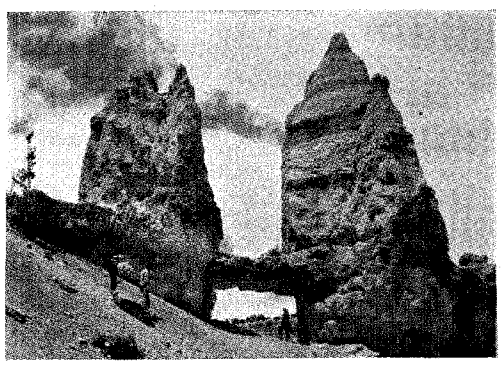
When you go to the Los Angeles area or travel east from there—by Union Pacific—you can stop over to see those three amazing National Parks: Bryce Canyon, Zion and Grand Canyon. And there's *no additional rail fare!*

Nowhere in the world is there a region that can equal the unusual formations, the colorful beauty of these Utah-Arizona Parks.

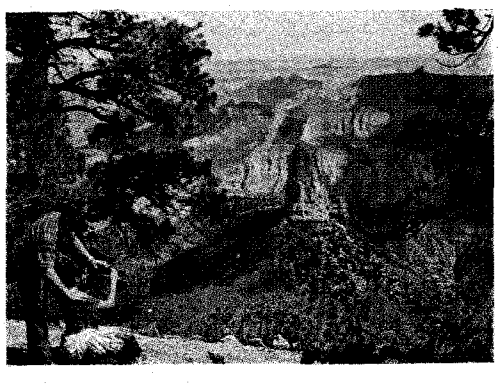
Last year, one and a half million people were attracted to this region. We hope you can take advantage of the opportunity to view this triple-treat in scenic wonders, that can be so conveniently combined with a trip to or from southern California.



Zion National Park, Utah—beautiful and inspirational



Bryce Canyon National Park, Utah—intriguing in colorful brilliance and fantastic formations



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Swindler in the Statehouse

(Continued from Page 21)

free with the state's money in paying personal expenses. At worst, that would have launched a couple of mildly embarrassing newspaper stories.

But Hodge whetted Thiem's interest with a couple of furtive-looking moves. Thiem began to suspect him of graft, though in no unusual amount and in purely conventional form. Yet Thiem was getting nowhere until an innocent remark by one of Hodge's honest and unsuspecting employees gave him a new start. Suddenly Thiem found himself staring at evidence strongly suggesting major crime, long concealed.

Saturday is a slow day for news, a day when the city room of the Chicago Daily News is particularly quiet, because the News doesn't publish a Sunday paper. Only about half the staff comes in. Basil Walters, executive editor, alternates with Everett Norlander, managing editor. Saturday, May 12, 1956, was Walters' day on duty.

He had things pleasantly under control. In spite of a shortage of spot news, it was a good paper. Hottest May twelfth in the books; mercury reaching ninety. Carl Erskine pitching his second no-hitter. Inside, some lively stuff on politics and the submarine Nautilus.

So Walters was at peace with the world, and didn't mind having his ear bent with a tip. Hearing tipsters out is part of the price paid for news. Nine out of ten tips are worthless, but if the citizen seems to know what he's talking about and something important is at issue, the News will investigate. In Chicago, you never know.

Waiting at the reception desk was Michael J. Howlett. Walters had him in. Howlett wanted to talk about Hodge. He had a mixture of suspicions and fairly well-documented fact. Hodge's appropriations were $2,000,000 higher than any previous state auditor had needed. Howlett had heard that Hodge was going through the money fast. He had also heard that Hodge was spending money right and left on luxurious living. He had heard that Hodge had borrowed $200,000 from a Chicago bank to buy the Esquire Apartment Hotel, in Fort Lauderdale, Florida. And finally, Howlett had a list of fifteen persons he believed were on Hodge's payroll without doing any work.

The size of the appropriations wasn't news. As for the luxurious living, why not? Hodge was a millionaire, wasn't he? As for borrowing from the bank, that should be looked into. Hodge held sway over all state banks, and to borrow from one of them was, at the very least, in poor taste.

As for the "pay-rolling," that was common practice for popular politicians, and Hodge was building his own machine. Still, pay-rolling is a waste of the public's money, and you can't let it pass unnoticed. If Hodge was misbehaving, he'd get his knuckles rapped, and that would be that.

Howlett frankly had an ax to grind; he was Hodge's Democratic opponent for the office. But he had proved reliable before. He was a fellow to let the chips fall where they may. As head man in Chicago in the Office of Price Stabilization days, he had exposed the sale of horse meat as hamburger, a scandal which embarrassed Governor Adlai Stevenson's Democratic administration.

So Walters left a note for Norlander, who would see it on Monday. When Norlander got time, he passed it along to the bureau in Springfield, the state capital. It was strictly routine, strictly minor. George Thiem, in Springfield, thought it was "just one of those things."

Howlett himself had no idea that Hodge was up to anything big. "I never dreamed he was stealing," he says. "I hadn't heard anything to that effect; wouldn't have believed it if I had." Norlander, a former political editor who has uncovered gaudy scandals himself, says, "It never occurred to me that Hodge was a crook." Walters says, "Would you suspect that of the most popular man in your state? Hodge had one hell of a fine reputation."

Howlett, Norlander and Walters simply thought a mouse might be in the wall. They had no idea that a lion was in the streets.

On that fateful Saturday, it is believed, the Honorable Orville Enoch Hodge was mingling with constituents in his home town of Granite City, Illinois, in the lively tier of southern counties called Little Egypt. Perhaps he was; perhaps not. Hodge's movements were often mysterious even to his appointments secretary. He may have been in Florida, where he was thinking expansively of a forty-two-house development on $600,000 worth of lots. Wherever he was, the Honorable Orville was riding high. His affairs were as jocund as that May day itself.

The "millionaire politician"—so he was described—was fifty-one, a big, nice-looking man, whose stock in trade was popularity. Only a few weeks earlier, in the April primaries, he had outstripped all candidates, including Gov. William Stratton.

The politicking would be hot and heavy that spring and summer, and Hodge was one man who could enjoy it to the full. He had been unopposed in the primary and was a shoo-in for November. This was the summer to relish his standing as the politician most popular with Illinois voters. They had cast 2,366,000 votes for him in 1952, topping the governor's vote by 49,000 and falling only 91,000 short of the landslide vote for Eisenhower.

His life was as silken as the imported fabric of his summer suits. "I'm working on my second million," he had confided to Warren Wright, State Treasurer. He was, too, though it would have knocked Wright's hat off to know how. Hodge was not one of your pinchpenny millionaires, either. He lived it up. He had a handsome home on Lake Springfield, with a recreation room where guests could admire a life-size photograph of Hodge shaking hands with President Eisenhower. Hodge loved to entertain well, with shrimps flown in from the Gulf of Mexico, and the best steaks to be found in Chicago or Kansas City. Just in case he didn't get home, he had suites specially decorated and furnished in two of the best Springfield hotels, and a limitless charge account at the Mill Tavern, Springfield's favorite night spot, where he was welcomed as a big spender.

The pleasant chores which go with wealth kept Hodge on the move a good deal. To Florida, to one or another of his farms, or back home to Granite City, where he owned a real-estate-and-insurance agency, a business building and other properties. Usually he traveled by plane, and he kept two, including a twin-engine job valued somewhere between $50,000 and $75,000.

These carried him between his offices in Springfield and Chicago or about the country to fill speaking engagements. They also carried parties of guests to duck-hunting spots. Hodge liked having a baseball celebrity along, like Marty Marion or Stan Musial.

A song popular a little later, The Money Tree, concerned the happy town of Greenback, where money literally grew on a tree. Folks there were five years ahead on their income tax and were driving next year's cars. Hodge couldn't manage that. But state limousines awaited his pleasure both in Springfield and in Chicago, and he had four other cars, in case he elected to dismiss his two chauffeurs and take the wheel himself.

A little later in the summer, a Chicago newspaper would exclaim in five columns of 96-point type:

"WOW! DID HODGE HAVE GOOD TIME!"

He did indeed. When he stepped from his private plane in Chicago, the waiting limousine could take him to the Drake Hotel, to a luxurious suite a reporter later described as "Cloud 742." That label was partly in token of the beautiful view of Lake Michigan, blue and shining seven stories below, partly in token of the deep white carpeting. These quarters had been specially decorated for Hodge, a guest for whom the hotel cashed a

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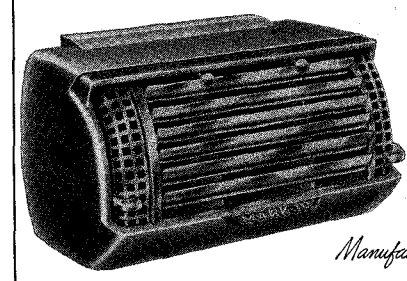

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$10,000 check one night; a guest who, in signing a $243 bill for an evening's food and drink, added 50 per cent in tips to signify his pleasure at the service.

And twenty-three steps down the hall—a newspaper photograph entitled the two apartments "His" and "Hers"—was Bonita Lillie. Bonnie was the charming, bright-faced interior decorator who had done over these rooms for Hodge's contentment; she has said that she and Orville "sought peace" together.

Hodge's wife of thirty years, the red-haired Margaret, preferred living in the penthouse of the hotel that Hodge had bought in Fort Lauderdale, and her sleek car was rarely seen around Illinois. Hodge enjoyed a bachelorlike freedom, and they say in Springfield that he never lacked for pretty company.

Trying to describe Hodge, most people fall back on "likable," and "hail fellow well met." He was all fixed up for socializing. His clubs were as good as his clothes and cars. The Illinois Athletic Club, in Chicago; the Missouri Athletic Club, in St. Louis. Three good country clubs. In testimony of sound conservatism, he was a member of the Union League Club in Chicago. The boy from Granite City—which had honored him two years before as Granite City's Man of the Year, with former Gov. Dwight Green on deck to preside over Orville Hodge Day—had arrived.

Many men living on the same delightful scale have business worries, but Hodge could spend and enjoy it. Nothing he did was costing him a dime, and that went even for groceries, beer and shaving lotion. There was plenty more money where the stolen funds came from. Hodge had only to express a wish, and an aide—keeper of his privy purse—would put any amount at Hodge's disposal.

His stealing process was good for millions, yet it could be handled with only three people. All Hodge had to do was to write a check, and sometimes he didn't even do that; on occasion, the cash was brought to him where he sat.

And the setup had tremendous possibilities. By mixing politics, crime and finance, Hodge had a chance to become one of the richest and most powerful men of the day. Since he was auditor of public accounts, every cent the Illinois legislature appropriated had to pass through his office. Only in this way could money be drawn from the Illinois treasury. Whether the state bought a single chair or 100 miles of superhighway, payment had to be made by Hodge. The auditor has the state's checkbook. It's a big one; the first year Hodge was in office, 3,700,000 checks were issued for $781,000,000.

He also kept perpetual inventory of all the state's property, real and personal—around $450,000,000 worth. He could dispose of anything he deemed surplus or outworn. He was custodian of many funds—the judges' retirement fund, the teachers' retirement fund, and so on.

But these were small potatoes. Where Hodge had his official finger on really big money was in his capacity as supervisor of 4000 private financial institutions with assets of between four and five billion dollars. His authority embraced 500 state banks and as many building-and-loan companies. Also in Hodge's domain were all trust companies, the trust departments of banks, all credit unions, all currency exchanges. He had no control over national banks and none over small-loan companies. Aside from that, he had a good grip on the cash and credit of the 9,300,000 citizens of Illinois.

Opportunities for massive financial piracy were there, if Hodge had it in him to become the Ivar Kreuger of politics.

All that's sure, so far, is that Hodge had one Chicago bank doing his bidding, and in any amount. Some believe he caught the bank off base and applied pressure. He closed another bank—"Hodge whipped me to the ground," says the former president—and when he allowed it to reopen, Hodge held a large secret interest. He had bought in with $50,000 in stolen money; he increased his holdings the same way to $300,000. It was a process which could be repeated, as Hodge knew.

Hodge was the boss of the state bank examiners. It was in his power to inflict or withhold punishment if he caught a bank violating any of innumerable regulations, or to declare himself in. The neighborhood bank he captured had assets of $17,000,000. A man with a string of such banks could go far, especially if he made the rules.

Hodge was also the custodian of a fortune which wasn't discovered in the newspaper investigation. This was a trust fund, holding unclaimed funds from closed banks, and building-and-loan associations which had failed, some as far back as the '30's. Hodge stole $823,000 for private investments, draining the fund to $32,000. He put back $528,000—largely from the sale of bank stock bought with stolen money—when disclosure seemed imminent. With a fortune like that to play with, a smart man could have got rich without the other stealing. It was even possible to come by large amounts honestly. Hodge bought his lakeside house for $25,000. He was able to get $24,100 of that on a mortgage and at a low interest rate, so he had to put up only $900.

How far he had gone along this road is still in question. Governor Stratton raised this point, "You know what I'd like to know? I'd like to know who his associates really were in some of these businesses he was in. I think perhaps there were other financial institutions involved—institutions he might have used his influence in."

For criminal purposes, the combination of stolen money and great political resources was wonderfully promising. With Hodge's special opportunities, an imaginative and unscrupulous man could build a mighty fortune, using stolen millions, borrowed millions and captive millions to make semihonest and honest millions. If such a man could then become governor, in position to cover his tracks, the future was unlimited. Hodge knew that the dead past can be buried. He had plans to bury it by legislation.

There was singularly little danger. He could assume he stood in well with the governor. The most gifted lobbyist in Springfield, Hodge had put over a legislative reapportionment bill which was hailed as the governor's biggest accomplishment. He was aces on both sides of the legislature. As auditor he was paymaster, and he liked to appear in person in the General Assembly with a bundle of pay checks. If they liked, legislators could draw two years' pay, $10,000, in advance. Many preferred it that way, so Hodge was the bearer of glad tidings.

It has since been learned that he arranged bank loans for legislators. Nothing illegal about it. Simply one of many ways in which Hodge put himself in solid. He also contributed to almost everybody's campaign fund, including that of a prosecutor who later had the duty of getting Hodge indicted on 276 counts.

As for the newspapermen, Hodge kept on first-name terms with them and made a point of dropping in often at the statehouse press room. In parting from a friend, he invariably said, "Anything I can do for you? If there is, let me know." If he threw a bountiful stag party for the reporters, he sent flowers to their wives, so they wouldn't feel ignored. It was a touch women loved.

Men liked Hodge—called "Orvie" throughout Southern Illinois. A millionaire, it was said, but not stuck up about it. Sociable and friendly, never forgot your name or the kids' names. Always grabbed the check. A nice fella. Help you if he could.

Women liked Hodge. They found him clean-cut, well dressed, successful-looking, and retaining at fifty-one a sort of boyish appeal. A career woman ten years his senior came warmly to his defense when he was caught with his arms practically green from stolen money.

"Orville's just a big, lovable, irresponsible boy," she declared.

In short, Orville was in. What a spot! As auditor, Hodge watched over the money of the state of Illinois. Nobody but the auditor can draw on the treasury. That's in the state constitution. The State Supreme Court has added that he must satisfy himself as to the justness of all accounts presented. Thus no other department could chisel without danger of detection from Hodge's office. The auditor represents vigilance. He keeps a stern eye on things. Yes, sir.

But nobody audits the auditor. That he has done himself, by outside hired help of his own selection, at such times and to such an extent as he pleases.

Nobody was going to upset this splendid applecart. Nobody—unless Hodge fell afoul of a newspaper reporter with the special combination of an old-fashioned morality and stubborn persistence which characterizes George Thiem, of the Chicago Daily News. Thiem is a reporter whose reputation is as peculiarly useful as radar. But since Hodge held all the cards, or thought he did, he could rule out trouble from that or any other source.

The view from Cloud 742 must have been enchanting in all directions. If, on that buoyant Saturday, Fate gave Hodge the mutter of thunder on the left which foretells disaster, it probably was drowned out in the pleasant rumble of a room-service cart. But in only three months Hodge's castle would be in ruins, he would be exposed in a wonderfully successful pretense and he would be in jail.

Editors' Note—This is the first of four articles. The second will appear next week.

Melanie Rose

By Diana Kearny Powell

Melanie Rose was a
wedding-cake girl
Arrayed in chantilly. Her
ladylock curl
Was a caterer's version of
feminine charm
Looped with hair-ribbon
frosting and mother of
pearl.

A sweet-toothed young
gentleman one may
suppose
Would find her delectable,
bonnet to toes.
But I'm wondering if it
would spoil his
digestion—
A permanent diet of
Melanie Rose.

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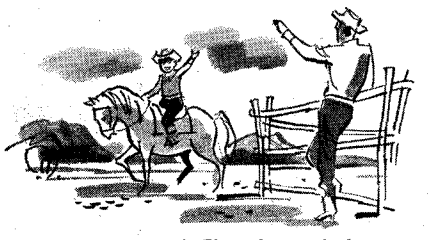

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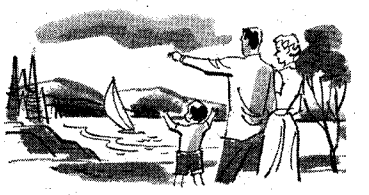

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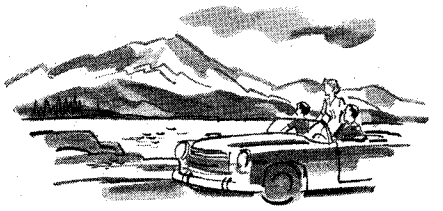

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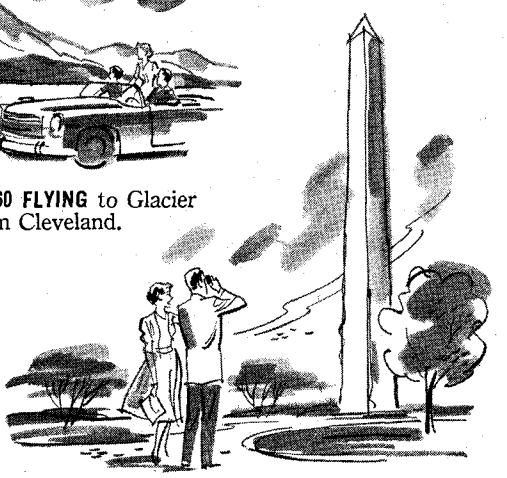

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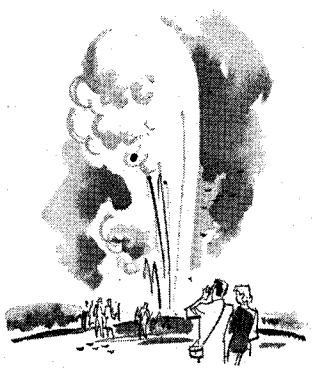

SAVE $16.72 FLYING to Yellowstone Park from Detroit.

EXAMPLE: *It costs $130.56 less to fly a family of 4 round trip from Chicago to Seattle than it costs to drive—and you get to the fun days faster... stay up to 12 days longer.*

Just imagine what this revolutionary travel idea can mean to you and your family!

Now, on Northwest Orient Airlines, you can fly over crowded summer highways . . . arrive at your favorite vacation land relaxed and ready for fun...stay there longer...save money and precious vacation time.

See Exactly How Flying Saves You Money

Wonder how it could possibly be cheaper to fly a family of four to a dream vacation for less than it costs to drive? Here's the proof: using a round trip between Chicago and Seattle as an example and driving at the American Automobile Association's recommended maximum daily vacation mileage rate of 300 miles a day:

Car expenses for the 4,242 mile round trip using the AAA's average automobile trip cost of 3.54 cents a mile for gas, oil and maintenance	$150.16
Cost of 3 meals a day per person for 13 days on the road at 75¢ for breakfast, $1.25 for lunch and $2.00 for dinner	208.00
12 nights in motels at $12 per night for 2 adults and 2 children	144.00
Admissions, tolls and refreshments en route	52.00
Emergency repairs and incidentals	78.00
Total cost by car	$632.16
Total cost of round trip Silver Dollar Coach flight from Chicago to Seattle for 2 adults and 2 children under 12, including tax	$501.60

Total savings by air: $130.56, plus 12 days vacation time.

And in many cases you can save even more flying First Class on Northwest's wonderful double-deck Stratocruisers if you fly on NWA's Family Half Fare Plan Days.

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You're probably saying, "Sure, it sounds great. But what are we going to do for a car when we get there?"

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So if you're planning a vacation this summer, why not make it a real dream vacation. Fly to America's summer vacation land on Northwest Orient Airlines.

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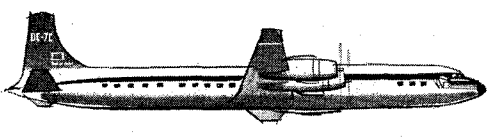

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The Actress and the Cop

(Continued from Page 22)

"Who's Della?"

"Leonora Roma. But of course her real name is Della. It would be just too much if *she* started climbing the tree too."

"Where is she?"

"All that tight purple over there."

I saw Della, and, as luck would have it, she saw me and waved.

Peg hurried back to Della—to stop her from coming to the tree, most likely.

"Is Della coming up too?" Nicole said.

"Do you know her?"

"Sure. Don't you?"

"No, I don't."

"Don't you know everybody?"

"Not by a long shot."

"My mother does. She said so herself. Is Della coming up too?"

Della came running over to the tree, with Peg chasing her.

"Oh, no, Della, please! You can't! You simply mustn't!"

"But I want to."

"No, please!" Peg took Della's arm, while half a dozen men came along to watch and laugh as they sipped their drinks.

"I love climbing trees," Della said.

"But you've seen this tree dozens of times and you've never before wanted to climb it."

"But I never saw Nick in it before. And that other lunatic up there. Who's he?"

"Gunnar Reykjavik," Peg said. "Leonora Roma."

"How do you do, Miss Roma."

"Miss Roma my foot! My name is Della Harrigan. I'm from Arkansas, not Rome. And here I come."

"Oh, no, please!" Peg said.

Della kicked off her high-heeled shoes. She grasped the lowest branch and planted her feet on the trunk of the tree. Then she swung up onto the lowest branch and stood there.

"How long have you been in America, Mr. Reykjavik?"

"I was born in San Francisco."

"And you, Nick. How long have you?"

"All my life," Nicole said. "You coming up too?"

"I sure am."

"No, you're not."

"Oh, yes, I am."

"Why?"

"Because you're up there," Della said. She glanced down at the men looking up, and then she said, "And because I can't stand all those fat husbands down there. . . . Are you a husband, Mr. Reykjavik?"

"I was."

"How long have you been divorced?"

"Two years."

She swung up onto the second lowest branch. "What do you do?"

"Make a fool of myself, most of the time."

"I know you do *that*. What work do you do?"

"If you climbed this tree to meet somebody important, Miss Roma ——"

"Della Harrigan."

"—— you've made a mistake."

"I don't care if I have, Mr. Reykjavik. That's that city in Greenland, isn't it?"

"Iceland."

"Yes. I knew it was one of those places. I can't imagine why that silly publicity department at Universal gave me an Italian name. I'm an American, pure and simple."

The small audience of husbands burst into loud laughter.

"Pure?" Della said. "Is that what you're laughing at, you brutes? Well, I *am* pure, and I'll thank you to go join your unhappy wives and let a girl from Little Rock try to meet a boy from San Francisco."

She turned her handsome back to them quickly and almost slipped.

"You be very careful, Della," Nicole said. "If you fall, I'll really get the devil."

"Don't you worry about me, honey. I don't fall—anywhere. Falling hurts my career . . . I'm a movie star, Mr. Reykjavik."

"Everybody knows that," Nicole said.

"He doesn't."

"Yes, I do."

"Then why don't you make a fuss over me, the way everybody else in America does? Fans, photographers, newspapermen, magazines, Prince Tournevire, Harry Hartington, and all those husbands down there on their way back to their wives at last. If you know I'm a movie star, why don't you fall at my feet?"

"How can he, in a tree?" Nicole said.

"I don't fall, either. Not any more, at any rate."

"Were you terribly unhappy when you were married?"

"I was in love."

"Oh, that's the worst unhappiness of all."

"I know, and never again."

"Really?"

"Two years of marriage, two years of torching—that's enough for me. Tree, terrace, town or country, I'm not falling any more."

I swung up onto the second-highest branch and sat there, with Nicole a few feet away on a smaller branch.

"I never thought you'd climb all the way up."

"Well, here I am, and let me have a look at you."

"Why?"

"I like you."

"You do not."

"Yes, I do."

"You're just saying that. I'm not pretty. I know I'm not. And I don't want to be, ever. My mother's pretty. Her friends are pretty. Their little girls are pretty. Do you have a little girl?"

"No."

"A little boy?"

"No."

"How come?"

"Yes," Della said. "You were married two years. How come?"

"It's a long story."

"Did you *want* a little girl?" the movie star said. She got up onto the next branch and stood there.

"I did."

"All right. I've told you what I do, so now you tell me what you do."

"Tell me, too," Nicole said. "Are you a producer, like my father, or a director, or a writer, or an actor, or what?"

"Yes. Or what?" Della said.

"Hang on tight now—both of you." They both hung on, and I told them: "I'm a cop."

"Oh, no!" Della said.

"Oh, yes!" Nicole said. "He *is* a cop. FBI."

"No, motorcycle."

"I don't believe you," Della said. "You don't look like a cop and you don't talk like one."

"You can climb down now, Miss Roma. I told you I'm nobody."

"I can climb up, too, but I'm going to stay right where I am for a minute. If you're a cop, what are you doing at this party?"

"I came here from San Francisco twelve years ago to be best man at Willie's wedding. I've been here ever since. Every once in a while, Peg and Willie invite me to one of their parties. I haven't been to one in four or five years, but I thought I'd come to this one."

"Why?"

"I hadn't seen their kids in a long time and I thought I'd like to see them again. When they were little I used to know them quite well."

Postscript to Rain

The rain has stopped,
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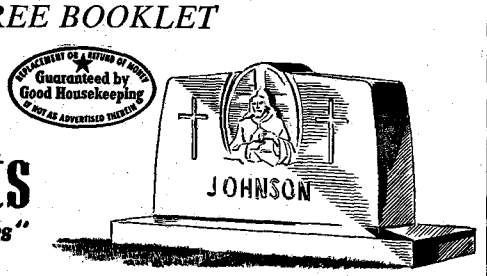

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"You did?" Nicole said. "Did you know me when I was little?"

"Yes, I did."

"How come?"

"Well, your father was just getting started in those days, and whenever he wanted to take your mother to dinner with a lot of big movie people, he used to ask me to come over and baby-sit. I always said to myself, 'This girl is a natural-born tree-climber.'"

"Bet your life I am," Nicole said. "What does a motorcycle cop do—chase robbers?"

"Sometimes."

"Money robbers?"

"Sometimes."

"I think chasing robbers is the best work in the whole world. Not like being a silly old movie producer. Will you take me sometime?"

"Not when I'm chasing robbers, but I'll take you for a ride sometime."

"How about me?" Della said.

"Sure, if you want to go."

"When?" Nicole said. "When will you take us? Both of us? Will you take us now? *Right now?*"

"I didn't come to this party on a motorcycle."

"Why not?" Della said.

"Nobody goes to a party on a motorcycle any more."

"Well, how did you come?"

"I walked."

"How far?"

"Oh, about six miles, I guess."

"Can you go get your motorcycle and take us for a ride?" Nicole said.

"It'll take me more than an hour to walk home and ride back."

"No," Della said. "I'll drive you there, and we'll all ride back together."

"Will you, Della, really?" Nicole said.

"Of course, I will."

"Well, what are we waiting for then?" Nicole said.

There were at least a hundred people at the party now. They were all so busy drinking and talking they didn't notice us climbing down, except Peg, who began to move through the people on her way to the tree.

"Don't let her punish me, will you, Della?" Nicole whispered.

"Your mamma's not going to punish you," Della said.

"That's what you think. Wait and see."

Peg was waiting for Nicole. She took her by the shoulders, looked at her a long time, and then said, "Oh, what's the use? All right, Nick, join the party. A lot of people want to meet my daughter. . . . And thank you, Gunnar. How in the world did you get her down?"

"I came down to go for a ride on Gunnar's motorcycle," Nicole said.

"Me too," Della said.

"What are you talking about?" Peg said. "Della, you're the guest of honor. Everybody's waiting to meet you."

Della looked over at the people at the party. They weren't waiting to meet anybody.

"Are you kidding?" she said. "Besides, there's plenty of time."

"Oh, no, Della. Please don't go crazy on me just because my foolish daughter climbed that tree."

"Crazy? Why, I'm having the best time I've ever had at a party."

"Willie's so proud you're going to be in his new picture. He's got dozens of important people he wants you to meet."

"I've met them," Della said. "I'll meet them again too. Plenty of time."

"We've got to go now," Nicole said. . . . "This way, Della. I know a short cut around the pool. The other way you'll run into all those people, and they'll never let you go."

"Nick, will you please shut up a minute?" Peg shouted. "I'll be damned if you're going to spoil every party your father gives! If you say another word, I swear I'm going to knock your head off!"

Nicole stood very straight, looking at her mother. Then she turned and fled, running around the pool, down the sloping lawn, to the fence, up the fence and over to the alley. As she ran she shouted, "I don't want you! I don't want your parties! I don't want anything!" But of course nobody heard her and nobody saw her go, except the three of us standing under the tree.

"She's a spoiled brat," Peg said. Her lips trembled as she spoke.

When she tried to laugh, Della said, "Let's go meet Willie's friends, Peg."

And that's when I began to fall again. I wanted to go get Nicole, but I knew I had already gone a little too far, as usual. I like kids because they're straight, and I like adults because it's impossible for them to be straight and successful at the same time. I went over to where the drinks were being poured, got one, and waited for somebody I knew, so I could say something too. Anything. But nobody I knew showed up.

I went into the house, drinking on the way, but nobody I saw was anybody I knew, so I kept going until I got to the front door. I put the drink on the table there, went out and walked down the street to the alley. It was paved, with clean white board fences, most of them covered with ivy or honeysuckle. There was a mockingbird in a magnolia tree—Hollywood is full of them, bird and tree both—and the (*Continued on Page 77*)

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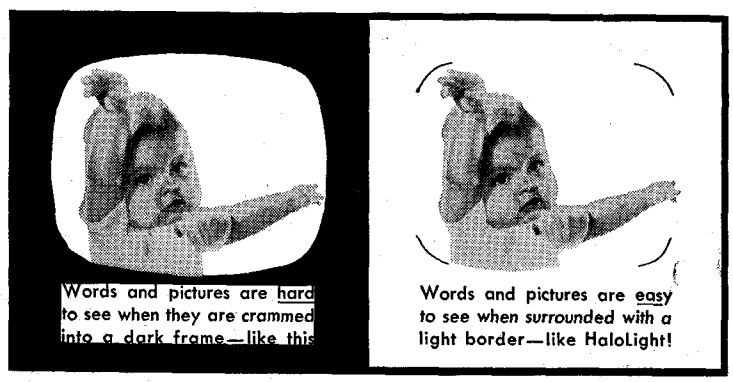
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(*Continued from Page 75*) bird was mocking. Near the end of the alley where it comes to Benedict Canyon, I saw Nicole standing behind a mass of honeysuckle.

"Ask your mother to phone me sometime when it's all right for you to go for a ride, and I'll come and get you."

I walked to Benedict Canyon, and then to Sunset, and before I knew it I was home, which is a two-room apartment over a garage on Franklin Avenue in Hollywood.

I hadn't been upstairs three minutes when the doorbell rang. It was Nicole.

"How did you get here?"

"I followed you. Can I have a glass of water?"

I got her a glass of water. She drank it with the chopping sound of satisfaction only very thirsty kids have, so I got her another glass, and she drank that one too.

"Another?"

"No, thanks." She looked around the apartment. "I had to see where you live. I guess I'd better get started back now. Good-by."

"Good-by? You don't think I'd let you walk back, do you?"

An optimist is a person who thinks that the good old days are yet to come.

CY N. PEACE

"I know my way."

"I'll take you back on my bike. And listen to me, will you, Nicole?"

"Yes, sir."

"You and I behaved very badly this afternoon, and I'm very angry at myself."

"I'm not angry at myself."

"Well, all right, but when you get home, go to your mother and tell her you're sorry. Everybody in a family has got to help everybody else."

"O.K., but you don't have to take me back. The party won't end for hours. I know. They're always supposed to be from five to seven, but they're never over until long after I've gone to bed. Every time. I can walk back."

"No; I promised you a ride, and this is my chance."

"You don't have to keep your promise."

"Yes, I do."

We went out onto the top of the stairway, and then down the wooden steps to the garage.

"Oh, golly!" she said when she saw the motorcycle. "Oh, what a beauty!"

I rolled the bike out of the garage to the driveway, placed her carefully on the front part of the seat, got on, and we were about to take off when a purple convertible with the top down rolled into the driveway with Della Harrigan at the wheel. She kept the convertible rolling slowly until it was alongside of us.

"I found Peg's address book in the powder room. I want my ride."

"Well, jump on, then. I've got to get you both back to the party."

"It's been a smashing success. I didn't leave until I'd met everybody. They'll all be there for hours."

"Is Peg looking for Nicole?"

"Oh, no. The party's going great. Nobody knows who's still there or who's gone. I'm sure everybody thinks I'm still there. We'll all go back and have some more fun. What did you leave for?"

"I don't know any of Peg's and Willie's friends these days."

"I'm one of their friends. You know me."

"Well, we've met."

"Where do I sit?"

"Right behind me, and I'm afraid you'll have to hang on real tight if you don't want to find yourself sitting on the pavement."

Della sat behind me and put her arms around me.

"A little tighter, I think."

She tightened her grip, I started the bike, and we rolled down the driveway slowly to Franklin Avenue. Then we began to go. At the corner of Hollywood and Highland, there was Eddie Singleman on his bike, in uniform, on duty.

"Is that you, Gunnar?"

"Sure is, Eddie."

"Who are the pretty girls?"

"Tell him I'm your wife," Della whispered.

"Mr. Singleman," I said, "may I present my wife?"

"Pleased to meet you, Mrs. Reykjavik," Eddie said.

"Likewise, I'm sure," Della said.

"I'm their daughter," Nicole said.

"Pleased to meet you, too, miss," Eddie said.

"Miss Nicole Reykjavik," Nicole said. "We're all three of us part Icelanders. On my father's side. On my mother's we're part Arkansas."

"Taking the family out for a little Saturday-evening drive, Gunnar?"

"Yeah."

"We could very easily buy a good secondhand car," Della said, "but I always say don't waste your money on luxuries, so you can afford another child. I'm quite pregnant right now."

"Well, take care of yourself, Mrs. Reykjavik," Eddie said. . . . "And, Gunnar, you drive careful now. Your wife's pretty enough to be in pictures."

"You're very sweet to say that, Eddie," Della said, "but I always say a woman's place is in the home, taking care of her husband."

"There ain't many like you left," Eddie said. "Take it easy now." He raced away.

"Oh, that was real nice," Nicole said. "It was all lies, but it was fun just the same. Please don't drive straight home."

We rode down Highland to Sunset, and then up into the hills. When we were at the top of a hill we stopped to have a look at Hollywood away down there. Nicole took off to do a little exploring, and Della turned around, so I could have another look at her instead of Hollywood. I knew I'd better watch it, but I couldn't. If a little girl is at the top of a tree and challenges me to get up there, I've got to get up there. If a big girl stands in front of me at the top of a hill in Hollywood and challenges me to take her in my arms, I've got to do it, movie star or no movie star.

"Again," Della said.

"Don't forget the little girl."

"Well, kiss her too. She's your daughter. And I'm your wife."

"Don't I wish you were, though?"

"Again."

"No, enough's enough, and here she comes, anyway."

"Run to your mamma, please," Della said.

Nicole ran with all her might into Della's arms. Della hugged her, swept her off her feet, twirled her around twice and swung her out to me. I took the little girl and hugged her, and then Della hugged her while I was hugging her, and there we were. A family, almost.

We got back on the bike and started down the hill, winding around and around, the two women talking happily, and me trying to think, trying to figure out what to do about a thing like this because I was at their feet.

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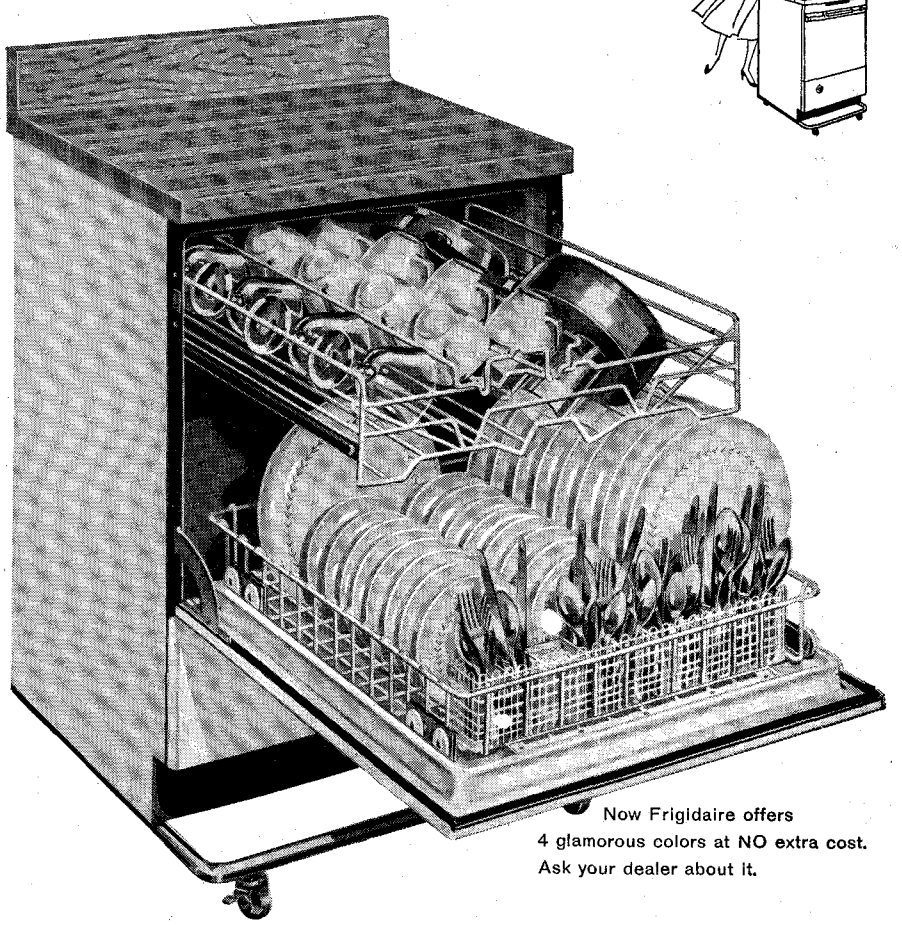

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I stopped the bike two blocks from the Kidling house. "You'd better walk the rest of the way."

They got off and Della kissed me the way a wife does when her husband's going to work.

"You take good care of yourself now," she said.

Then Nicole gave me a quick hug and they went off together.

I turned the bike around and drove to the station, in love again, tickled to death, and scared to death.

There was a five-handed game of stud in the back room, so I took a hand, got aces back to back, a third ace on the fifth card, against three kings, and took a big pot, almost three dollars, and this just isn't my kind of luck at all. I generally lose.

At midnight I went on duty—Highway 101 Alternate from Santa Monica to the Ventura County line, straight through Malibu, Point Dume, Zuma Beach and Trancas.

The weekend traffic was still heavy and hectic. I could have stopped just about everybody and written out a ticket, but I didn't because I had fallen again. All I did was ride along and hope nobody would crash or smash. I didn't even stop a kid and his girl in a hot-rod when he jumped a light.

I left the highway at Point Dume and rolled up and down the hills there. Nothing on the police radio was for me. And then, all of a sudden, it was. I looked at my watch—half past two—and took off as fast as I could go to Peg and Willie's house.

"It's all your fault!" Peg said. "You had no business climbing that tree. It's three o'clock in the morning. Where's my little girl?"

"Peg," Willie said softly, "Gunnar's my best friend."

"I don't care who he is," Peg said. "My daughter's been gone since half past six this evening, Mr. Reykjavik. Where is she?"

"Where's Della?" I said.

"I don't know and I don't care. She had no business climbing the tree either. You people who don't have kids are always making trouble for people who do."

"Can you give me her address?"

Willie wrote the address on a card.

I went out and got on my bike. I was on my way to Della's when I thought I'd better go to my own place first. The purple car was still in the driveway.

I ran up the steps, went in, turned on the light, and there on the sofa was Della, fast asleep. She opened her eyes and sat up.

"What time is it?"

"Three, and what are you doing here?"

"I had a little too much at the party, so when I came to get my car I thought I'd see if your door might be unlatched, and it was. I only expected to take a nap. I'm sorry if you're annoyed. Are you?"

"Of course not. Not with you, at any rate."

"You look annoyed. Who with, then?"

"Myself. Something's happened, and it's my fault."

"Look, if you're being blackmailed, I know a lawyer ——"

"No, no. Listen, Della. Nicole's disappeared. Now, please think back and think clearly. Tell me exactly what happened after Nicole and you got off the bike."

"Why, we went back to the party, of course."

"Did Nicole go to her mother?"

"No. As a matter of fact, when we reached the front walk, she said she wanted to go around the back way. Under the circumstances, I agreed that that might be a good idea, so I went back to the party alone. Nobody noticed that I had been gone, even. I stayed quite a long time, too, and then Ricky Vale dropped me off here to pick up my car."

"While you were at the party, did you see Nicole again?"

"No, come to think of it, I didn't. I felt sure she was about, though. I can't believe —— What do you mean, she's disappeared?"

"I don't get it, either, but there it is, and I've got to find her, that's all."

Della began to gather her things together. "What do you think's happened to her?"

"I don't know. Could be any number of things. As a cop, I know some of them could be pretty grim, but I'm not letting myself believe it might be any of them. I prefer to believe she's hiding out somewhere."

"Where?"

"Well, as a matter of fact, I thought it might be at your house, if she happened to know where it is."

"She knows. She's been there many times."

"And then I thought it might be here. It's probably nearer home, though. A school friend maybe. She could even be hiding somewhere in the house itself."

"Would Nicole do a thing like that?"

"I don't know. She might."

(*Continued on Page 80*)

"Congratulations, Buster—where's the buffet?"

BRAND/NAMES *make it easy for you to buy the* ***BEST***

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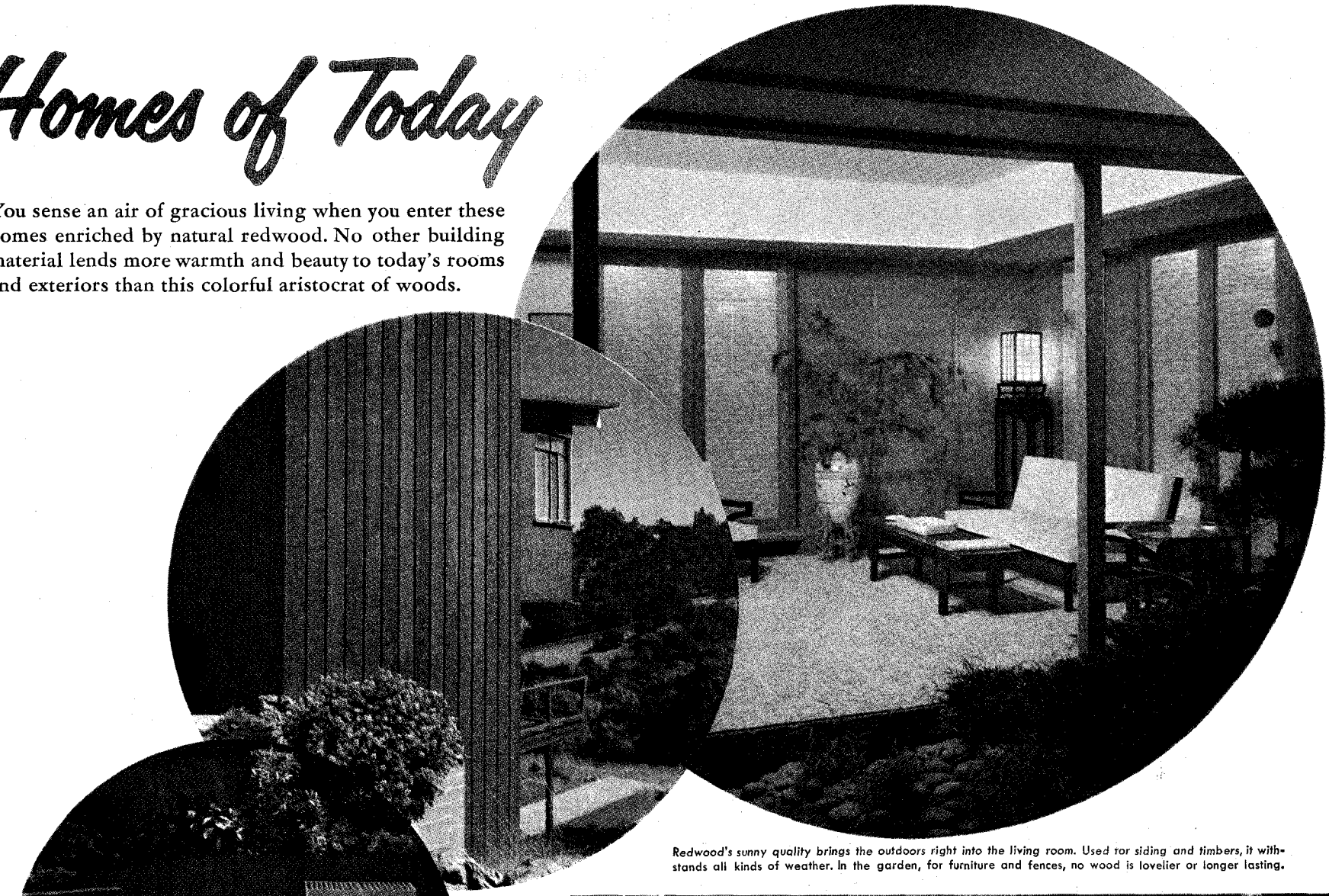
You sense an air of gracious living when you enter these homes enriched by natural redwood. No other building material lends more warmth and beauty to today's rooms and exteriors than this colorful aristocrat of woods.



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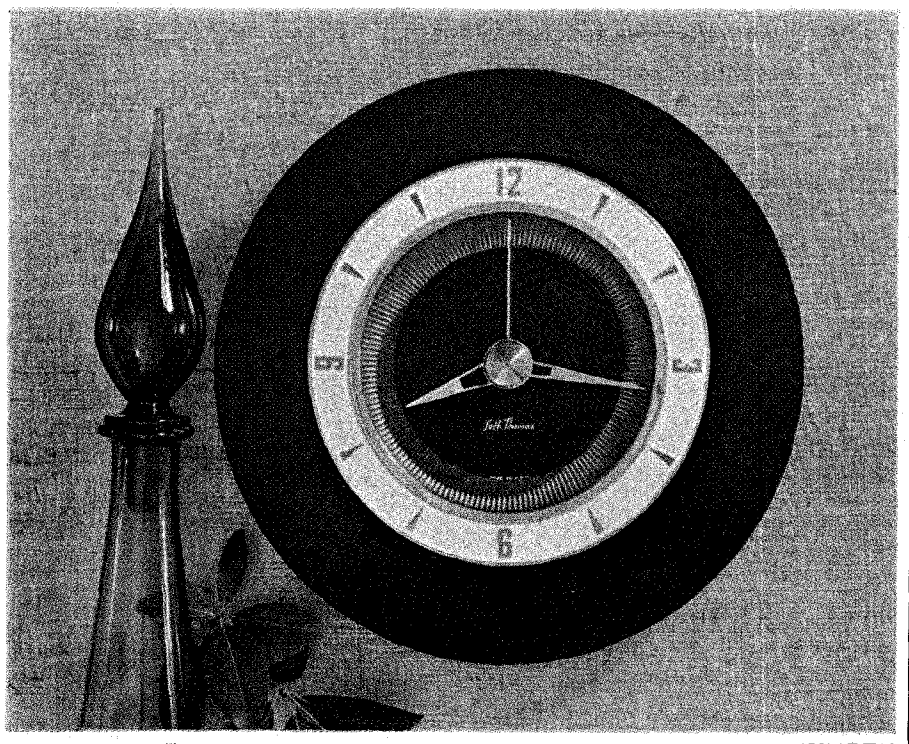

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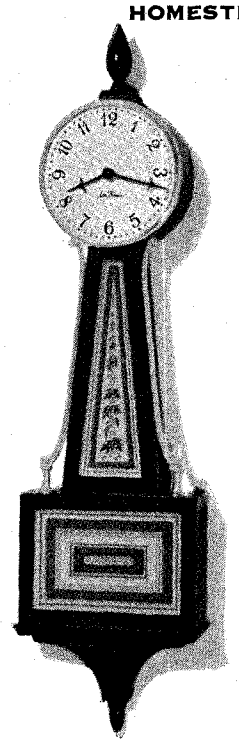

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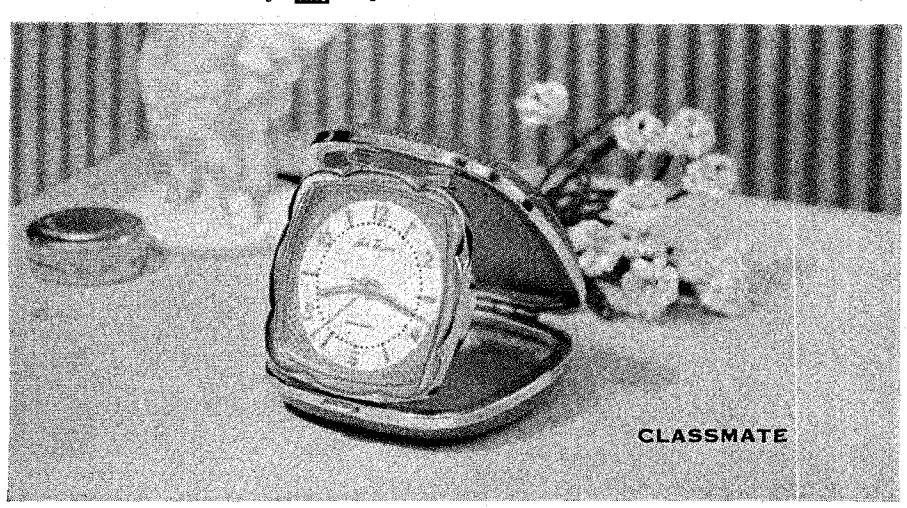

BRAND/NAMES *make it easy for you to buy the* ***BEST***

(*Continued from Page 78*)

"What are the bad things?"

"I'd rather not talk about them."

"Are they that bad?"

"They are. It happens all the time. Feeling hurt, she might just go along with anybody. She followed me all the way from her house to this house, to give you an idea. Are you all right? Can you drive?"

"Of course," Della said. "I'll be home in ten minutes. Why do you leave your door unlatched?"

"There's no reason to lock it."

"No wife? No kids? Is that what you mean?"

"I guess so."

"Why don't you marry me?"

"The girl I married asked me that question, so of course I married her. I don't know how to take that question with a grain of salt."

"Is this part of the long story you didn't want to tell me in the tree?"

"It's all of it. The rest is, she divorced me."

"Why?"

"Because I'm nobody. The only kind of girl who might possibly be happy with a man like that would have to be a nobody, too—like the girl you pretended to be when I introduced you to Eddie Singleman—and I don't think I'd be willing to impose a girl like that on my sons. After all, I owe them something too."

"How about your daughters?"

"My family doesn't have daughters. I'm the last of six sons. My brothers are all married and they've all got two or three sons each. We've always *wanted* daughters. We just haven't got 'em, that's all. Good night."

"Well, look," Della said. "If you want to kiss me good night, you can, you know."

"No. I'm still having a bad time from the last time I fell."

"Be sure to phone. At any hour. I won't be able to sleep."

"O.K."

I went out and rode back to Willie Kidling's. The house had been searched from top to bottom. Also, the garage and the garden. The floodlights had been turned on all around the pool. The police and the press had come and gone, and come and gone again. I got back on the bike and rode off, but I just didn't know which way to go. When a kid is lost, nobody can think and nothing helps. The only thing that can help is for the kid to be found, with no harm done. I drove to the station, but there was no news there, either. Everything was quiet everywhere. Why wouldn't it be? It was four in the morning. I left the station and rode back to Beverly Hills. At daybreak it came to me, and it was silly, that's all. It made sense, but it was silly too. I raced to the Kidling house, around to the alley, and stopped there. Nothing. Nobody. I climbed the fence and went up the sloping lawn, past the pool to the tree.

I climbed the tree again, but quickly this time. Nicole was wedged between two small branches at the top of the tree, half asleep. The foliage was so thick there, it wasn't easy to see her. I took her hand and said her name very softly.

"Time to come down. But be very quiet and very careful, will you?"

"Where we going?"

"You're going to your bed."

"No. I won't come down. My mother'll kill me."

"How long have you been up here, Nicole?"

"From the time you brought Della and me home. Nobody even saw me climb back up. I watched the whole party from up here. I fell asleep, and I didn't wake up until all the lights were turned on again after the party."

"You mean you saw them looking for you?"

"Of course I did."

"Well, why didn't you come down?"

"Why didn't they come up? Why didn't my mother? Why didn't my father? I'm not coming down if you're going to take me into that house."

"Where do you want me to take you?"

"To your house. Or to Della's house."

"Come on down, then."

"Your house or Della's?"

"Della's."

We got out of the tree and went down the sloping lawn to the fence, and over to the alley.

On our way to Della's, Chuck Englehart drew up on his bike.

"Is that the lost girl, Gunnar?"

"This is my daughter, Chuck. She gets up early and I give her a ride every Sunday morning."

"Are you sure, Gunnar? I've listened to the description all night. She answers the description."

"Little girls have a lot in common."

"If you're sure, Gunnar, anything you say."

Chuck rode off, and now I *was* scared because I (*Continued on Page 82*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I work better under a strain."

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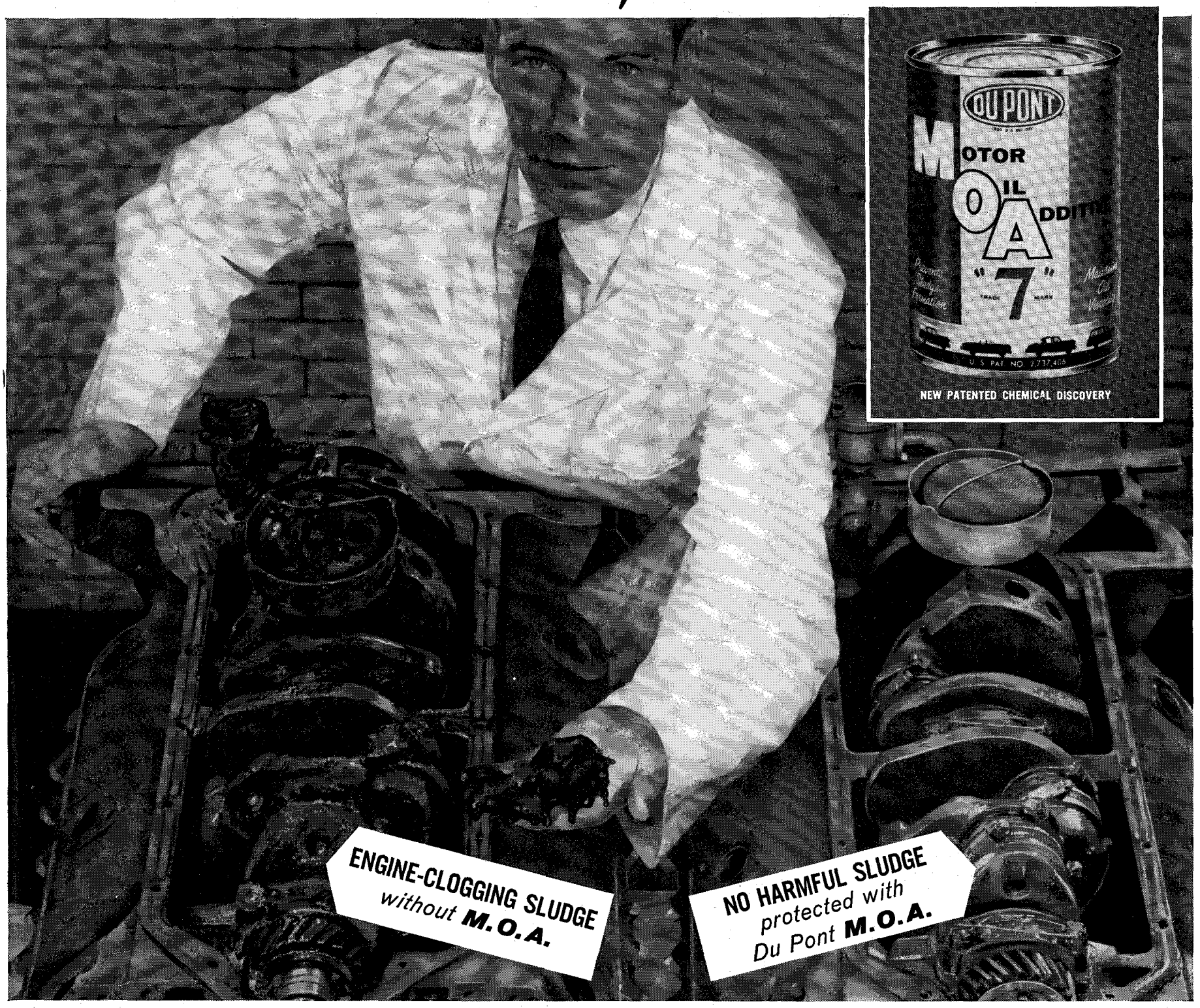
NEW DUPONT DISCOVERY KEEPS ENGINES CLEAN, CUTS REPAIRS



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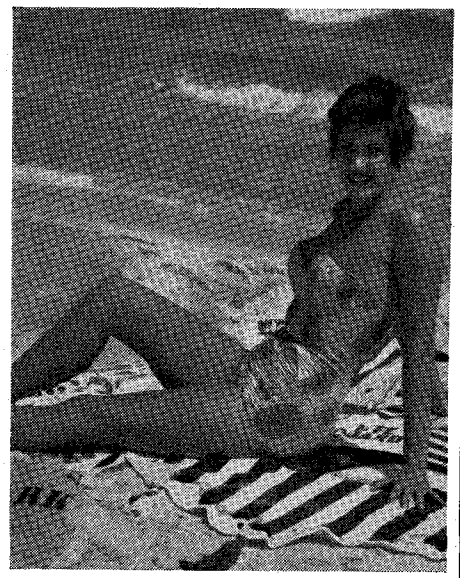

An Alabama "mermaid" on Alabama's Gulf beach

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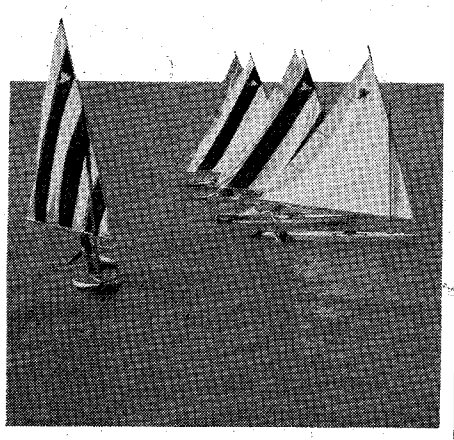
Head south for Alabama. Thousands of miles of safe modern highways,with picnic grounds and tables every few miles. Enjoy scenic mountain drives. Explore mammoth caves and caverns, ancient Indian mounds, Ave Maria Grotto of religious shrines, Bellingrath famous flower gardens.

Catch lunker bass or salt water sailfish and tarpon. Visit the White House of the Confederacy (as Jefferson Davis left it in 1861). Go swimming, boating, water skiing. Relax on Alabama's silver Gulf beaches.

JAMES E. FOLSOM, *Governor*



Above: Sail boating on Alabama's TVA lakes.

Below: Alabama flowers (the ones in the background are azaleas).

MAIL COUPON FOR VACATION GUIDE

GEOFFREY BIRT, *Director,*
Alabama Bureau of Publicity (Dept. SM)
711 High Street, Montgomery, Alabama.

Please send free Alabama Vacation Guide.

Name_____

Street No. or RFD_____

City_____ State_____

(*Continued from Page 80*) knew Chuck didn't believe me. I don't know why, but I just couldn't grab a little girl out of a tree, whack her bottom and take her, crying, into her house to her mother. I just couldn't do that. I just had to believe a child has the same rights as an adult.

Both of the Sunday-morning papers were outside Della's door, and a paper-delivery boy was at the other end of the hall. I could only hope he wouldn't turn around, but he did.

I pressed the button and heard a chime, and Della came to the door. "We've got to speak very quietly."

"Yes, of course," Della said, "but where did you find her?"

"Let Nicole tell you. I'll fix her some breakfast."

Della and Nicole went down a long hall to her bedroom, and I went to the kitchen. Orange juice. Boiled eggs. Bacon. Toast. I put the stuff on a tray and took it to Della's bedroom.

Della brought Nicole out of the bath, wrapped in a heavy purple towel.

"There's a hot breakfast for you, Nicole. Please eat it and get a little sleep—in a bed this time."

"I'm wide awake," Nicole said.

"Well, eat your breakfast and just rest in bed then."

I went back to the kitchen, and after a few minutes Della came there too.

"Is she all right?"

"I think she's a little scared."

"Well, I've done it again."

"You found her, didn't you?"

"Yes, but I should have taken her straight to her mother and father."

"Well, why in the world didn't you?"

"She didn't want me to."

"You *are* a nut, aren't you?"

"Yes, I'm afraid I am. Now, look, there's a way of straightening this whole thing out without hurting anybody—Nicole, Peg, Willie, you, the police, the press, the people."

"What people?"

"The people who like to read about the troubles of other people."

"Oh, them," Della said. "Well, this is none of their business."

"It is now. Nicole Kidling, daughter of the famous producer, William Kidling, and the famous actress, Peggy Barker.... How do you like your eggs?"

"Scrambled, medium." Della fetched the morning papers and spread them out on the kitchen table.

"Oh, no!" she said. "Two pictures of Nicole on the front page, one each of Peg and Willie, and the names of just about everybody who was at the party. Well, if Peg wanted a successful party, she certainly got it. And she can thank her daughter too. She's always felt her parties haven't gotten enough attention, not even from Louella Parsons and Hedda Hopper. *This* party's on the wire services. If I didn't know the truth, I'd say it was a publicity stunt. Listen to this: 'The guest of honor at the party was the madcap Leonora Roma, who is to star in Mr. Kidling's next picture, High as a Kite.' I don't understand where they get that madcap stuff. For six long years all I've done is work very hard."

I put the plate of scrambled eggs and bacon in front of Della.

"What's the matter with you? Aren't you eating?"

"No, I can't. Please try to help me, Miss Roma. What do we do? Do we call Willie and tell him, or what?"

"I don't know why not. I'll tell him plenty too. I've got half a mind to go on suspension. He's got his nerve plugging his picture at my expense. And Nicole's too."

"Yes, we'd better not forget Nicole. Before you phone, we'd better talk to her."

"What about?"

"The three of us have got to agree on a story that won't hurt anybody."

"Well, what's the matter with the truth?"

"No, that won't do at all."

"Why not?"

"Well, for one thing, she was right there the whole time, and that'll make the mother and the father look silly, and the police too. The truth'll make it look even more like a publicity stunt than it already does too."

"I do sympathize with Peg, though."

"Of course you do."

"Oh, I don't mean about Nicole. I mean about her career. It just came to a stop five or six years ago, and she just won't quit. She gets one or two small parts a year and tries to believe she's still a star. A party a month, she averages. A big party, I mean. Two or three little ones every week. Who's important now? Who's new? Get them over to the house, and maybe something'll happen to her career. How can you expect the little girl not to be lost in an atmosphere like that? Peg just hasn't got any time for Nicole."

"Try not to be too critical of a mother until you're one yourself."

"Well, it's the truth."

"Only kids are entitled to live by the truth. The rest of us have got to live by lies."

"You don't."

"I do my best."

"By pretending to be a cop? You're no cop."

"I am, and I'm not pretending. Could you say you came home after the party and went to bed? Early in the morning Nicole walked into your bedroom and confessed that she had spent the night? Is there a place somewhere in the apartment where she might have slept?"

"Well, there's a second bedroom—very small. I almost never look in there. The maid just keeps it clean and shuts the door."

"Would that be all right with you?"

"Sure, if you think it'll be all right with everybody else."

"You're very kind, Miss Roma."

"Oh, now, look here. I asked you long ago to please lay off that Miss Roma stuff. I'm not an actress in my own home."

"O.K. We haven't got too much time. The sooner we let Peg and Willie know, the better. Do you think Nicole's rested enough now to go over the story with us?"

"What for?"

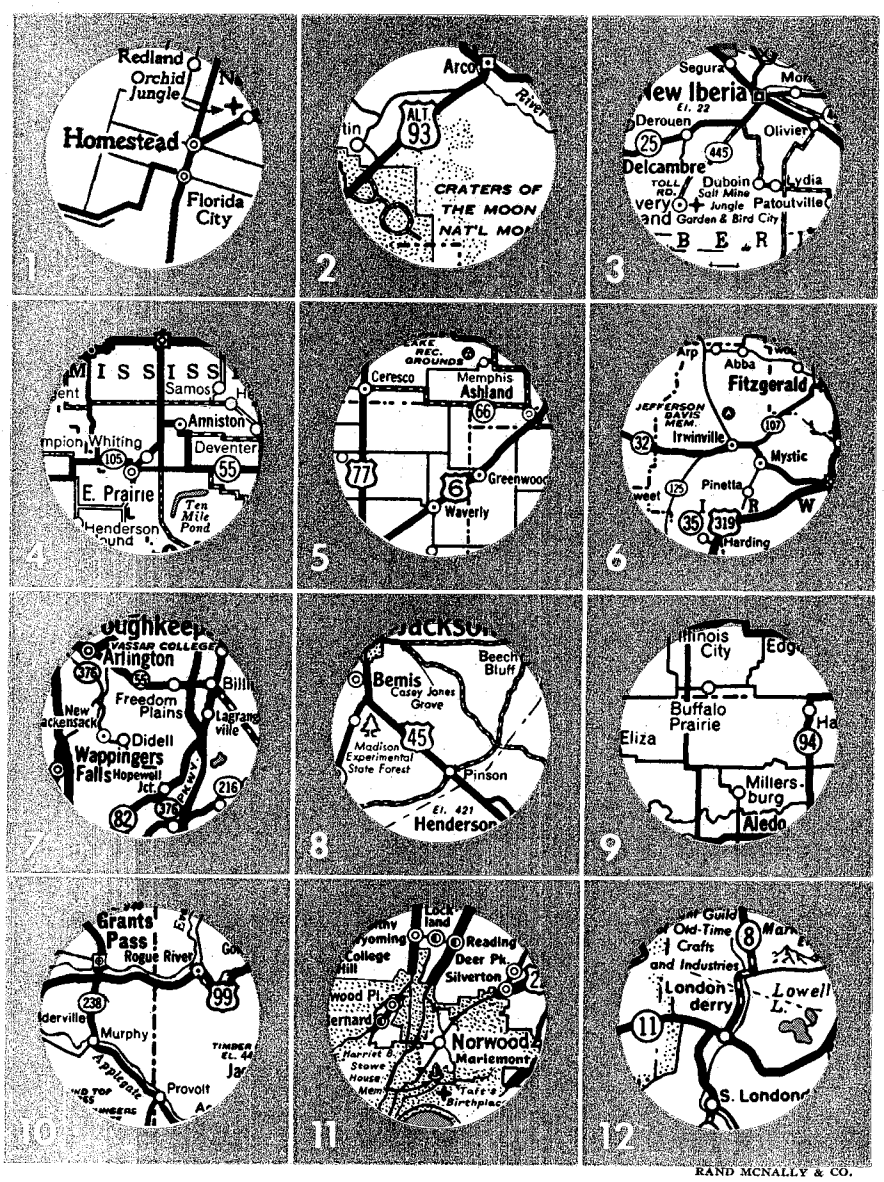
"It might be too late later, but even if it weren't, Nicole has got to agree to the story."

"That's silly. She's just a little girl."

"She isn't going to be little forever. Will you see if she's awake?"

"What's the rush?"

"The police are going to pay you a visit very (*Continued on Page 84*)



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Where Do You Think You Are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. There is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states?

Dorothy Joyce

(*Answers on Page 84*)

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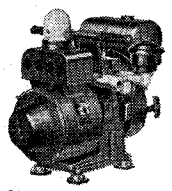

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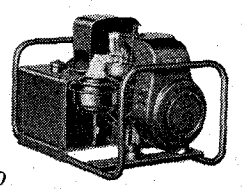

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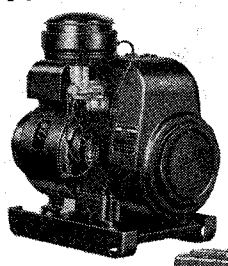

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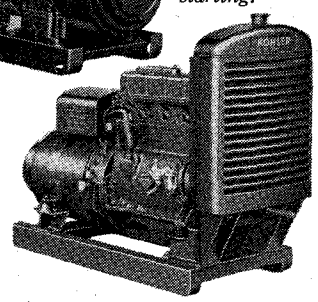

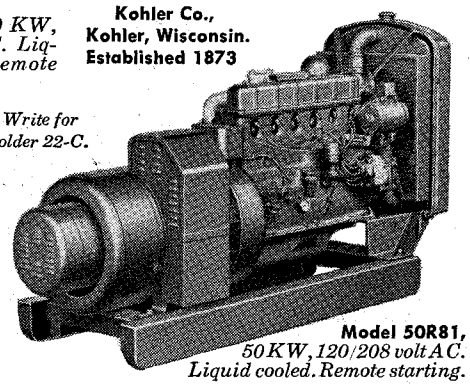

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THE SECRET BEHIND HER

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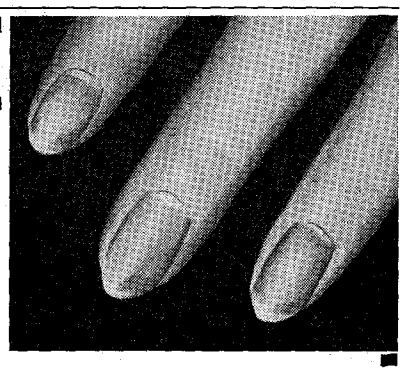

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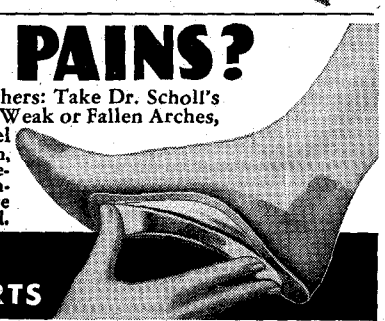

Dr Scholl's ARCH SUPPORTS

There is a Dr. Scholl Foot Comfort Appliance or Remedy for Every Common Foot Trouble

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(*Continued from Page 82*) soon. And when they do, I'd better not be here."

"Why not?"

"I'm a cop, I'm not off duty until eight o'clock in the morning, and what am I doing here?"

"Visiting me—a friend."

"Oh, just fine. That'll be just fine, won't it?"

"Well, won't it?"

"A cop in uniform here with just about the most beautiful girl in the world?"

"More beautiful than the girl who divorced you?"

"Well, maybe not more beautiful, but certainly not less."

"Are you in love with me?"

"Suppose I were?"

"I'd ask you to buy me a little house with an adjoining olive tree."

"What for?"

"So when we have a daughter, she can climb it, and we can climb up after her."

"Nicole's the only daughter you and I will ever have. The only one we'll ever climb a tree about too. We've had her, and now we've got to get her back to her mother and father."

"They won't climb a tree about her."

"They won't have to because she won't want them to, any more, after we agree on a story."

"Are you in love with our daughter too?"

"Nicole? Of course I am. She's the first daughter in six generations of the Reykjavik family."

"No, not Nicole; our own."

"I've already told you I can't take talk like this with a grain of salt."

"I believe you really do love me."

"Yes, I believe I do."

"And I believe you believe I don't mean a word I'm saying."

"Yes, I believe that too."

"Well, marriage isn't everything, and I've been married twice, as you know."

"Yes, it's like money all right. It isn't everything."

"It turns a good man into a husband overnight, and I just can't stand them—mine or anybody else's."

"Well, in a way we've been married anyhow, we've had an eight-year-old daughter in a tree, and maybe that's as good as we'd ever be likely to do, in any case."

Della got up and came around the table. "Well," she said, "let's kiss our little marriage good-by, then, and go about our business, shall we?"

"Yes, I think that that's the grown-up thing to do."

I held her head in my hands a moment, and then I put one on her forehead just above her watching left eye. I felt proud of myself for watching it so well.

"Cold," Della said. "Courteous and cold, as a good-by kiss should be from a man from Iceland."

"Well, that takes care of the marriage."

"Now," Della said, "one to take care of our daughter—on the mouth."

Well, she was there, with her mouth open in a little smile, so what could I do? I put one *there*, too, only I didn't watch it very well, and there went four arms around two people all of a sudden—one of them Della Harrigan and the other myself, whoever I am, so far from Iceland, so many years later. I kept trying to watch it, but I just couldn't. There just wasn't anything else to do but let Iceland melt and go, and hold on to Della forever. I just might have done it, too, if I hadn't heard a lot of car doors slamming, and there down in the street I saw the police and press getting out of cars and running into the building.

"Well, here they come, and we haven't got Nicole's approval of the story. Better use it just the same. I'll go out the back."

"There is no back," Della said.

The door chime sounded, and then somebody knocked softly.

"You open it," Della said.

I went to the door, trying to clear my head on the way. I opened the door and they came in—my boss Captain Salvi, Chuck Englehart, two other cops, the paper-delivery boy, three men with flash cameras, and three others—reporters, most likely.

"Can we please try to be quiet, Captain Salvi? The little girl's asleep."

Captain Salvi went to work asking me questions, and I tried my best to answer them without hurting anybody, especially Nicole and Della.

Captain Salvi said, "Reykjavik, if what you say is true, and the girl spent the night here, I'd like the press to see her. This case has created a great deal of public interest, and we owe it to the people to let them know the child is all right."

Della looked at me. "If you'll come with me, please," she said, "you may bring her out."

"Have I your permission, Captain Salvi?"

"Please do as Miss Roma says."

Della led the way down the long hall to her bedroom. She opened the door and we went in. Nicole was not in Della's bed. Della closed the door behind her quickly, bolted it, and I went to the night table and picked up a piece of letter paper on which a message had been printed in pencil.

I handed Della the message:

"I herd what you said. Your just like all the others. Good by. Nicole K."

"Well, what in the world *did* we say?"

"Who knows? Well, we've got to go back and tell 'em the truth, that's all. From the beginning to the end. Otherwise we'll never get out of this. Come on."

"But what about Nicole? Where is she now?"

"She's probably back in the tree. Come on; the longer we stay in here the worse it is for you."

"I can't be bothered about that."

Della began to dial the telephone on the night table. "Willie?" she said suddenly into the phone. "This is very important. Don't ask any questions. Just do what I tell you. Run out into the garden to the olive tree and look up, and then run right back, will you? I'll be waiting." She put down the phone. "What do you think?"

"Well, I can only hope she *is* back in the tree, because then this whole thing will be worked out the way it ought to be—except, of course, for you. I mean, on account of me. What's the press going to think about *that?*"

"I don't know and I don't care," Della said. "Do you?"

"I certainly don't want to involve you in a silly scandal."

"So it turns out the whole world believes you're a boy friend, as the saying is. So what?" (*Continued on Page 86*)

Answers to

Where Do You Think You Are?

(Page 82)

1. Fla.	2. Ida.	3. La.
4. Mo.	5. Neb.	6. Ga.
7. N.Y.	8. Tenn.	9. Ill.
10. Ore.	11. Ohio	12. Vt.

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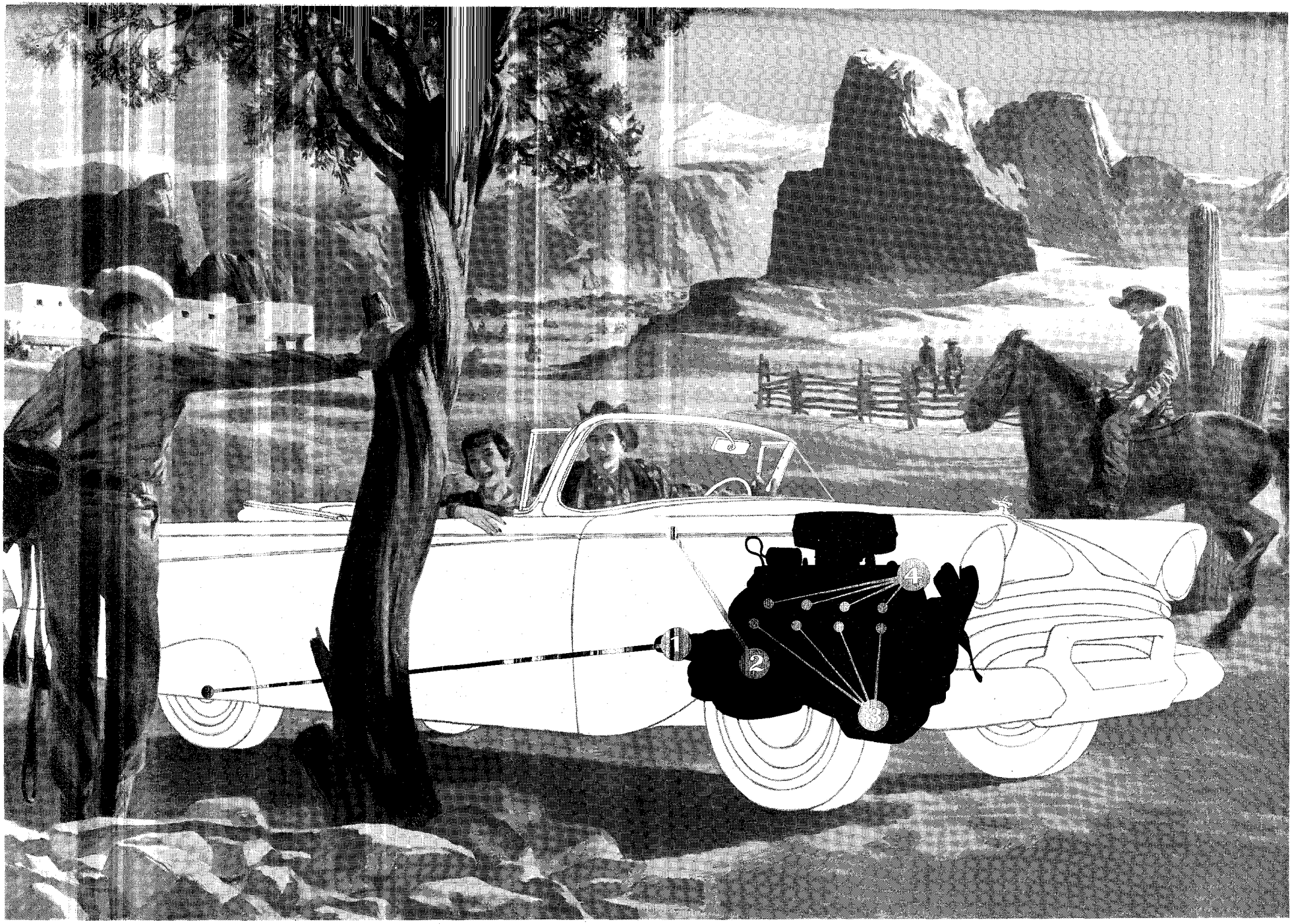

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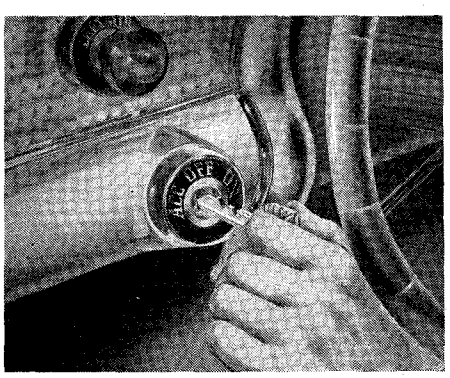

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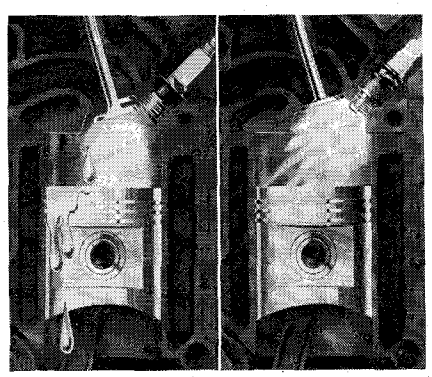
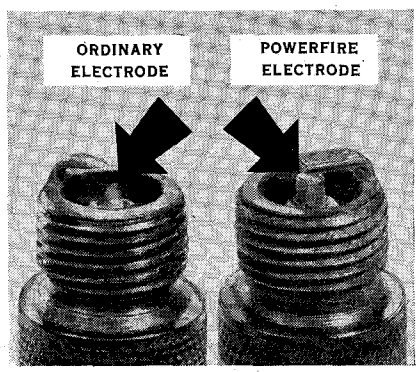


3 Less engine wear—Old, misfiring plug (left) leaves raw gasoline in cylinder to drain into crankcase and dilute oil. New full-firing Champions (right) burn up the gas. They protect oil from dilution; help you avoid big repairs.



4 Lower cost-per-mile—Photo above shows that great new Champion Powerfire electrode stands up better than ordinary types under identical use. You get top power and gasoline economy for life of plug. Insist on 5-rib Champion spark plugs!

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(*Continued from Page 84*) "If it's O.K. with you, it's O.K. with me. Boy friend it is, then."

"If the worst came to the worst, we could even get married."

"You don't want to get married."

"Of course I don't, but we could just the same, couldn't we?"

"I couldn't marry somebody who didn't want to get married. I'm no gigolo, or whatever they are."

"Well," Della said, "if the little girl's safe at home, maybe I'll *want* to get married." She began talking into the phone again suddenly, "Willie? Yes, I'm here." She listened a moment, and then she said, "Now, listen, will you? Go and wake up Peg, and both of you climb the tree, and meet your daughter. I think you'll like her. Yes, you've got to do that! Both of you. But make it fast because half the world is going to be there in a few minutes."

Della listened a moment, and then she said, "Of course he's here. We're going to be married." She listened a moment again, and then she said, "What do you mean, I should think twice about a thing like that? I've already thought twice. If Grace Kelly can marry the Prince of Monaco, and Rita Hayworth can marry Aly Khan of India, why can't Della Harrigan marry a man from Iceland? What do I care what it'll do to the box office? Well, now, look, Willie, if you're finished being worried about Nicole because she's home again, and now you're worried about High as a Kite, maybe you'd better get another girl, because I'm really a little tired of working, anyway. I might just like to go on a voyage to Iceland and have a look at the place, and if I like it, I might just want to stay too. I'm glad Nicole is safe in the tree again. Good-by."

She hung up.

"Would you like to take me on a voyage to Iceland?"

"I've never been there, but I certainly would. In the meantime, I believe there's some people outside the door, listening."

"Well, suppose we talk a little louder, then?"

"I'm game."

"Well, then, ask me to be your wife," Della whispered.

"Della," I said in a loud clear voice, "will you be my wife?"

"Yes, I will, Gunnar. Will you take me to Iceland?"

"Yes, I will."

"In that case," Della said, "swing the door open and let's embrace for the police and the press, and then you can carry me across the threshold of my boudoir. After that, I want to go to sleep, while you go and turn in your bike, your badge and your cap."

I went to the door, unbolted it, opened it, and there stood Captain Salvi, Chuck Englehart, three cameramen, three reporters, the paper-delivery boy and six or seven people I'd never seen before.

"Nicole Kidling is safe at home. Della Harrigan has consented to be my wife, and as soon as we're married, I'm taking her on a voyage to Iceland, the land of my ancestors."

I went to Della, who was standing at the window with her lovely back turned to police, press, publicity, pictures and people in general.

"Della?"

She turned around. "There's always a first time, you know," she said.

"Which first time are you thinking of?"

"That your family has a daughter."

"Yes, it *could* happen."

"Let's kiss to that, then."

I didn't need to watch it any more, so I really kissed her this time. A lot of voices made strange human sounds, camera lights flashed, olive trees sprang up all over the place, with a little girl in every one of them, and I just couldn't be bothered any more about Captain Salvi, police rules and regulations, or law and order.

I just couldn't be bothered any more about anybody except Della Harrigan and the daughter we both hoped to find in a tree someday.

No Blade of Grass (Continued from Page 41)

appraisal of the situation. The United States, Canada, Australia and New Zealand all held grain stocks and were all prepared to impose rationing on their own populations with a view to making these stocks last over the immediate period of shortage. In Britain, a similar but more severe rationing of grain products and meat was introduced.

Once again the atmosphere lightened. The combination of news of an answer to the virus and news of the imposition of rationing produced an effect both bracing and hopeful. When a letter came from David, its tone appeared almost ludicrously out of key. He wrote:

> There isn't a blade of grass left in the valley. I killed the last of the cows yesterday and am salting them. Even if things go right, it will be years before this country knows what meat is again—or milk, or cheese.
>
> And I wish I could believe that things are going to go right. It's not that I disbelieve this report, but reports don't seem to mean very much when I can look out and see black instead of green.
>
> Don't forget you're welcome any time you decide to pack your things up and come. I'm not really bothered about the valley. We can live on root crops and pork—I'm keeping the pigs going because they're the only animal I know that might thrive on a diet of potatoes. We'll manage very well here. It's the land outside I'm worried about.

John threw the letter across to Ann and went to look out of the window of the sitting room. Ann frowned as she read it.

"He's still taking it all terribly seriously, isn't he?" she asked.

"Evidently."

John looked out at what had been the lawn and was now a patch of brown earth speckled with occasional weeds. Already it had become familiar.

Ann was silent for a while. John looked round at her. She was staring at the blank screen of the television set, with David's letter tightly held in one hand.

Ann said, "This idea—of Roger warning us if things go wrong, so that we can all travel north—is it still on?"

John said curiously, "Yes, of course. Though it hardly seems pressing now."

"Can we rely on him?"

"Don't you think so? Even if he were willing to take chances with our lives, do you think he would with his own—and with Olivia's and Steve's?"

"I suppose not."

They went down to the sea as usual with the Buckleys when the children came back for the summer half-term holiday.

Their halting place was on a spur of high ground, looking down to the shingle and giving a wide view of the Channel. Davey and Steve showed great interest in the traffic on the sea; there was a fleet of small vessels a couple of miles offshore.

"Fishing smacks," Roger explained. "To make up for the meat we haven't got, because there isn't any grass for the cows."

"And rationed from Monday," Olivia said. "Fancy, fish rationed!"

"It's a swindle," Davey said, "rationing, without even the excitement of there being a war on."

The children went back to school, and for the rest life continued as usual. Food rationing tightened gradually, but there was enough food to stay the actual pangs of hunger. There was news that in some other countries similarly situated, food riots had taken place, notably in the countries bordering the Mediterranean. London reacted smugly to this, contrasting that in discipline with its own patient and orderly queues for goods in short supply.

> When a woman suffers in silence, it means that her phone is temporarily out of order.
>
> EDWARD H. DRESCHNACK

"Yet again," a correspondent wrote to the Daily Telegraph, "it falls to the British peoples to set an example to the world in the stanch and steadfast bearing of their misfortunes."

John had gone down to the site of a new building his firm was erecting on the edge of the City. Trouble had developed on the tower crane, and he wanted to be on the spot. He was actually in the cabin of the crane, looking down into the building's foundations, when he saw Roger waving to him from the ground. He waved back, and Roger's gestures changed to a beckoning that even from that height could be recognized as imperative.

Roger was waiting for him at the bottom of the ladder.

John said, "Dropped in to see what kind of a mess we were in?"

Roger did not smile. He glanced round the busy levels of the site. "Anywhere we can talk privately?"

John shrugged. "There's a little pub just across the road."

"Anywhere you like. But right away. O.K.?"

Roger's face was as mild and relaxed as ever, but his voice was sharp and urgent. They went across the road together. The Grapes had a small private bar which was not much used and now, at eleven-thirty, was empty.

In the corner farthest from the bar, John asked, "Bad news?"

"We've got to move," Roger said. "The balloon's up."

"How?"

"The swine!" Roger said. "The damn murdering swine. We aren't like the Asiatics. We're true-blue Englishmen and we play cricket."

His anger, bitter and savage, brought home to John the awareness of crisis. He said sharply, "What is it? What's happening?"

"Game, set and match to Chung-Li. We've lost."

"What about the counter-virus?"

"The counter-virus still exists, but in the mild and modified form that viruses usually relapse into. It won't touch Chung-Li."

"When did this happen?"

"God knows. Some time ago. They managed to keep it quiet while they were trying to rebreed the virulent strain."

"They've not abandoned the attempt, surely?"

"I don't know. I suppose not. It doesn't matter."

"Surely it matters."

"For the last month," Roger said, "this country has been living on current supplies of food, with less than half a week's stocks behind us. In fact, we've been relying absolutely on the food ships from America and the Commonwealth. But charity still begins at home. The fact is that the people who've got the food want to make sure they aren't giving away stuff they will need themselves next winter. The last food ship from the other side of the Atlantic docked at Liverpool yesterday. There may be some on the seas from Australia and they may or may not be recalled home before they reach us."

John said, "I see." He looked at Roger. "Is that what you meant about murdering swine? But they do have to look after their own people. It's hard on us."

"No, that wasn't what I meant. I told you I had a pipeline up to the top. It was Haggerty, the P.M.'s secretary. I did him a good turn a few years ago. He's done me a damn sight better turn in giving me the low-down on what's happening. Everything's been at top-governmental level. Our people knew what was going to happen a week ago."

"And our measures?" John asked. "What are they?"

"The government fell yesterday. Welling has taken over, but Lucas is still in the cabinet. It's very much a palace revolution. Lucas doesn't want the blood on his hands—that's all."

"Blood?"

"These islands hold about fifty-four million people. About forty-five million of them live in England. If a third of that number could be supported on a diet of roots, we should be doing well. The only difficulty is: how do you select the survivors?"

John said grimly, "I should have thought it was obvious. They select themselves."

"It's a wasteful method, and destructive of good order and discipline. We've taken our discipline fairly lightly in this country, but its roots run deep. It's always likely to rise in a crisis."

"Welling," John said, "I've never cared for the sound of him."

"The time throws up the man. I don't like the swine myself, but something like him was inevitable. Lucas could never make up his mind about anything." Roger looked straight ahead. "The army is moving into position today on the outskirts of London and all other major population centers. The roads will be closed from dawn tomorrow."

John said, "If that's the best he can think of —— No army in the world would stop a city from bursting out under pressure of hunger. What does he think he's going to gain?"

"Time. Enough of that precious commodity to complete the preparations for his second line of action."

"And that is?"

"Atom bombs for the small cities, hydrogen bombs for places like Liverpool, Birmingham, Glasgow, Leeds—and two or three of them for London. It doesn't matter (*Continued on Page 88*)

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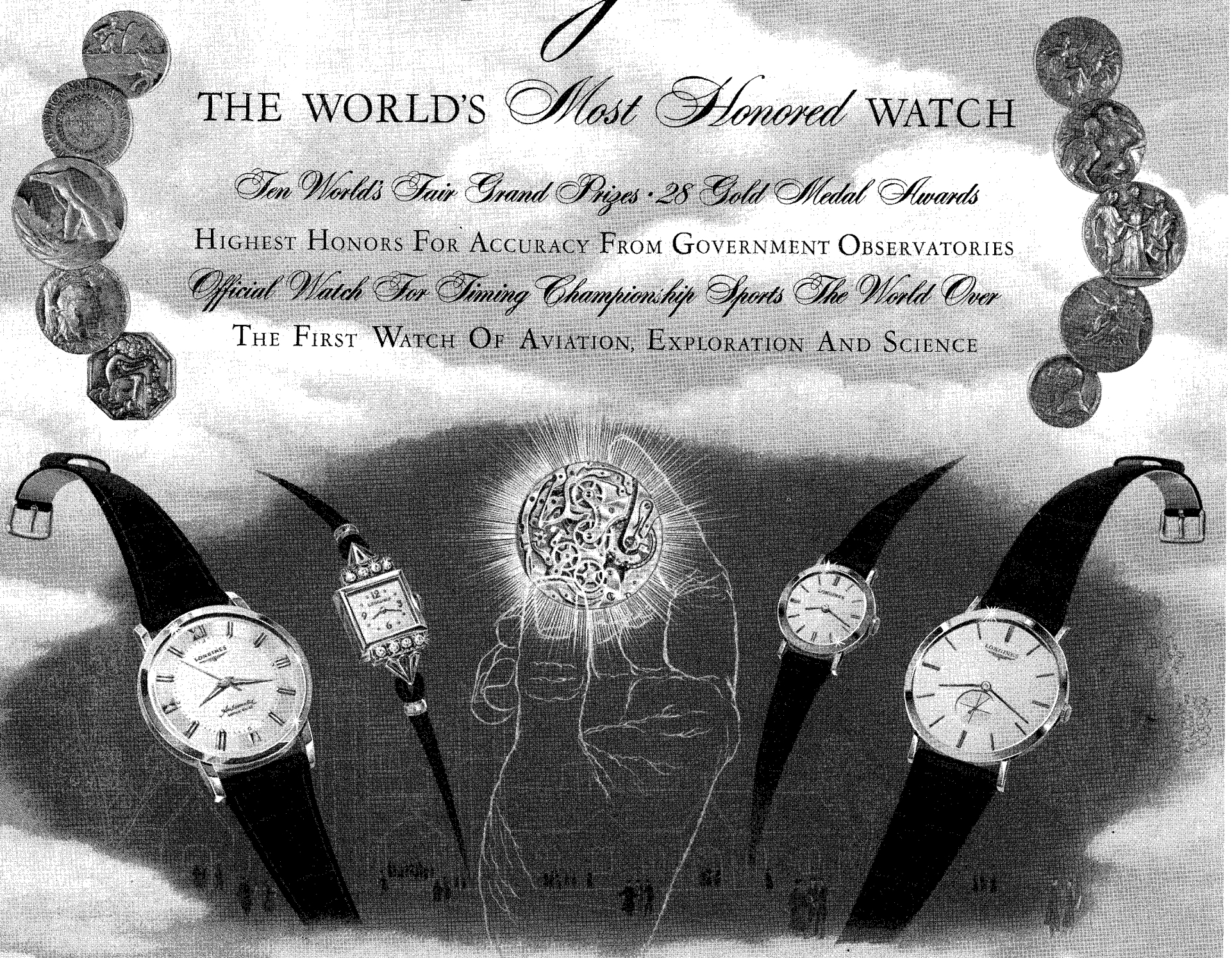

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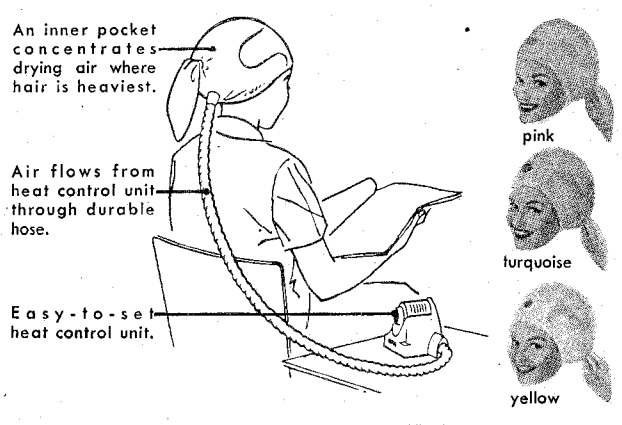
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(*Continued from Page 86*) about wasting them; they won't be needed in the foreseeable future."

For a moment, John was silent. Then he said slowly, "I can't believe that. No one could do that. They will never get people to man the planes."

"We're in a new era," Roger said. "Or a very old one. Wide loyalties are civilized luxuries. If it were the only way of saving Olivia and Steve, I'd man one of those planes myself."

Revolted, John said, "No!"

"When I spoke about murdering swine," Roger said, "I spoke with admiration as well as disgust. From now on, I propose to be one where necessary, and I very much hope you are prepared to do the same."

"But to drop hydrogen bombs on cities of one's own people ——"

"Yes, that's what Welling wants time for. I should think it will take at least twenty-four hours—perhaps as long as forty-eight. As a matter of fact, he can put a good cloak of generosity over the act."

"Generosity? Hydrogen bombs?"

"They're going to die. In England, at least thirty million people are going to die before the rest can scrape a living. Which way's best—starvation, or being killed for your flesh, or by a hydrogen bomb? It's quick, after all. And you can keep the numbers down to thirty million that way, and preserve the fields to grow the crops to support the rest. That's the theory of it."

From another part of the public house, light music came to them as the barmaid switched on a portable radio. The ordinary world continued, untouched, untroubled.

"It can't work," John said.

"I'm inclined to agree," said Roger. "I think the news will leak, and I think the cities will burst their seams before Welling has got his bomber fleet properly lined up. But I'm not under any illusion that things will be any better that way. Who is going to have the power to protect the potato fields against the roaming mob? Who is going to save seed potatoes for next year? Welling's a swine, but a clear-sighted swine. After his fashion, he's trying to save the country."

"You think the news will get out?" In his mind he visualized a panic-stricken London, with himself and Ann caught in it, unable to get to the children.

Roger grinned. "Worrying, isn't it? The sooner we get away, the better."

John said, "The children ——"

"Mary at Beckenham, and Davey at that place in Hertfordshire. I've thought about that. We can get Davey on the way north. Your job is to go and pick Mary up. Right away. I'll go and get word to Ann. She can pack essentials. Olivia and Steve and I will be at your place, with our car loaded. When you get there with Mary, we'll load your car and get moving. If possible, we should be clear of London well before nightfall."

"I suppose we must," John said.

Roger followed his gaze round the interior of the bar—flowers in a polished copper urn, a calendar blowing in a small breeze, floors still damp from scrubbing.

"Say good-by to it," he said. "That's yesterday's world. From now on we're peasants, and lucky at that."

Beckenham, Roger had told him, was included in the area to be sealed off. He was shown into the study of Miss Errington, the headmistress, and waited there for her.

She bowed her head coming through the door, and said, "Good afternoon, Mr. Custance." It was, John noted, just half an hour after noon. "I'm sorry to have kept you waiting. You've come about Mary?"

"Yes. I should like to take her back with me."

Miss Errington said, "Do have a seat." She looked at him, calmly considerate. "You want to take her away? Why?"

This was the moment that made him feel the bitter weight of his secret knowledge. He must give no warning of what was to happen; it was an essential to their plans that no news should get out.

And that necessity required that he should leave this tall, gentle woman, along with her charges, to die.

He said lamely, "It's a family matter. Her uncle, passing through London on his way abroad. You understand."

"You could have brought him here, of course." Miss Errington hesitated. "When would you be bringing her back?"

"I could bring her back this evening."

"Well, in that case —— I'll go and ask someone to get her." She walked over to the door, and opened it. She called into the corridor, "Helena? Would you ask Mary Custance to come along here, please? Her father has come to see her." To John she said, "If it's only for the afternoon, she won't want her things, will she?"

"No," he said, "it doesn't matter about them."

Mary came in, curtsied briefly to Miss Errington, and ran over to John.

"Daddy! What's happened?"

Miss Errington said, "Your father wishes to take you away for a few hours. Your uncle is passing through London, on his way abroad, and would like to see you."

"Uncle David? Abroad?"

John said quickly, "It's quite unexpected. I'll explain everything to you on the way. Are you ready to come as you are?"

"Yes, of course."

"Then I shan't keep you." Miss Errington held out her long, delicate hand. "Good-by."

John hesitated; his mind rebelled against taking her hand and leaving her with no inkling of what lay ahead. And yet he dared not tell her; nor, he thought, would she believe him if he did.

He said, "If I do fail to bring Mary back by eight, it will be because I have learned that the whole of London is to be swallowed up in an earthquake. So if we don't come back, I advise you to round up the girls and take them out into the country. At whatever inconvenience."

Miss Errington looked at him with mild astonishment that he should descend into such absurd and tasteless clowning.

As the car pulled out of the school grounds, Mary said, "What is it, daddy? Is it something dreadful?"

"Dreadful enough. We're leaving London and going to live in the valley. Will you like that?"

She smiled. "I wouldn't call it dreadful."

"The dreadful part," he said slowly, "will be for other people."

They reached home soon after two. As they walked up the garden path, Ann opened the door for them. She looked tense and unhappy. John put an arm round her.

"Stage one completed without mishap. Everything's going well, darling. Nothing to worry about. Roger and the others not here?"

"It's his car. Cylinder block cracked, or something. He's round at the garage, hurrying them up. Shouldn't be more than an hour."

Mary asked, "Are the Buckleys coming with us? What's happening?"

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Ann said, "Run up to your room, darling. I've packed your things for you, but I've left just a little space for anything which you think is specially important."

"How long are we going for?"

Ann said, "A long time, perhaps. In fact, you might as well act as though we were never coming back."

"What about Davey's things? Shall I look through those as well?"

"Yes, darling," Ann said. "See if there's anything important I've missed."

When Mary had gone upstairs, Ann clung to her husband. "John, it can't be true!"

"Roger told you the whole story?"

"Yes. But they couldn't do it. They couldn't possibly."

"Couldn't they? I've just told Miss Errington I shall be bringing Mary back this evening. Knowing what I know, is there very much difference?"

Ann was silent. Then she said, "Before all this is over, are we going to hate ourselves? Or are we just going to get used to things, so that we don't realize what we're turning into?"

John said, "I don't know. I don't know anything, except that we've got to save ourselves and save the children."

"Save them for what?"

"We can work that out later. Things seem brutal now, but we can't help it. When we get to the valley, it will be different. We shall have a chance of living decently again."

"Decently?"

"Things will be hard, but it may not be a bad life. It will be up to us what we make of it. At least, we shall be our own masters. It will no longer be a matter of living on the sufferance of a state that cheats and bullies and swindles its citizens and, at last, when they become a burden, murders them."

"No, I suppose not." Ann said, looking down the street. "Here's Roger at last."

"Swine!" Roger said, getting out of his car. "I paid them double for a rush job, and then had to hang around for three quarters of an hour while they looked for their tools."

It was four o'clock. Ann said, "Have we time for a cup of tea? I was just going to put the kettle on."

"Theoretically," Roger said, "we've got all the time in the world. All the same, I think we'll skip the tea. I shall feel a lot happier when we're clear of London."

They pulled away from the Custances' house with John's car leading, and drove to the north. They were to follow the Great North Road to a point beyond Welwyn and then branch west in the direction of Davey's school.

As they were passing through East Finchley, they heard the sound of Roger's horn, and a moment later he accelerated past them and drew up just ahead. As they went past, Olivia, leaning out of the window, called, "Radio!"

John switched on.

"... emphasized too strongly that there is no basis to any of the rumors that have been circulating. The entire situation is under control and the country has ample stocks of food."

The others walked back and stood by the car. Roger said, "Someone's worried."

"Virus-free grain is being planted," the voice continued, "in several parts of England, Wales and Scotland, and there is every expectation of a late-autumn crop."

"Planting in July!" John exclaimed.

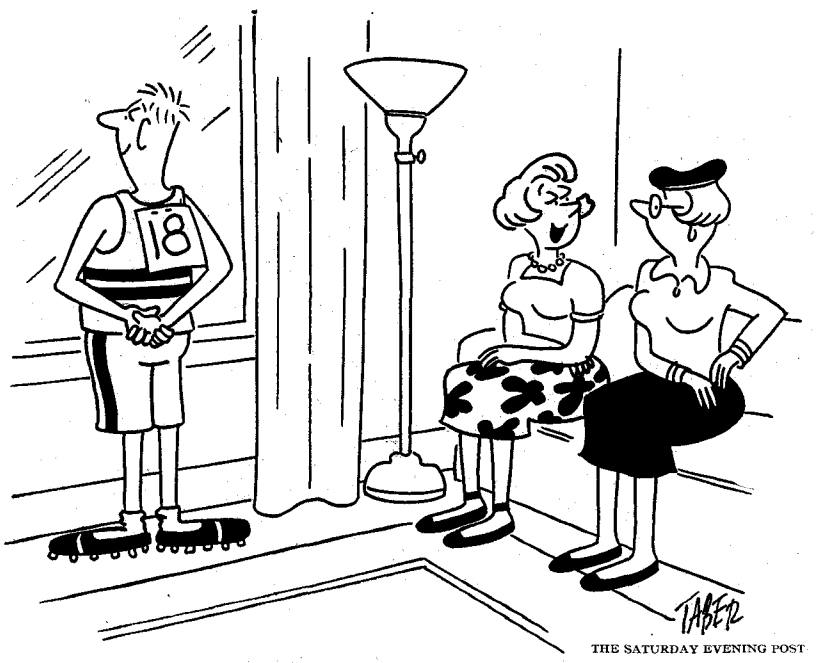
"Stroke of genius," Roger said. "When there's rumor of bad news, say that fairy godmother is on her way down the chimney. Plausibility doesn't matter at a time like that."

The announcer's voice changed slightly: "It is the government's view that danger could only arise from panic in the population at large. As a measure toward preventing this, various temporary regulations have been promulgated, and come into force immediately. The first of these deals with restrictions on movements. Travel between cities is temporarily forbidden. It is hoped that a system of priorities for essential movements will be ready by tomorrow, but the preliminary ban is absolute."

Roger said, "They've jumped the gun! Come on; let's try and crash through. They may not be ready for us yet."

The two cars drove north again, across the North Circular Road, and through North Finchley and Barnet. They met the roadblock just beyond Wrotham Park. Barriers had been set up in the road; there were khaki-clad figures on the other side. The two cars halted. John and Roger went over to the roadblock. Already there were half a dozen motorists there, arguing with the officer in charge.

"Ten filthy minutes!" Roger said. "We can't have missed it by more; there



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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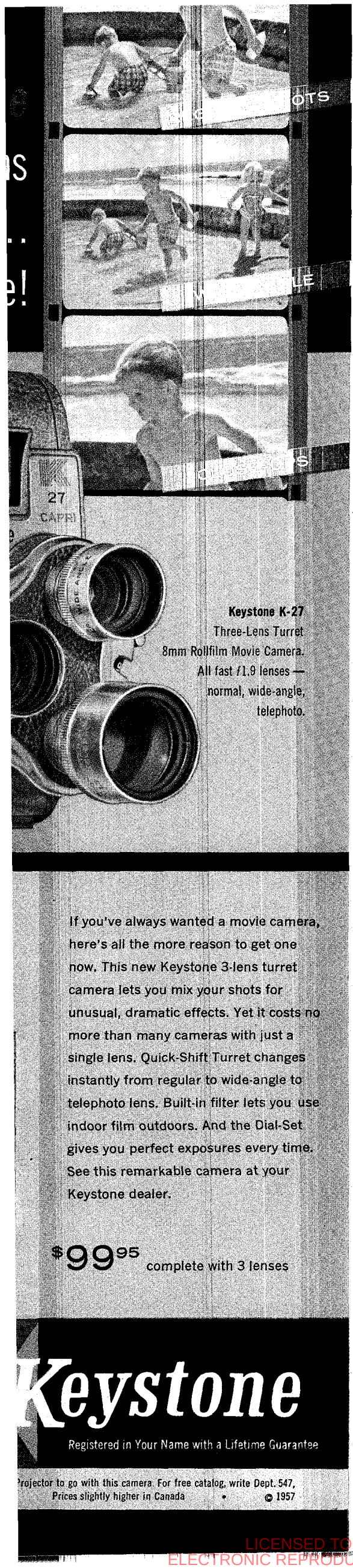

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would have been a much bigger pile-up."

The officer was a pleasant, rather wide-eyed young fellow, clearly enjoying what he saw as an unusual kind of exercise.

"I'm very sorry," he was saying, "but we're simply carrying out orders. No travel out of London is permitted."

Roger said quietly, "This is no go, Johnny. We couldn't even bribe him with a mob like this around."

The officer went on, "Don't treat this as official, but I've been told the whole thing's only a maneuver. They're trying out panic precautions, just to be on the safe side. It will probably be called off in the morning."

Roger jerked his head, and he and John began to walk back to the cars.

Roger said, "Very cleverly carried out. Unofficially, only a maneuver. That gets over the scruples of the troops. I wonder if they are going to be left to burn with the rest? I suppose so."

They reached the car. John said, "Then what do we do? Ditch the cars and try it on foot, through the fields?"

Ann said, "What's happening? They won't let us through?"

"They'll have the fields patrolled," Roger said. "Probably with tanks. We wouldn't have a chance on foot."

In an edged voice, Ann said, "Then what can we do?"

Roger looked at her, laughing. "Easy, Annie! Everything's under control."

John was grateful for the strength and confidence in the laugh. They lightened his own spirits.

Roger said, "The first thing to do is get away from here, before we land ourselves in a traffic jam." Cars were beginning to pile up behind them in the road. "Back toward Chipping Barnet, and there's a sharp fork to the right. We'll go first. See you there."

It was a quiet road. The two cars pulled up in a secluded part of it. The Buckleys left their car, and Olivia and Steve got in the back with Ann.

Roger said, "Point one—this road bypasses A-One and will take us to Hatfield. But I don't think it's worth trying it just yet. There's bound to be a roadblock on it, and we would be no more likely to get through it this evening than we should have been on A-One."

A Vanguard swept past them along the road, closely followed by an Austin which John recognized as having been at the roadblock. Roger nodded after them.

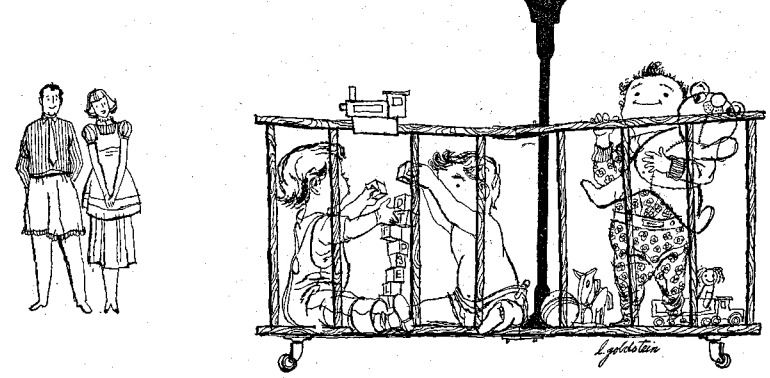
"Quite a few will try it, but they won't get anywhere."

Steve said, "Couldn't we crash one of the barriers, dad? I've seen them in the pictures."

"This isn't the pictures," Roger said. "Quite a few people will be trying to get through the blocks this evening. It will be quieter at night, and better in other ways too. We'll keep your car here. I'm taking ours back into town, and there's something I think I ought to pick up."

John understood Roger too well to think that when he spoke of picking something up he could be referring to an oversight in his original plans. This was a new factor.

He said, "Not likely to be any trouble in a spot like this is there?" Roger shook his head. "In that case, I'll come back with you. Two (*Continued on Page 93*)



You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

Mr. and Mrs. Earp, themselves childless, set up a baby-sitting service to help their prolific neighbors and earn some cash. For fifty cents an hour, they kept the kiddies in their own immaculate home. Everyone was pleased except the city officials. They cited a zoning ordinance against any "occupation other than customary home occupations" in a residential area, and sued to stop the Earps' baby-sitting.

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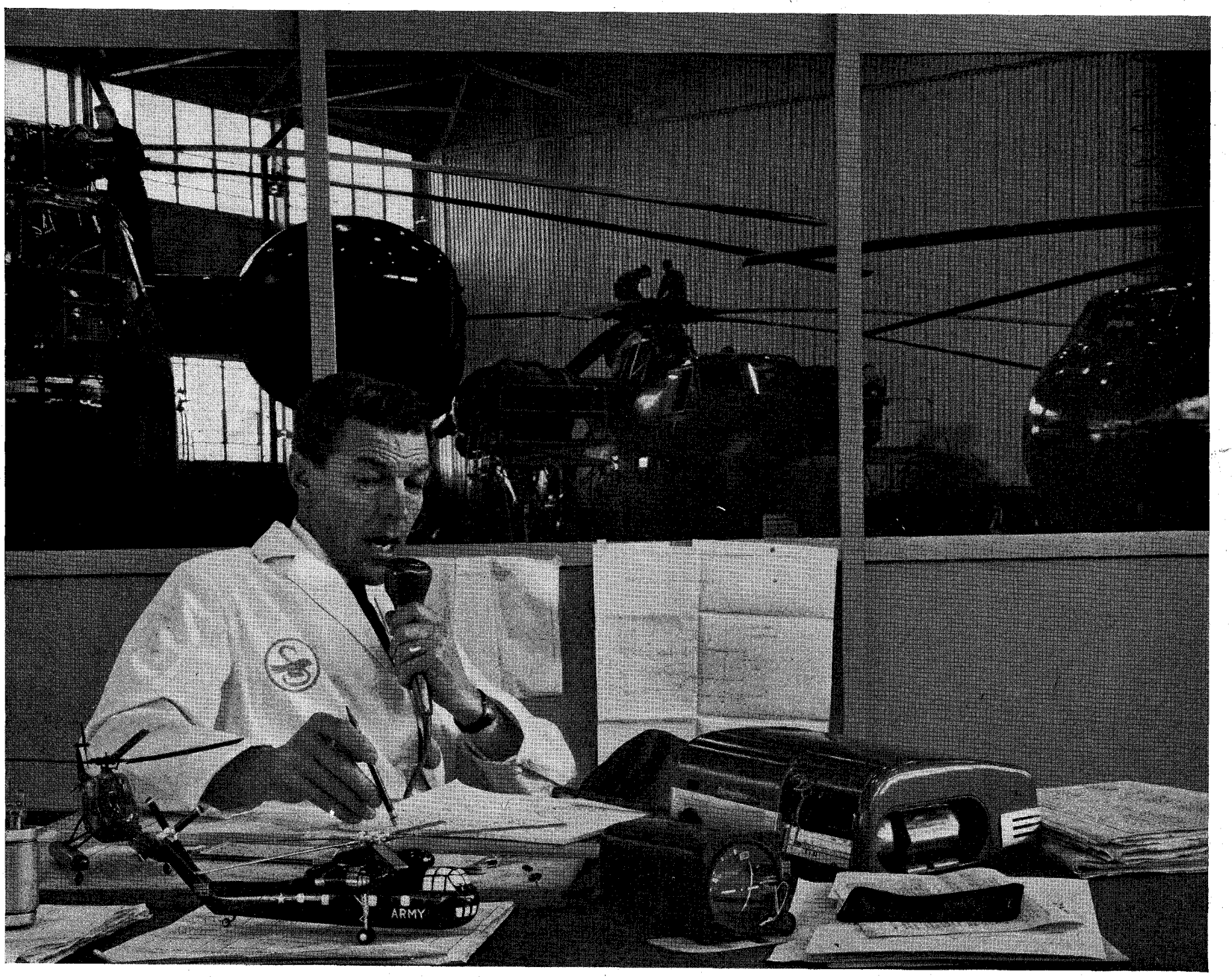

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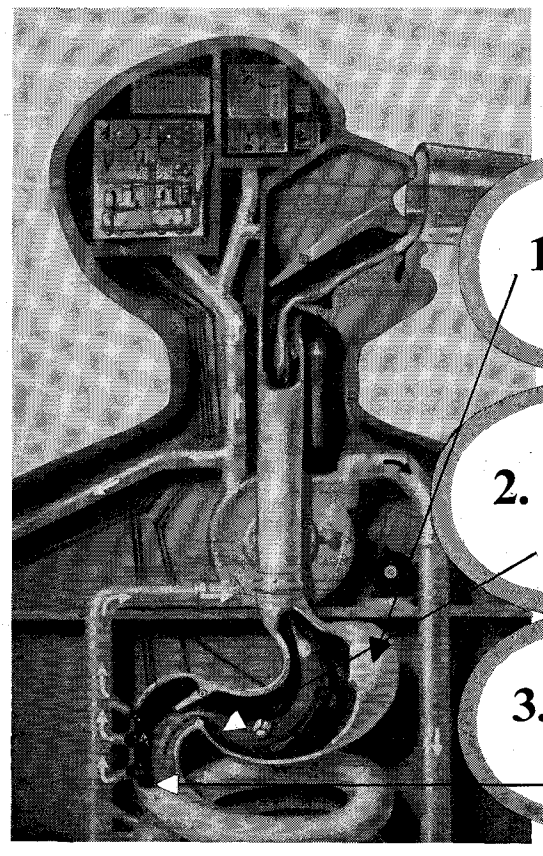

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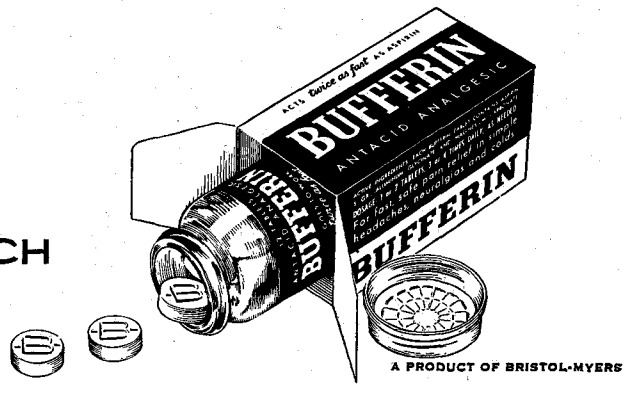

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(*Continued from Page 90*) will be safer than one if you're going south."

Roger thought about this for a moment. He said, "Yes. O.K."

"But you don't know what it's going to be like in London!" Ann said. "There may be rioting. Surely there can't be anything important enough to make you take risks like that?"

"From now on," Roger said, "if we're going to survive, we shall have to take risks. If you want to know, I'm going back for firearms. Things are breaking up faster than I thought they would. But there's no danger back there this evening."

Ann said, "I want you to stay, John."

"Now, Ann ——" John began.

Roger broke in, "If we want to kill ourselves, wasting time in wrangling is as good a way as any. This party's got to have a leader, and his word has got to be acted on as soon as it's spoken. Toss you for it, Johnny."

"No. It's yours."

Roger took a half crown from his pocket. He spun it up.

"Call!"

They watched the twinkling coin. "Heads," John said. The coin hit the metaled road and rolled into the gutter. Roger bent down to look at it.

"All yours," he said. "Well?"

John kissed Ann and then got out of the car.

"We'll be back in a couple of hours," he said.

"We can just make it," Roger said. "He doesn't put up the shutters until six. Only a little business—one man and a boy—but he's got some useful stock."

They were driving now through the chaos of rush hour in Central London. On that chaos, the usual rough-and-ready pattern was imposed by traffic lights and white-armed policemen. There was no sign of anything out of the ordinary. As the lights turned green in front of their car, the familiar breaker of jaywalkers swelled across the road.

"Sheep," John said bitterly, "for the slaughter."

Roger glanced at him. "Let's hope they stay that way. See it clearly and see it whole. Quite a few millions have got to die. Our concern is to avoid joining them."

Just past the lights, he pulled off the main street into a narrow side street. It was five minutes to six.

"Will he serve us?" John asked.

Roger pulled in to the curb, opposite a little shop displaying sporting guns. He put the car in neutral, but left the engine running.

"He will," he said, "one way or another."

There was no one in the shop except the proprietor, a small hunched man, with a deferential salesman's face and incongruously watchful eyes. He looked about sixty.

Roger said, "'Evening, Mr. Pirrie. Just caught you?"

Mr. Pirrie's hands rested on the counter. "Well, Mr. Buckley, isn't it? Yes, I was just closing. Anything I can get you?"

Roger said, "Well, let me see. Couple of revolvers, couple of good rifles with telescopic sights; and the ammo, of course. And do you stock automatics?"

Pirrie smiled gently. "License?"

Roger had advanced until he was standing on the other side of the counter from the old man. "Do you think it's worth bothering about that?" he asked. "You know I'm not a gunman. I want the stuff in a hurry, and I'll give you more than fair price for it."

Pirrie's head shook slightly; his eyes did not leave Roger's face. "I don't do that kind of business."

"Well, what about that little twenty-two rifle over there?"

Roger pointed. Pirrie's eyes looked in the same direction, and as they did so, Roger leaped for his throat. John thought at first that the little man had caved in under the attack, but a moment later he saw him clear of Roger and standing back. His right hand held a revolver.

He said, "Stand still, Mr. Buckley. And your friend. The trouble with raiding a gunsmith's is that you are likely to encounter a man who has some small skill in handling weapons. Please don't interrupt me while I telephone." He had backed away until his free hand was near the telephone.

Roger said sharply, "Wait a minute. I've got something to offer you."

"I don't think so."

"Your life?"

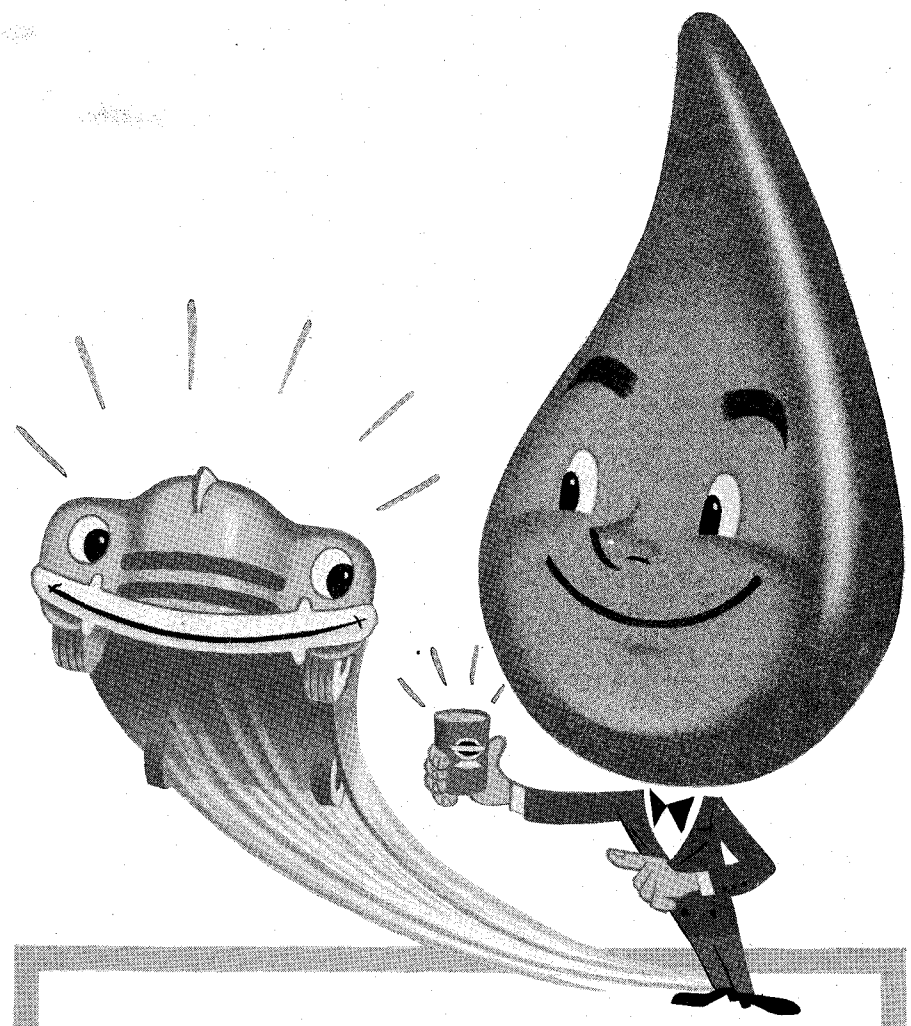
Pirrie's hand held the telephone handpiece, but had not yet lifted it. He smiled. "Surely not."

"Why do you think I tried to knock you out? You can't imagine I would do it if I weren't desperate."

"I'm inclined to agree with you on that," Pirrie said politely.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Yes, I notice something different . . . you've gone off your rocker!"



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Roger said, "We have left our families in a car just off the Great North Road. There's room for another if you care to join us."

"I understand," Pirrie said, "that travel out of London is temporarily forbidden."

Roger nodded. "That's one reason we wanted the arms. We're getting out tonight."

Pirrie removed his hand from the telephone. "Perhaps you would care to give me a brief explanation of your urgent need for arms and for getting out of London."

He listened, without interrupting, while Roger talked. At the end, he said softly, "A farm, you say, in a valley? A valley that can be defended?"

"By half a dozen," John put in, "against an army."

Pirrie lowered the revolver he held. "I had a telephone call this afternoon," he said, "from the local superintendent of police. He asked me if I wanted a guard here." He nodded politely to Roger. "You will understand how I chanced to be so well prepared for you."

"And now?" John pressed him. "Do you believe us?"

Pirrie sighed. "I believe that you believe it. Apart from that, I have been wondering myself if there were any reasonable way of getting out of London. Even without fully crediting your tale, I do not care to be compulsorily held here. And your tale does not strain my credulity as much, perhaps, as it ought. Living with guns, as I have done, one loses the habit of looking for gentleness in men."

Roger said, "Right. Which guns do we take?"

Pirrie turned slightly, and this time picked up the telephone. Automatically, Roger moved toward him. Pirrie looked at the gun in his hand, and tossed it to Roger.

"I am telephoning to my wife," he said. "We live in St. John's Wood. I imagine that if you can get two cars out, you can get three? The extra vehicle may come in useful."

He was dialing the number. Roger said warningly, "Careful what you say over that."

Pirrie said into the mouthpiece, "Hello, my dear. I'm just preparing to leave. I thought it might be nice to pay a visit to the Rosenblums this evening—yes, the Rosenblums. Get things ready, would you? I shall be right along."

He replaced the receiver. "The Rosenblums," he explained, "live in Leeds. Millicent is very quick at perceiving things."

Roger looked at him with respect. "My heaven, she must be! I can see that both you and Millicent are going to be very useful members of the group. By the way, we had previously decided that this kind of party needs a leader."

Pirrie nodded. "You?"

"No. John Custance here."

Pirrie surveyed John briefly. "Very well. Now, the weapons. I will set them out, and you can start carrying them to your car."

They were taking out the last of the ammunition when a police constable strolled toward them. He looked with some interest at the little boxes.

"Evening, Mr. Pirrie," he said. "Transferring stock?"

"This is for your people," Pirrie said. "They asked for it. Keep an eye on the shop, will you? We'll be back for some more later on."

"Do what I can, sir," the policeman said doubtfully, "but I've got a beat to cover, you know."

Pirrie finished padlocking the front door. As they pulled away, John said, "Lucky he didn't ask what your two helpers were up to."

"The genus constable," Pirrie said, "is very inquisitive, once its curiosity is aroused. Provided you can avoid that, you have no cause to worry. Just off St. John's Wood High Street. I'll direct you particularly from there."

On Pirrie's direction, they drew up behind an ancient Minx. Pirrie called, "Millicent!" in a clear, loud voice, and a woman got out of the car and came back to them. She was a good twenty years younger than Pirrie, about his height, with features dark and attractive, if somewhat sharp.

"Have you packed?" Pirrie asked her. "We aren't coming back."

She accepted this casually. She said, in a slightly cockney voice, "Everything we'll need, I think. What's it all about? I've asked Hilda to look after the cat."

"Poor pussy," said Pirrie. "But I fear we must abandon her. I'll explain things on the way." He turned to the other two. "I will join Millicent from this point."

Roger was staring at the antique car in front of them. "I don't want to seem rude," he said, "but mightn't it be better if you piled your stuff in with ours? We could manage it quite easily."

Pirrie smiled as he got out of the car. "A left fork just short of Wrotham Park?" he queried. "We'll find you there, shall we?"

Roger shrugged. Pirrie escorted his wife to the car ahead. Roger started up his own car and cruised slowly past them. He and John were startled, a moment later, when the Minx ripped past with an altogether improbable degree of acceleration, checked at the intersection, and then slid away on to the main road. Roger started after it, but by the time he had got into the stream of traffic it was lost to sight. They did not see it again until they reached the Great North Road. Pirrie's Minx was waiting for them, and thereafter followed demurely.

They had their suppers separately in their individual cars. Once they were out of London, they would eat communally, but a picnic here might attract attention. They had parked at discreet distances also.

Roger had explained his plan to John, and he had approved it. By eleven o'clock the road they were on was deserted; London's outer suburbs were at rest. But they did not move until midnight. It was a moonless night, but there was light from the widely spaced lamp standards. The children slept in the rear seats of the cars. Ann sat beside John in the front.

She shivered. "Surely there's another way of getting out?"

He stared ahead into the dim shadowy road. "I can't think of one."

She looked at him. "You aren't the same person, are you? The idea of quite calmly planning murder; it's more grotesque than horrible."

"Ann," he said, "Davey is thirty miles away, but he might as well be thirty million if we let ourselves be persuaded into remaining in this trap." He nodded his head toward the rear seat, where Mary lay bundled up. "And it isn't only ourselves."

"But the odds are so terribly against you."

He laughed. "Does that affect the morality of it? As a matter of fact, without Pirrie the odds would have been steep. I think they're quite reasonable now. An expert was just what we needed."

"Must you shoot to kill?"

He began to say, "It's a matter of safety." He felt the car creak over; Roger

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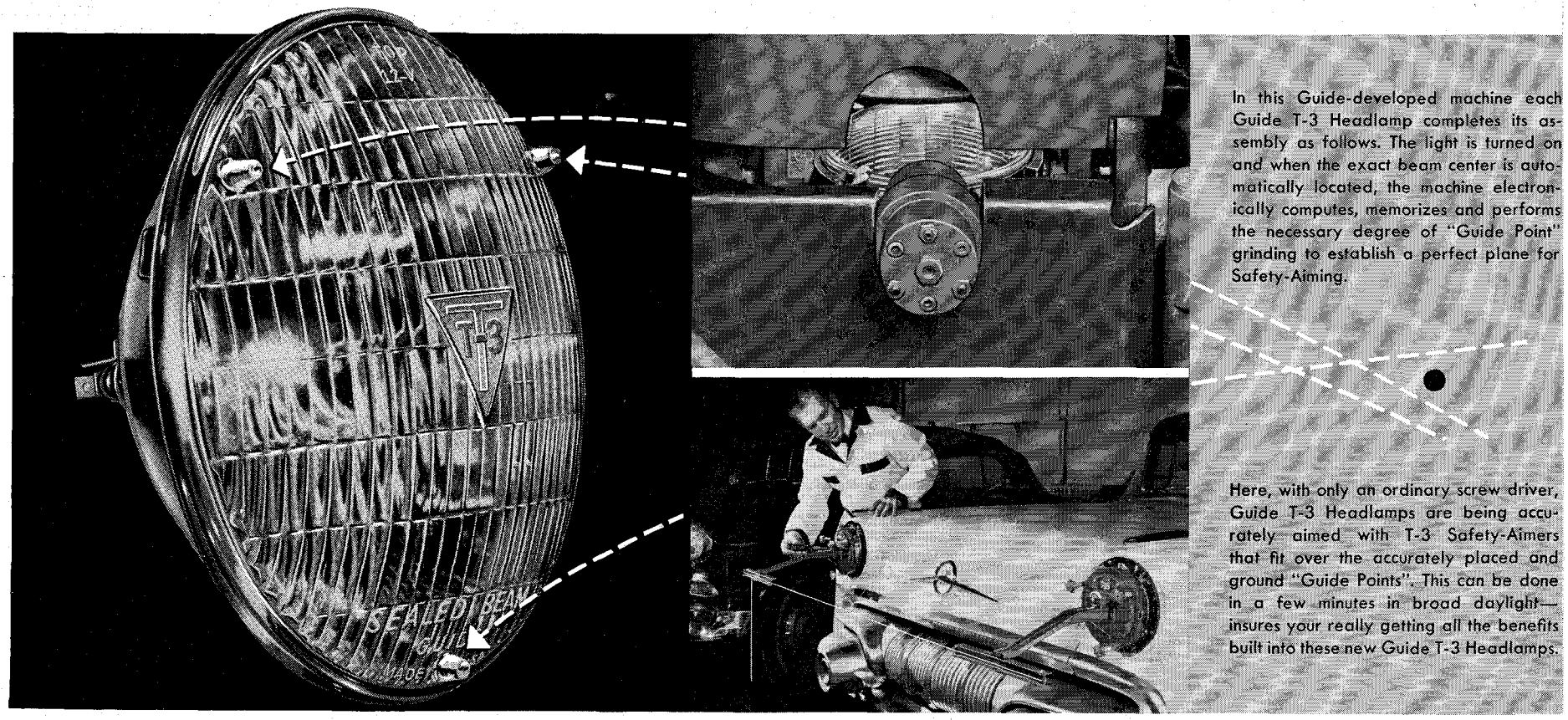
GUIDE



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had come up quietly and was leaning on the open window.

"O.K.?" Roger asked. "We've got Olivia and Steve in with Millicent."

John got out of the car. He said to Ann, "Remember, you and Millicent bring these cars up as soon as you hear the horn. You can feel your way forward a little if you like, but it will carry well enough at this time of night."

Ann stared up at him. "Good luck."

"Nothing to it," he said.

They went back to Roger's car, where Pirrie was already waiting. Then Roger drove slowly forward, past John's parked car, along the deserted road. It had already been reconnoitered earlier in the evening, and they knew where the last bend before the roadblock was. They stopped there, and John and Pirrie slipped out and disappeared into the night. Five minutes later, Roger restarted the engine and accelerated noisily toward the roadblock.

Reconnaissance had shown the block to be held by a corporal and two soldiers. Two of these could be presumed to be sleeping; the third stood by the wooden barrier, his automatic slung from his shoulder. The car slammed to a halt. The guard hefted his automatic into a readier position.

Roger leaned out of the window. He shouted, "What the hell's that damn contraption doing in the middle of the road? Get it shifted, man!"

He sounded drunk and verging on awkwardness. The guard called down, "Sorry, sir! Road closed! All roads out of London closed!"

"Well, get the flaming things open again! Get this one open, anyway! I want to get home!"

From his position on the left-hand side, John watched. Strangely, he felt no particular tension; he floated free, attached to the scene only by admiration of Roger's noisy expostulation.

Another figure appeared beside the original soldier and, after a moment, a third. The car's headlights diffused upward off the metaled road; the three figures were outlined, mistily but with reasonable definition, on the other side of the wooden barrier.

A second voice—presumably the corporal's—said, "We're carrying out orders. We don't want any trouble. You clear off back, mate. All right?"

"Is it hell all right! What do you filthy little tin soldiers think you're up to, putting fences across the road?"

The corporal said dangerously, "That'll do from you. You've been told to turn round. I don't want any more lip."

"Why don't you try turning me round?" Roger asked. His voice was thick and ugly. "There are too many damn useless military in this country, doing damn-all and eating good rations!"

"All right, mate," the corporal said, "you asked for it." He nodded to the two others. "Come on. We'll turn this loud-mouthed swine's car round for him."

They clambered over the barrier and advanced into the pool of brightness from the headlights.

Roger said, "Advance the guards," his voice sneering.

Now, suddenly, the tension caught John. The white line in the center of the road marked off his territory from Pirrie's. The corporal and the original sentry were on that side; the third soldier was nearer to him. They walked forward, shielding their eyes from the glare.

He felt sweat start under his arms and along his legs. He brought the rifle up and tried to hold it steady. At any fraction of a second, he must crook his finger and kill this man, unknown, innocent. He had killed in the war, but never from such close range, and never a fellow countryman. Sweat seemed to stream on his forehead; he was afraid of it blinding his eyes, but dared not risk disturbing his aim to wipe it off. Clay pipes at a fairground, he thought—a clay pipe that must be shattered, for Ann, for Mary and Davey. His throat was dry.

Roger's voice split the night again, but incisive now and sober, "All—right!"

The first shot came before the final word, and two others followed while it was still in the air. John still stood, with his rifle aiming, as the three figures slumped into the dazzle of the road. He did not move until he saw Pirrie, having advanced from his own position, stooping over them. Then he dropped his rifle to his side and walked onto the road himself.

Roger got out of the car. Pirrie looked up at John.

"I must apologize for poaching, partner," he said. His voice was as cool and precise as ever.

"Dead?" Roger asked.

Pirrie nodded. "Of course."

"Then we'll clear them into the ditch first," Roger said. "After that, the barrier. I don't think we're likely to be surprised, but we don't want to take chances."

The body that John pulled away was limp and heavy. He avoided looking at the face at first. Then, in the shadow at the side of the road, he glanced at it. A lad, not more than twenty, his face young and unmarked, except for the hole in one temple, gouting blood. The others had already dropped their burdens and gone over to the barrier. They had their backs to him. He bent and kissed the unwounded side of the forehead, and eased the body down with gentleness.

It did not take them long to clear the barrier. On the other side equipment lay scattered; this, too, was thrown into the ditch. Then Roger ran back to the car and pressed the horn button, holding it down for several seconds. Its harsh note tolled on the air like a bell.

Roger pulled the car over to the side. They waited. In a few moments they heard the sound of cars approaching. John's Vauxhall stopped, and Ann moved over as John got in. He pushed the accelerator pedal down hard.

Ann said, "Where are they?" She was looking out of the side window.

"In the ditch," he said as the car pulled away.

After that, for some miles, they drove in silence.

TO BE CONTINUED

Sigh of a Gardener's Wife

By Jane Merchant

With what devoted tender
toil
He strives to give his
garden's soil
The ideal balance; how he
heeds
Each indication of its needs
With ardor nothing can
divert—
I wish he treated me like
dirt!

goes one step further to give you the big difference in headlamps

Exclusive electronically controlled process is secret of Guide's extra aiming accuracy!

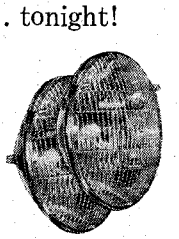
Now, your car can have 20/20 vision for nighttime driving. With new Guide T-3 Safety-Aim Headlamps you get more light aimed right . . . on the right side of the highway, right where you need it most!

A new Guide-developed process (explained in detail on the left) is controlled with electronic accuracy, permitting Guide to gem-grind three precisely located aiming points on the lens of every headlamp. These "Guide Points" are accurate within one ten-thousandth of an inch—providing the most accurate aiming plane in the industry.

You get safer, more relaxed, pleasanter motoring every night you drive with Guide! It's a proven fact that nighttime driving—from dusk to dawn—is the most tiring and dangerous. So, give yourself and your fellow motorists all the benefits of more light aimed right from a new pair of Guide T-3 Safety-Aim Headlamps. Your nearby AC dealers can install and aim them in a matter of minutes, day or night.

Relax . . . go Guide . . . tonight!

BUY IN PAIRS



WHERE YOU SEE

GUIDE T-3 *Safety-Aim* HEADLAMPS

AC

Watch WIDE WIDE WORLD NBC-TV

AC SPARK PLUG THE ELECTRONICS DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

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Editor's questions reveal how famous air rifles get their name...what's dangerous about wooden automobiles ...and how safety can mean savings.

Wausau Story IN MICHIGAN

by KENNETH A. THOMPSON
business and financial editor,
The Detroit Free Press

"The Question Askers on those high-powered quiz shows had nothing on me when I started to write this story. First question: What has Wisconsin's city of Wausau got to do with business here in Michigan?

"That question was answered for me by top men in some of our state's most important and interesting companies. These men told me that out of Wausau has come an altogether unique way of doing business—a way of working that has all the qualities of the community itself. From what I hear, Wausau people are competent and efficient. But more than that, they have a natural friendliness and a neighborly kind of helpfulness. Wherever there are Employers Mutuals people, there's this 'bit of Wausau' too. I can see why they have a reputation here in Michigan—and nation-wide—for being 'good people to do business with'."

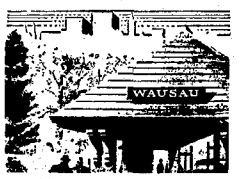
Safety means savings in insurance costs. Lamina Dies and Tools, Inc., at Berkley, pays a lower rate today on workmen's compensation insurance than they did 5 years ago—despite generally rising costs and considerable increases in compensation benefits in Michigan. How come? Because of its fine safety record! Recently this company received the Employers Mutuals Safety Award for its record of 676,000 man hours without a lost-time accident. In the picture, president F. J. Henkel shows motor parts stamped out by dies in the 175-ton tryout press to Employers Mutuals safety engineer Willis Wiggins.

A Daisy! Mr. Edward C. Hough, president of Daisy Manufacturing Company at Plymouth tells how, in 1888, his father praised the company's first B-B gun by calling it a daisy. Hence the name! Mr. Hough calls Employers Mutuals a "fine company" . . . says they count on Employers Mutuals' help with their accident prevention program. Mr. Hough shows the newest Daisy to Junior Policeman Bob Stewart.

Automobiles of wood. Employers Mutuals Nurse Marion Mills watches while Joe Wagener works on a wooden model of an advanced design automobile at the Ring Pattern and Manufacturing Company at Warren. The wood is mahogany impregnated with plastic—a combination of materials which often irritated workmen's hands and made dermatitis a problem. Employers Mutuals is working closely with the company on this problem and now the incidence of dermatitis is low.

Employers Mutuals, with more than 100 offices across the country, writes all lines of fire and casualty insurance. We are one of the largest in the field of workmen's compensation. For further information see your nearest representative (consult your telephone directory) or write to us here in Wausau, Wisconsin.

Employers Mutuals *of* Wausau



"Good people to do business with"

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Man on a Hot Spot (Continued from Page 32)

natural mistake. It was Sunday morning and Stump was wandering around in civilian clothes, inspecting the plants and bushes on the headquarters lawn. He puffed an old, blackened, corncob pipe and asked questions about soil analysis and annual rainfall. His cracker-barrel laugh had a country-store ring, and his straight frame with its sloping shoulders and long legs reflected West Virginia—which is where he's from.

On July first, Felix Budwell Stump will add American operations in Japan, Korea and the Ryukyu Islands to his military responsibilities. The effects upon Stump are unlikely to be noticeable. He will continue to exhibit an exorbitant interest in fresh eggs, and very likely may celebrate the event by playing pat-ball tennis with his wife, as he does nearly every day.

This is understandable. For a man who already commands such vast United States interests, the addition of other countries and a couple of hundred million people can't complicate his problem too much. When he repeatedly has said, "I favor American action anywhere in the world when that action can prevent the further spread of Communism," there can't be much doubt about where he stands or what his additional powers portend for American policies in Asia. Felix Stump is a blunt, sand-voiced, but effective diplomat, and has proved it. He also is violently opposed to policy vacillations, displays of weakness by the free world, and appeasement of its enemies, and has forcefully said so.

Of course, Admiral Stump does not create American policy in Asia or elsewhere. But as commander in chief of all United States forces in the Pacific Ocean areas, he is the man who acts on it, more than any other. For four years his day-to-day decisions have determined not only where American ships and planes should patrol off Southern Asian shores but under what circumstances they should open fire on Russian, Chinese or other Communists; whether more or less military aid should be delivered to governments of Southeast Asia, and who should advise their armed forces.

The July first addition to the Pacific Command merely will extend those decisions to the Korea-Japan-Okinawa triangle, adding to Admiral Stump's present job the military authority which General of the Armies Douglas MacArthur exercised for so long. Thus Admiral Stump will occupy official shoes which not only have fitted MacArthur, Generals Matthew B. Ridgway and Lyman L. Lemnitzer but Fleet Admiral Chester Nimitz and Admiral Arthur W. Radford as well.

There will be many decisions to make. If Stump's decisions are correct, he can stave off or prevent the spread of Communism in Asia. If Stump's decisions are wrong, he can start World War III. President Eisenhower has directed that he remain on active duty past his normal retirement age to make them.

Recently, I was detailed to join Admiral Stump in an effort to find out more about the man with this incredible job.

I met the admiral's party at Travis Air Force Base, and I was late. Under the California sun, a four-starred Navy transport plane waited. Beside it, a visiting Australian air marshal, Sir John McCauley, strolled to unkink his legs from an all-night flight across the United States. American Army and Air Force brigadiers and Navy captains talked in impatient groups, and the plane crew waited under a wing.

Around the groups a tall man in a rumpled civilian suit and a snap-brim hat walked so quickly that he was extending his hand before I saw him. He said, "Stump. Glad you could make it." The handshake was firm. And it was not his fault that his height—six feet two, but appearing more because of the lanky body and thin face—forced me to look up to meet his blue eyes.

I said I hoped I had not delayed the take-off, but he was called away before I had gone far with the apology.

Then a staff officer said, "Don't knock yourself out apologizing. I don't know whether he'd have held the plane just for you. What we're really waiting for is eggs—sixty dozen eggs. This man is really nuts about fresh eggs. Every time we come to the coast, we haul back to Hawaii enough for the whole staff."

The eggs arrived, under the nervous escort of a Navy lieutenant. Promptly, the big plane headed west toward Hawaii. On the flight, the admiral and the air marshal, head of the Australian joint chiefs of staff, conferred much of the time. When I joined them in the private cabin in the tail of the ship, Admiral Stump, in his shirt sleeves, was seated at a small table with an ash tray half full of cigarette butts in front of him. For perhaps an hour, he talked, mostly of his boyhood in Parkersburg, West Virginia, his family and his World War II experiences. These began when he took the old aircraft carrier Langley from Manila to Darwin just ahead of the Japanese. He then served with international forces on Java, later commanded the new carrier Lexington in several battles, finally had a group of escort carriers in the Philippines Sea, Okinawa and other actions at the war's end.

As he talked of these things briefly and with some reluctance, his blue eyes watched me an uncomfortable part of the time. His big and freckled hands were steady; and his face, also so freckled that I was sure his thin fringe of hair must once have been sandy or red, showed no signs of the strain of two or three days of Washington conferences, plus the flight already completed. Except for the fact that he smoked one cigarette after another, there was no indication of nervousness.

He also discussed American alliances and promises in the Far East, the current abilities of the Navy and aircraft, the possibilities of atomic attacks by submarines. He touched on international personalities in Korea, Formosa, the Philippines and Vietnam—by name and by abilities. He even described some of the geography of West Virginia and named its principal railroad junctions for my education. Nothing he said was dull. All of it was thoroughly informed and much was surprisingly definite, including the opinions.

However, when, later, I tried to write down the things said, I found out something: There wasn't a startling quotation, a really colorful phrase. For all the brusque delivery and straight answers, he had talked for an hour without once uttering a phrase which would dog him or embarrass the United States if printed, a remark which would require explanation even if read by the most exacting critics.

The elements which make a public man are many: his beliefs, his compromises, his idiosyncrasies. When a public man is in a uniform, these often become so confused with the symbols of the job he holds—the ruffle of drums, the official greeting, an aide providing the correct names, the privileges of rank—that the man himself is hard to find. Phrase makers such as Admiral William (Bull) Halsey, Gen. Joseph Stilwell and General MacArthur register with the public through colorful speech as much as any other accomplishment. Quiet men merge into the uniforms they wear until they are almost indistinguishable from their jobs. For a month, I watched Felix Stump, listened to him, listened to stories and opinions about him, checked the things he has said, tried hard to decide just what was important about this long-nosed, almost rustic sort of man wearing four stars.

On the day after we arrived in Hawaii, a hurried press conference was called. A local newspaper had headlined a story that the Pacific Fleet was mobilizing on a war basis, with atomic weapons on the ships and all leaves canceled. A hodge-podge of gossip, half facts and conjecture, its importance was slight. But the story could have had international impact had it been allowed to emanate from the home of the Pacific Fleet without denial or explanation.

Explain and deny the admiral did, for an hour, while a tape recorder whirred. Paragraph by paragraph he took the story apart, without showing the annoyance he certainly must have felt. "We have not canceled any leaves," he said. "I did cancel a proposed visit of some ships to Australia, but I think I'll be able to rescind that cancellation now. . . . If atomic weapons have been taken through the west gate of Pearl Harbor, I don't know about it. Ships arriving here are normal replacements."

> The child who is always two jumps ahead of his class usually sits nearest the door.
>
> RAYMOND DUNCAN

Never once was there a personal word against the reporter who had written the story or his newspaper. Afterward, the admiral answered questions, easily and frankly, for another half hour. At the end, he leaned back. "I've always had a great respect for the work you gentlemen do," he said. "I remember years ago, when I was a young officer, I had dinner with a girl who was a reporter. While we were in a restaurant, a mouse came out of a hole and ran around the floor! To me, it was just a mouse, but she wrote a six- or seven-paragraph story for her newspaper. I never understood how she did it. It was a good story too."

Is this important to the picture of a man? I'm not sure. Certainly it has little to do with the problems of Vietnam or Taiwan, the dispatch of marines and ships to the Persian Gulf or the grave question of what American bases should be retained in the Philippines. It merely squashed a rumor which might have been harmful to the United States, and it also made a few newspaper reporters feel a little better than they had before.

There are many contrasts. The man has a fearsome reputation for harshness with subordinates who are incompetent. At least three high-ranking officers in the last couple of years have been summarily removed from Far East posts for failing to meet the Stump standards of efficiency—one, only because he admitted he neither liked nor trusted the people of the nation with which he was working.

Capt. William J. Lederer, USN, who was Admiral Stump's Public Information Officer before becoming his special assistant, admits that he and several other headquarters officers were surprised when Admiral Stump was named Pacific commander in chief. They had heard little of him and knew nothing of his personality. Captain Lederer consulted an officer who had served with Admiral Stump.

"Stump," said the officer, "has spent all his time at sea. He's loaded with battle stars. But man, oh, man, am I sorry for you! He eats PIO's alive. He eats anyone alive."

Another officer, asked by the admiral to explain the Public Information function in the command, gave a long dissertation filled with terms like molding public opinion, morale factors and disseminating the American viewpoint.

When he finished, the admiral looked up. "Hell," he said. "Your job is to keep the press off my neck. Just do that, and we'll get along. The job of a PIO is to give the press enough information to keep the presses running. If the press starts calling me up, it means you're not helping them enough."

Although bumbling officers are Admiral Stump's pet hate, he is not one to hold a professional grudge. No one fought harder on the Navy's side during the interservice battle with the Air Force several years ago than Admiral Stump. But when he took the Pacific Command, he insisted that an Air command of the same rank as Army and Navy commands be established there. When names of officers to head it were being considered, that of Maj. Gen. Sory Smith was among them. The story is that an adviser told the admiral, "Look out for this guy. He was chief of Air Force's Public Relations for four years. He's smart, cagy and ruthless."

"Get him fast," was the reported Stump answer. "That's the kind of officer we want."

I went to see General Smith at his Hickam Field headquarters. In a relaxed few minutes, he told me that he had never seen less interservice strife than in the Pacific under Admiral Stump, and that there were no great difficulties. "The thing is," he said, "you always can get a hearing with him. If you have an idea, you can take it in, and he'll sit and listen until you're through talking. Of course, he may slam a hand down on the desk then and say, 'Hell, no!' But you do get a hearing. I really like the Old Man."

An enlisted man who has watched both officers at close quarters said, "Admiral Radford was relaxed. You always felt he had everything in control. This one (Admiral Stump) blows his top two or three times a day. He keeps everybody on his toes most of the time. But they sure work like hell for him."

Far to the west of Hawaii, a general officer was interrupted in the middle of a pleasant afternoon by an official dispatch. As he read it, his face grew red, and in the next ten minutes he and an assistant furiously scribbled replies. Finally, the general officer leaned back, laughed and tore up his third answer.

"I'll wait a while," he said, then waved toward the dispatch which had come in. "From Stump. The trouble is, that old guy's bluntness sometimes makes you mad. It doesn't pay to answer him until you're damn sure of your answer."

Of course, the job of Pacific commander in chief demands much more than any special system of dealing with American military personnel. This enormous military machine in peacetime is also a principal representative of the United States to nations of Asia, and its operation can't be divorced from diplomacy. Not only does Admiral Stump command fleets, troops and aircraft but he and his subordinates are intimately involved with internal problems of nearly every free Asiatic nation. United States military missions, training troops, consulting on

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strategy and giving financial aid, are in Taiwan, Thailand, Vietnam, Cambodia, Laos—staffed by civilians—and the Philippines. Military operations of Australia, New Zealand and the United States are co-ordinated through an organization called ANZUS. The United States also is a member of SEATO, the Southeast Asia Treaty Organization, which includes France, Australia, New Zealand, the United Kingdom, the Philippines, Thailand and Pakistan. We have bilateral treaties of mutual defense with the Philippines, Nationalist China and the republic of Korea, and elaborate special arrangements with Japan. In addition, the command is responsible for American territories such as Guam and Hawaii, other islands which we hold under United Nations trusteeship, and Okinawa and the other Ryukyus, which are held as military prizes from World War II. In all these cases, Admiral Stump represents the United States in military matters, and often in civilian affairs.

Obviously, he must get along with some colorful people: Syngman Rhee; the volatile Chiang Kai-shek; the Japanese government of the moment; embattled Ngo Dinh Diem, striving to save the independence of Vietnam. Most of them, sooner or later, come through Honolulu on their way somewhere else.

The admiral's schedule during one week I was there wasn't too bad. He had only two Australian visitors, Air Marshal McCauley and Sir Percy Spender, ambassador to the United States. The visit of Commodore José Francisco, head of the Philippine Navy, was complicated by the fact that Assistant Secretary of State Walter Robertson arrived at almost the same hour, from a different direction. Sen. James O. Eastland, of Mississippi; a congressional committee investigating Communism in Hawaii; a member of the Joint Atomic Energy Committee and a dozen assorted congressmen—all expecting the red-carpet treatment from the Navy, naturally—completed the visitors' appointment list. It is not strictly true that all members of Congress find official business in the Hawaiian Islands soon after an election; it only seems that way.

I do not intend to imply that such matters—who shall receive official honors, who shall ride around Pearl Harbor in the admiral's barge, who shall be invited to cocktail parties or receptions—occupy most of Admiral Stump's attention. They do take critical amounts of time. But this is the man who has made vital decisions about Indochina, the Tachen Islands and the Formosa Strait, and will make many more of them.

The Formosa Strait is fairly typical. Our destroyers have been patrolling there since 1950. The Korean truce redoubled the problems of these ships as newly confident Communist Chinese increased their harassment by air and sea. By 1955, when I rode one destroyer for a week, commanders were accustomed to hostile planes hanging about on the horizon, unidentified small ships and boats slipping in and out of the fog. Twice during the week the destroyer came to an alert—once for a ship which failed to answer a signal, again for what might have been a submarine contact by the ship's detecting gear. Each time there was a possibility of a fight. The orders under which the Americans operated had been dictated by Admiral Stump. Paraphrased, they read: "Don't start anything, but don't hang back if anybody else does; and you don't have to wait until they blow your head off to decide they're not friendly. If anybody makes a hostile move, shoot."

To fliers on long patrols off the Asian coast, Admiral Stump has said, "Don't start anything, but you're not being sent out to be shot down. The Navy has a right to operate in international waters and over them. If you have to, shoot."

To Chinese Nationalists in 1954, Admiral Stump promised: "We'll help you to evacuate the Tachen Islands. We hope nobody causes trouble, but if they do ——" So a battle fleet stood by while the islands were cleared and their defense installations dynamited. Nobody did interfere, but the possibilities of general war were just over the horizon somewhere.

In the Plumiera-scented air of Makalapa Hill above Pearl Harbor, it's a little difficult to realize that such decisions are constantly being made there. Any one of them could have started a new war in the Pacific if it went wrong—and ships and planes still operate on these decisions.

Admiral Stump, along with Admiral Radford, personally favored intervention by United States forces when Communists were overrunning the northern half of Vietnam. But French forces failed to stiffen despite American encouragement, and President Eisenhower overruled the Navy officers on intervention. So Admiral Stump did the only thing he could. He provided ships which carried some 300,000 miserable refugees out of territories handed to the Red armies in a truce settlement.

Not that he approved. He told me, "Yes, I favored American intervention in Vietnam, and I would favor intervention now if the Communists again attacked the free world. I favor American action anywhere in the world when that action can prevent the further spread of Communism. Britain and France could have made Hitler back down before World War Two if they had been willing to take the risk of war. The safest way to keep the peace is not to be afraid to risk war when dealing with a totalitarian power."

It's easy to become confused about Felix Stump by the circumstances in which he is met. Listen to him barking orders at Pacific Fleet Headquarters, and he gives one definite impression. See him as a pleasant, shirt-sleeved host on a hot afternoon on Makalapa, or as a relaxed dinner guest among old friends, or attending the wedding of his steward's daughter, and the impression is different entirely. This is a man who lopes across to a Navy tennis court wearing ancient clothes and looking very much like a gentleman farmer. He and an enlisted barber speak a common language and occasionally go off together to smoke out some bees from an old volcanic crater nearby and steal the honey. His wry humor shows frequently. On a hot Sunday when he and his entire staff were working hard, he grinned. "You see," he said, "we observe a rather elongated forty-hour week here." Then he paused. "But I'm not really unkind to them—I let them wear *aloha* shirts to work on Sundays."

There is never much doubt about what Stump thinks on important matters. In 1951 he told a Memphis, Tennessee, audience, "Responsibility for these (early losses by untrained troops in Korea) cannot be placed on the President of the United States or the Congress of the United States. It must be placed where it belongs—it must be charged directly to the complacency and indifference of the rulers of our country, the American people. . . . We must stop the American tendency to rush from pessimism to jubilant optimism, or the reverse, over the result of a single campaign or the outcome of a single battle. . . . We must allow no enemy retreat, no offers of peace, no victory to stop us for a moment in a firm, united and long-continued effort to make our nation strong and keep it strong as long as there is a Communist nation left in the world."

Other statements over the years have been just as definite. About the islands of Quemoy and Matsu, off the coast of China, he said not long ago, "If a volcanic eruption were to destroy these islands, it probably would not hurt us much. But at the present time, the Chinese Nationalists are so committed to their defense that to lose them would be to destroy the morale of the Chinese Army and the free Chinese people. There is no better way to destroy an army than to destroy its morale. There is no better way to destroy a people so far as their ability to resist aggression is concerned. . . . Yes, we can defend any spot in the world if we are willing to put forth the effort to do so."

In a Honolulu address recently, he said, "In the last year and a half, American policy in Vietnam probably has been as successful as any place in the world. The decision we made in backing President Diem is paying off. He had had little experience as a statesman, but has grown with the job. He has shown common sense. When I first talked to him, he was lacking in confidence and appeared very gentle. Nevertheless, he began to take positive steps to strengthen his nation. Against the advice and the roadblocks set up by the French, he decided to attack the various independent and corrupt armies which had infested Vietnam. Now, as a result of Diem's courage and persistence, there is in Vietnam only one army—the Vietnamese nationalist army under the properly constituted republic. . . . Diem, with United States aid and on the strength of his own policies has been most successful."

This tall admiral with the harsh mouth doesn't fool around with tea-party talk when he has a rough job to do. Explaining that he was not going to give a certain job to a naval officer who had developed a reputation for catering only to the financial and social fat cats in his community, Stump dismissed him simply, "He hasn't got common sense enough for the job." Discussing Communists in Honolulu, he stated his opinion clearly, "They should have been thrown in jail."

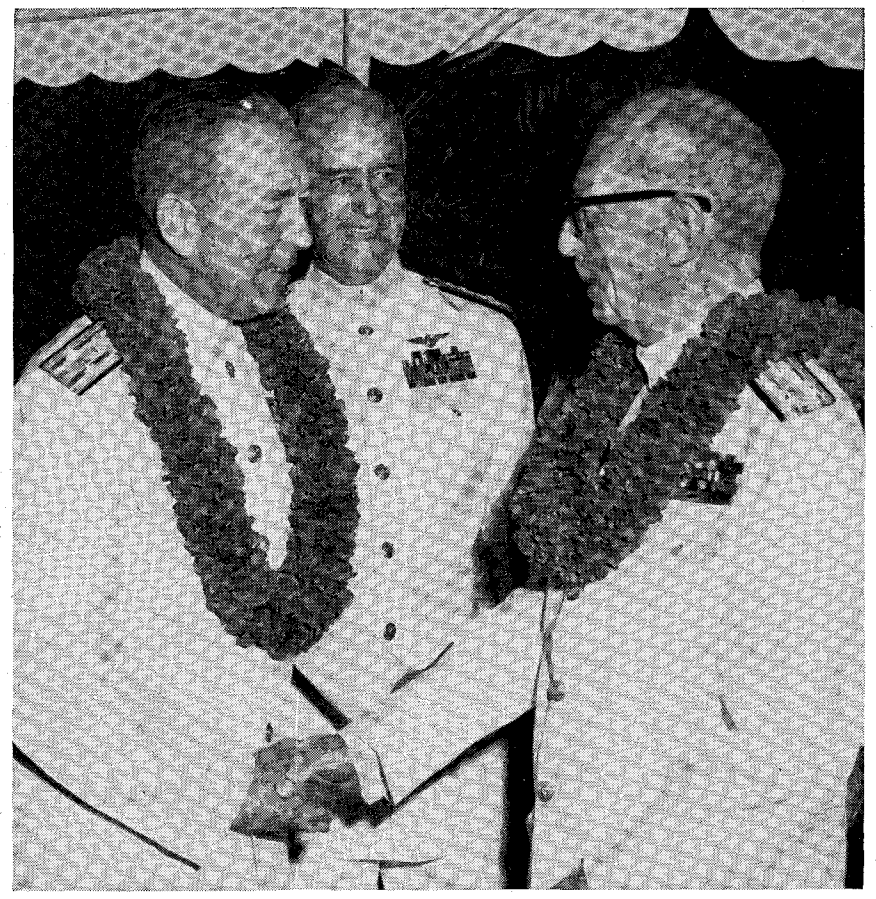
But Admiral Stump as an internationalist is quite a different person. A Southerner, he has entertained very dark Asians in his home. A Protestant, he has had an audience with the Pope. Himself an advocate of direct action, he has learned to live with—if not to approve—diplomatic dallying and indecision. Some time ago, negotiating some military-hardware problems with the head of an Asiatic state, he courteously went along with a traditionally oblique approach. He and the Asian amiably discussed the weather, their families and the state of the moon. Finally, the Asian coughed and himself suggested, "Would you like to begin, admiral?"

Admiral Stump rose, bowed, smiled and said easily, "Your excellency, I am aware that you have invited me here to try to squeeze as much out of me and my government as you can . . . but that's all right. That's the job of a negotiator. On the other hand, you should know that I'm here to get as much as I can from you and your government. Now, sir, with this bond of understanding between us, shall we begin?"

An hour later the deal was completed, satisfactory to both countries.

Direct action also is his forte. A couple of years ago Chinese Communist fighter planes wantonly shot down an unarmed British civilian-passenger aircraft near Hong Kong. Units of a nearby American fleet immediately began a search for survivors off Hainan Island. Communist planes again came out from shore, making threatening passes. From above, United States carrier-based interceptors—thoughtfully sent out for just such an eventuality—screamed down. Two Communist planes went into the sea. No other Red planes came out to annoy American forces for months thereafter. A policy directly ordered by Admiral Stump had paid off.

At about the same time, Communist China's Chou (*Continued on Page 100*)



Stump's Pearl Harbor headquarters usually teems with visiting brass. Here Admiral Radford (*left*) and Fleet Admiral Leahy cross paths.

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Shown here with his newest brand, Atlantic IMPERIAL® Gasoline, is Atlantic Dealer Robert Cole, of Atlantic City, N. J., who has just won highest honors in the annual "Retailer of the Year" competition sponsored by Brand Names Foundation, Inc. He receives his special award at a dinner at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York City, May 3. Two other Atlantic dealers, shown at the right below, finished among the first five service station winners.

IT TAKES A MAN AND A BRAND

A top brand of products and topnotch service is the winning combination in the service station business.

With such a combination, everybody wins. The motorist who drives into the service station gets the high-quality products and interested care he needs to keep his car on the go. The man at the pump builds a business that contributes to the progress and welfare of the community.

The Atlantic Refining Company is proud that Atlantic dealers have been named service station "Retailer of the Year" *three times* . . . that *three of this year's five winners* are Atlantic dealers . . . that since 1952, in competition with thousands of service station dealers in all parts of the nation, Atlantic dealers have won *10 of the 25* Brand Names Foundation awards.

These achievements are the direct result of the teamwork between Atlantic and its dealers, working together to give the motoring public high-quality products and topnotch service at the right price.

Atlantic Dealers Kenneth Mohr (left), of East Greenville, Pa., and Harold Smith, of Ithaca, N. Y., who won Certificates of Distinction in this year's Brand Names competition.

Atlantic Imperial,® designed especially for today's—and tomorrow's—most powerful engines, is now featured with famous Atlantic Gasoline throughout our marketing area.

THE ATLANTIC REFINING COMPANY INCORPORATED 1870 • PRODUCER, MANUFACTURER AND MARKETER OF QUALITY PETROLEUM PRODUCTS

BRAND/NAMES *make it easy for you to buy the* ***BEST***

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(*Continued from Page 98*) En-lai was asked, "What do you think of the American military in Asia?"

"It's hard to make plans on them," said Chou. "They're entirely unpredictable."

In Honolulu Admiral Stump gave his loud, cracker-barrel laugh when he heard about it. "Couldn't be better," he said. "The more we can keep the Communists guessing, the better I like it."

I watched Admiral Stump in his office, in his aircraft, at his home. We examined German shepherd pups (his favorite breed), talked of moonlight fox-hunting ("Down South, we each took along a little something in a bottle, and tried to keep the dogs from killing the fox when they cornered him"), briefly discussed golf ("I'm not old enough for that game yet") and matched each other in smoking too many cigarettes. He has been married twice, and his oldest son, John, is now an aviator stationed at the naval academy in Annapolis. The second family I met; his dark-haired, slim wife, Betty; a pretty daughter, Frances, fifteen and Felix, Jr., ten. We discussed watches—the admiral had a locomotive engineer's affection for a good timepiece—and when he launched into a technical discussion of orchids, I was ready to believe that this frustrated farmer sometimes carries a soil-testing kit on international missions.

Is any of this important? Certainly it's more significant that he flies 100,000 miles some years, keeping up with developments and maintaining first-name relationships with heads of governments. His belief in personal diplomacy makes a great difference to the United States, and to the men of the Pacific Command, who have a Stump directive pointing out that one man behaving foolishly in a foreign port can undo the most careful official diplomacy. A minister's son himself, Admiral Stump says, "I'm like Calvin Coolidge's minister: I'm against sin. But I don't always do anything about it. There are no special restrictions on behavior, but I have asked each man to consider himself an ambassador whenever he sets foot on foreign soil."

Felix Stump distinguished himself as captain of the new aircraft carrier Lexington in World War II. Late in the war he became a rear admiral.

It's important that Admiral Stump carried a message of personal friendship from the late Japanese foreign minister, Mamoru Shigemitsu, to Korean President Rhee, as a small contribution to Japanese-Korean *rapprochement*. It was workable diplomacy to send a Navy doctor all the way from Japan to examine the ailing wife of a Southeast Asia head of state. It's important that American representatives under Stump's direction pointedly do not hold international discussions of military plans for Southeast Asia unless the free nations in that area are represented along with European powers.

It is also important, and very important, that this admiral is a fighting man—one of the first naval aviators, an aeronautical engineer, a strategist whose planes did 80 per cent of the damage to Japanese ships coming through San Bernardino Strait in the Battle of Leyte Gulf. He has stated that carrier aircraft now are capable of reaching the heartlands of Asia and are ready to do so if necessary. His orders kept the Pacific Fleet dispersed during the Suez crisis, and his weight is behind the development of Far Eastern bases for both aircraft and ships. Admiral Stump's intimate knowledge of Asians is important; so are his beliefs, which were laid out in a recent address.

He said then, "The Communists have three main objectives in Asia:

"First, to obtain control over the manpower of 450,000,000 Chinese on the mainland. This they have accomplished.

"Second, to obtain control of the industry of Japan, and through control of Japanese industry to expedite the industrialization of Communist China.

"Third, to obtain control of Southeast Asia with its great surpluses of rice and, more important, its rubber, tin and other strategic materials.

"For the survival of America and the free world, we cannot afford to permit the accomplishment of these objectives by the Reds either by conquest, internal revolution or infiltration. . . . Every American must take a stand against Communism at home and abroad."

Probably it makes no difference that the admiral is a family man, inordinately pleased that Felix, ten, now comes close to beating him at tennis. The brusqueness certainly doesn't matter, nor the insistence on exact timing even of social engagements, nor even his fierce loyalty toward his own men and officers. It certainly doesn't matter that Felix Stump emotionally flies the flag of West Virginia as well as the national colors, still loves the hills where he was born, speaks the accents of the hills and will name the railroad junctions of the state—all of them—at the slightest excuse.

Out here where 700,000,000 people live on islands and Asian shores and 1,700,000 troops besides our own still stand ready on the side of the free world, the thing which really matters is the sum total of this man who represents the United States, this key American in a quarter of the globe.

An older officer drew his picture when he said, "Felix Stump? Perhaps not flashy, but a good, solid man."

Very, very solid.

Country Store Out of Yesteryear (Continued from Page 36)

1945 to help carry on the family business as a filial duty. He became manager of the store in 1950 when his finance-minded father "retired" to the presidency of another family enterprise, the National Bank of Boyertown.

The store, established in 1805, never has closed its doors to business and seldom has ended a year in the red. To understand its long-time success, you have to know several things. One is the easy appeal of its casualness. It is the kind of old-fashioned general emporium where a male clerk may light up a long, thin cheroot and puff while behind the counter serving you. Customers feel free to sample loose, bulk foodstuffs to make sure they taste "just right." If there is any doubt, the clerk may join in helpfully, test a bite himself, and declare, "Tastes all right to me."

For another thing, the store has become more than a mere business enterprise. By now it is a commercial monument to five generations of happy and devoted family life. It benefits from this. In almost every generation, individual Boyers have forsaken their private ambitions to further the business. The present manager's father was at Yale University, studying for a financial career, when the disastrous Boyertown opera-house fire of 1908 took the lives of his sister and younger brother, along with nearly 100 other townsfolk. "Dad's brother was to have been the store manager," young Boyer says. "Dad simply had to step into the store and forget his desire to become a banker for more than forty years."

Perhaps the mainstay of the store's long success, however, is the fact that it literally gave birth to the town. When its founder burned "Dan'l Boyer, Storekeeper" into a shingle and hung it out to attract the farm trade at a muddy crossroads near Reading 151 years ago, the population consisted of two families of Boyers, one living in a log cabin. Today Boyertown has expanded into a prosperous community of 4500.

The store meanwhile grew from a single room to a large, three-story brick building which, townsfolk say, "has almost everything." It even has, intriguingly, a cave. The cave, off the basement, formerly served as a cold-storage place and is now a sort of subterranean catchall. Store profits, invested locally, helped to found many of the community's twenty-seven industries and also the family bank. That financial institution is in itself unusual. It is perhaps the only bank anywhere which does a lively business in a graveyard. It managed to do so even during the depression. Its Grecian-temple-style building occupies a choice business corner which was once a cemetery. Some graves have been removed, but the bank is still somberly surrounded by tombstones.

Nobody in Boyertown, however, seems to regard the bank's site as at all odd. There are good reasons for this. The town's biggest industry, on whose board sits banker D. B. Boyer, Sr., father of the store manager, is the Boyertown Burial Casket Company. This firm, with offices in sixteen cities, makes the solemn boast that it operates the world's largest coffin factory under one roof. Will Rogers was interred in one of its $20,000 bronze caskets. Being of international repute among undertakers, the firm was called upon to make an ornate custom-built job for Lenin, leader of the Russian Revolution. Lenin rested, perhaps uneasily, in this capitalistic product of Boyertown, U.S.A., in the heart of the Kremlin's Red Square until the Russians invented a fancier casket, free of capitalistic taint, for him. Across town from the casket factory is the second-largest local industry, the Boyertown Body Works. Despite the names, there is no morbid connection. The body works cheerily manufactures streamlined bodies for delivery trucks.

With its trade buttressed by a combination of factory and farm customers, the Boyer store scarcely shows its ripe old age. Dan Boyer claims it is the oldest department store in the nation under one-family management. His younger brother, Jim, who joined the business last year, takes a different view. "We are," he says, "the biggest country store anywhere."

While the establishment does not offer everything found in big department stores, it has several departments which few metropolitan shopping empires can boast. The Boyers, father and sons, are fascinated by antiques and are addicted to buying at country auctions. So their latest store project is an antiques department. Boyertown is the center of a rich rustic area which breeds rabbits, chickens, livestock, and even laboratory white mice. The store maintains a sizable veterinary department, with all manner of patent medicines and health aids good for beast or man.

Regardless of whether it is the oldest department store, it almost certainly is the first to establish its own parking lot. It did that 125 years ago, when the big traffic problem consisted of digging wheels out of the mud. The original Boyer, however, created a traffic jam in the modern sense. Molasses was then much used for sweetening. Boyer made what was, for those times, a mammoth and sensational purchase of eighty hogsheads of it. While it was being hauled uphill from the port of Philadelphia in twenty-horse wagons, he had the local printer strike off posters "as big as a door" and sent horsemen to tack them on every barn for miles. Molasses buyers in their wagons soon clogged the narrow highway through Boyertown. Not even the United States mail could go through. So, the story goes, the Government in its early majesty ordered Boyer to clear the road. He complied by purchasing a nearby acre and converting it into a horse-and-wagon parking lot.

Determined that his son, W. B., should be as smart as any big-city merchant, the founder sent the lad to serve an apprenticeship under Philadelphia's shrewd storekeepers. His solemn parting advice included: "Rise every morning by or before sunrise . . . observe an entire abstinence from the use of spirituous liquors . . ." and more in the same vein. Later the father heard disquieting rumors of his beloved son, and wrote: "I sincerely hope that you may not be led to idleness or extravagance. I am aware that the enticements in the present degenerate world to be led astray from virtue and economy are numerous, and therefore I deem it my imperative duty to caution you against such depravity."

The senior Boyer's training for his son included, however, such practical touches as sending him a three-dollar bank note which Philadelphians quickly rejected as counterfeit. The son returned it to his father, who was not surprised. The father wrote back: "I received the note of Schweisford on condition that he must redeem it in case it would not pass. I suspected it would not pass. The bearer will pay you the three dollars. . . ."

Storekeeping in the early days was a Spartan business. Boyer's clerks, all bachelors, slept in the loft, swept the floors at daybreak, and opened the doors for business at six A.M. The routine continued into the present century, until the automotive age relieved farmers of having to arrive in town by daybreak so they could get home by dark.

The real backbone of the store trade to this day consists of Pennsylvania Ger-

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mans, a plain, no-nonsense people given to living on the soil in the pattern established by their immigrant ancestors more than 200 years ago. To satisfy their needs, Boyer's stocks not only the latest in electrical and mechanical appliances, but such items as snitz, condensed smoke, salt-and-pepper underwear, ladies' union suits, wagon wrenches and noodle glue.

Snitz are dried apples, used in preparing sweet-and-sour Pennsylvania "Dutch" dishes. Condensed smoke began as a liquid used in curing hams, but modernists found a new use for it: it is fine to paint steaks with before cooking them on outdoor grills. Salt-and-pepper underwear is made of a speckled fabric which does not show dirt readily, and hence finds favor among dirt farmers and others engaged in grimy work. The ladies' union suits are purchased principally by elderly souls who wish to keep the chill out of their bones or by the sunbonneted Amish and Mennonite women who adhere to the old, long-skirted styles which enable them to wear anything underneath. The wagon wrenches are in demand in a land where many wooden-wheeled vehicles with iron hubcaps are still in daily use. The noodle glue has nothing to do with pasting together a tasty dish of noodles, but is a wide ribbon of glue, resembling a flat noodle when unrolled, which is liked locally for putting up wallpaper.

Some basic items prove their versatility in the hands of Boyer customers. Resin, for instance, is used in small quantities in homemade soaps to help the soap stick to one's hands; on pulleys and barn-door tracks, and as a disinfectant.

Salt comes in four categories: Regular table salt; bunny spools of salt at five dollars, for use in rabbit-breeding hutches; salt bricks for cattle, and Epsom salt. Boyer's buys the latter by the barrel and retails it at ten cents a pound. Farmers use it to dose both cattle and ailing relatives.

The store also supplies the two prime ingredients of a famous old medicinal compound, sulfur and molasses. It retails both in bulk. There is a whole binful of yellow sulfur labeled with its old, prechemistry name, "brimstone." Many a countryman of past generations gulped sulfur and molasses every spring as a specific against all ills, and some hereabouts still do. In this age of wonder drugs, the local verdict on sulfur and molasses is pleasantly nontechnical: "Never harmed nobody yet."

One of the store's biggest sales assets is the set ways of its customers. Once they like a thing and become accustomed to it, it remains a best seller for decades if not generations. The store's line of blue-denim men's work aprons is an example. Most of the casket-company workers insist upon them. An elderly Boyertown seamstress makes them with special pockets and other touches that appeal locally. "I doubt," one of the store clerks remarked, "that we could sell any other kind. Anyhow, why try? Everybody around here likes these." Stoneware crocks, used in preparing homemade sauerkraut, come in capacities from two to ten gallons. They sell at "fifty cents a gallon"—a dollar for the two-gallon size and up to five dollars for the ten-gallon ones. Boyer's, which formerly stocked crocks up to twenty gallons, laments that local sauerkraut eaters aren't what they used to be.

To satisfy its many tobacco-chewing customers, some of whom have been at it fifty to sixty years, the store stocks nine brands of chaws, ranging in price from fifteen to forty cents. They bear such names as Happy Jim, Union Workman's Scrap, Red Man, and Mike's Own Special. One brand is "imported" from the South. The eight others are grown and processed in neighboring Lancaster County, another Pennsylvania-German stronghold.

Traditionally, the store buys as close to home as it can. This policy goes back to the founder, who advertised in German in 1817 that he would sell ironware for "*Bargeld*," or hard cash, and also would buy or trade for local crops, including flaxseed to make homespun. Boyer's, established as a middle man, profited on both ends of its transactions. "They who come to sell stay to buy," one early Boyer philosophized behind the counter. Today Boyer's still stocks such hometown products as heavy wooden hay rakes, handmade to retail at $1.98, and home-ground yellow corn meal which makes six times its weight when cooked into mush.

Although the store's sales volume is now surpassed by that of several other Boyertown retailers, the Boyers feel no concern. The fact that the supermarket just down the street grosses considerably more than their store's annual take of $100,000-plus actually pleases them. For they own the supermarket building and lease it for a flat rental plus percentage of sales. After occupying all four corners of the town square at various times, the family now holds only two. It is well entrenched elsewhere, however. The family trust, established to handle Boyer holdings, owns more than a tenth of the community's industries and business properties.

The big competitor, some blocks down the main street, is LeFevre's Department Store. Unlike Boyer's with its Victorian front, LeFevre's has been renovated to give it a modern glass front and shiny look of newness. Without conscious irony, the townspeople sometimes refer to it as the "new store"—it having been founded as lately as 1869.

Boyer's, by contrast, seems to resist change even in its store office. The office has modern adding machines and other business aids, but a tendency to stick sales slips on old-style spikes persists. Nobody does much about it. It seems to be tacitly understood that machines are permissible as long as they do not interfere with the old way of doing things.

The newfangled adding machines were never accepted by at least one Boyer. This was "Uncle Horace," as everyone called him, a roly-poly man about five feet tall and five feet around. Uncle Horace never missed a day's work at the store until one morning when he unaccountably felt a bit feeble. He was then past eighty. Even in his old age, he was a lightning calculator without the aid of pencil and paper, much less a machine. The younger employees occasionally matched Uncle Horace against an adding machine, without telling him of the race, and they swear he invariably arrived at the answer faster than the machine.

Uncle Horace, for all his plain ways and daily labor, was a wealthy man. It showed in only two respects, however. The porch of his residence, just down the street from the store, shone resplendent with a solid brass railing. Apparently Uncle Horace, a sturdy beer drinker, was inspired by barroom décor. At any rate, the highly polished porch rail was a town sight. Another sight was Uncle Horace in his Cadillac, driven by a chauffeur. The car probably had less mileage on it than any other of the same make, for Uncle Horace was a home lover. His summer place, "back in the country," was all of five miles away. He seldom ventured more than ten miles from Boyertown.

When Uncle Horace was past seventy, he decided it was time to go take his first look at the ocean. So he told the chauffeur, "Tomorrow we drive to Atlantic

Of all the luck! My stomach's so upset!
I'll just die if I can't make that dance tonight!
Now look, honey—you take Pepto-Bismol.
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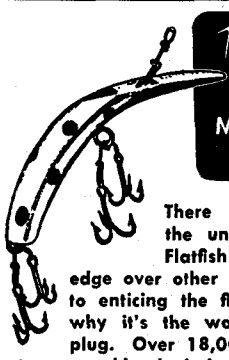

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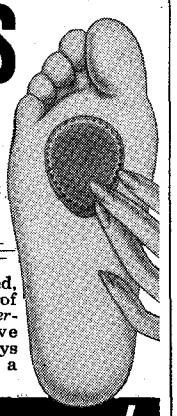

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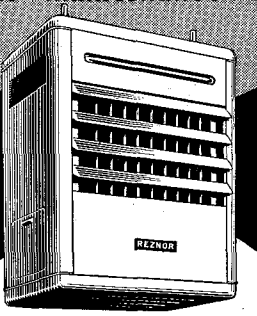

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City." The man, so the story goes, nearly fell over. He had to admit that he had neither road maps nor practice in reading them. Uncle Horace made a four A.M. start and actually got to Atlantic City. He had his bags packed, and the idea was that he would spend a full week getting acquainted with the ocean. The following evening, the Cadillac was back at the brass-railed front porch and Uncle Horace heaved himself home. "Just a lot of water," he said, and got a good night's sleep before getting to the store at eight A.M.

As befitted a living personification of Santa Claus, Uncle Horace had all the time in the world for small boys. But he could grow impatient with adults. Once, litigation required him to journey to Norristown, a county seat twenty-five miles distant. Annoyed at the length of the trip, Uncle Horace became even more annoyed at the length of the lawyers' arguments. These stretched through the afternoon and perilously close to dinnertime. Uncle Horace, infuriated at the thought of a good dinner growing cold, risked contempt of court. In a voice which carried right up to the judge on the bench, he asked, "Must they talk so much?" It was his epitaph on American justice. Thereafter, he avoided litigation at all costs.

Although Uncle Horace is gone, the pedestrian victim of a car at the age of eighty-three, the store has, as usual, a Boyer who holds the eye and affection of his townspeople. This is Dan, the present manager. He is as tall and lean as his Great Uncle Horace was short and round, and walks with a limp from an accident during infancy.

Dan's biggest current campaign is to introduce his rural customers to the marvels of modern kitchen and bathroom fittings. "About half the people around Boyertown still have backbreaking slate kitchen sinks and outside 'conveniences,'" Dan says with a hopeful sales tone.

Berlinville, a little community which nestles against Boyertown on the north, is typical. Architecturally, it is noteworthy for its sentimental attachment to outhouses. The more substantial ones are red brick, and finer examples of this vanishing architecture are crowned by small cupolas or spires. Some outhouses have been converted into chicken coops, rabbit hutches or tool sheds. Others "just stand," as if waiting for a plumbing crisis. All through the Boyertown area, the Pennsylvania-German farmers have surrendered slowly and mistrustfully to the chromium glitter of modern bathrooms and kitchens. Dan learned the situation from the bottom up in modernizing a farm he bought a few years ago. A big sales point, in the opinion of the old farm couple who previously owned the place and their real-estate agent, was that the place had "both a three-holer and a two-holer."

Dan is proudest of selling a kitchen sink to a wispy old Pennsylvania German who had no running water at all in his farmhouse. The old man's wife had to carry water uphill daily from a spring a quarter of a mile away. Whenever the old fellow came into the store, Dan joshed him about not buying his wife a sink. One day he marched in, said he and his wife had decided to invest in a sink, and slowly counted out the payment in crumpled dollar bills.

"I felt as odd as a fellow who has just sold an electric refrigerator to an Eskimo," Dan says. "For the sink had two lovely chrome taps and a drain pipe, all with no place to go. The old woman filled it by hand from her pail. She liked it so much that when they finally installed running water two years later, she made her husband buy a second sink and put it out on the covered porch where they cooked and ate in summertime."

In modernizing kitchens, Dan travels to homes for ten or twelve miles around and conjures up arrangements to suit the housewife. He is, however, conservative compared with his only sister, wife of a young Philadelphia Main Line banker. When she designed her own kitchen, she placed the stove smack in the center of the room. "It's unconventional, but it works splendidly," she says. "After all, the stove is the center of the kitchen."

"A woman could convince herself of that," Dan comments, "but I'll bet no man ever could convince a woman of it. I wouldn't try."

Aside from newspaper advertising, the store has one sure-fire form of promoting business. It is sweet simplicity itself. At the very rear, after passing whole rows of goods, customers and random visitors find four invitingly open candy bins. Youngsters and oldsters are free to dip as they choose into jelly beans, cream-filled chocolates, hard candies and chocolate drops. A bin of dried prunes sits within easy reach of those who dislike candy.

"We sell about half of our candy," Dan Boyer says. "The other half is given away, on the house."

Children, sometimes dragging a parent by the hand, make a beeline for the candy bins. So do the young in spirit—and appetite—of all ages. Oscar Dotterer, an elderly farmer, told Dan between munches, "Your grandfather always gave me candy too." Repeat candy eaters, the store finds, make repeat customers.

Dan can flip open the yellowed ledgers to the names of great-grandparents of present-day customers, who patronized the store in the 1840's. Part of the steadfast local tradition of buying from Boyer's comes from the family's practice of rendering personal service over and above the call of mercantile duty.

One lush-growing summer day Dan answered the phone. Then he dropped everything, trundled a new power mower off the store floor into his station wagon and disappeared. Two hours later he was back—with the mower.

"Didn't sell it?" a clerk asked in surprise.

"Didn't try," Dan confided. "The man who called wasn't a sales prospect; he was just too sick to cut his grass. So I did."

If and when that man decides to buy a power mower, he will have had a memorable demonstration of kindness as well as of a mower. And if he never buys one, Dan still is well satisfied at having helped someone.

The store delivery truck has been seen long after shopping hours disgorging loads of personal furniture. Local folks know that it doesn't mean that Boyer's has gone into the secondhand furniture business, but simply that someone borrowed their truck to move. Once an old customer overenthusiastically bid in a grand piano at a country auction, then starkly faced the problem of how to get it home. Dan, a frequent auction bidder himself, promptly came to the rescue. The store truck ferried the piano and its happy new owner home.

Dan often gets "urgent" telephone calls at home on Sunday. These usually prove to be requests that he open the store for someone who has just broken a cultivator blade in Sunday gardening or who has run out of paint in the middle of a weekend paint job. One call at six A.M. on a bitter Sunday arose from real emergency. A local family had been burned out of house and home in their night clothes, and the Red Cross wanted new clothing for them in a hurry. The store outfitted every one and somehow misplaced the bill.

Sometimes Dan flatly advises customers against buying. "Save your money," he asserts, "you don't really need this." In the thrifty Pennsylvania-German country, the advice is usually welcome. One busy Saturday I overheard him answer a phone call from a talkative young mother. She wanted special pedals for her small son's velocipede so that his little legs could reach them better.

"Madam, we don't carry such an item," Dan Boyer replied. "It's easy enough to bolt on small blocks of wood with carriage bolts—that's what I do for my sons. Now, if your husband needs the bolts, we have those."

Nowadays, Dan and brother Jim, a World War II aircraft-carrier officer, head up the store staff of ten. There'll always be a Boyer at the store, to judge by the rising generation. Dan has four sons, and Jim has two.

Dib, Dan's oldest boy, now thirteen, is both a semiprofessional shepherd and a smart young salesman. He tends his father's flock of sixteen sheep. As a side line, he dries the sheep manure and sells it as garden fertilizer. "Dried and put in a rose bed," he assures prospects, "all you can smell is the roses." Dib delighted his dad in peddling candy to benefit his Boy Scout troop. When a plumpish young woman who was on a diet began explaining why she could not buy any, he said, "Madam, this is low-calorie, nonfattening candy, and will you have three boxes or four?" She bought four.

"Perhaps," his father remarks happily, "salesmanship can be an inherited trait."

THE END

NEXT WEEK

I Call on Bing Crosby

Beginning a Series of Intimate Conversations with Stars of Hollywood and TV

By PETE MARTIN

Herb Score

Cleveland's Lefthanded Lightning

Your Child Doesn't Need You Forever

Hannah Lees Analyzes Our Youngsters' War of Independence

The Burma Surgeon Carries On

The Living Legend of Dr. Gordon Seagrave

Those Fancy New Buses

Red-Carpet Ride on Extra-Fare Highway Liners

IN COLOR:

THE LOUVRE:

TREASURE HOUSE OF PARIS

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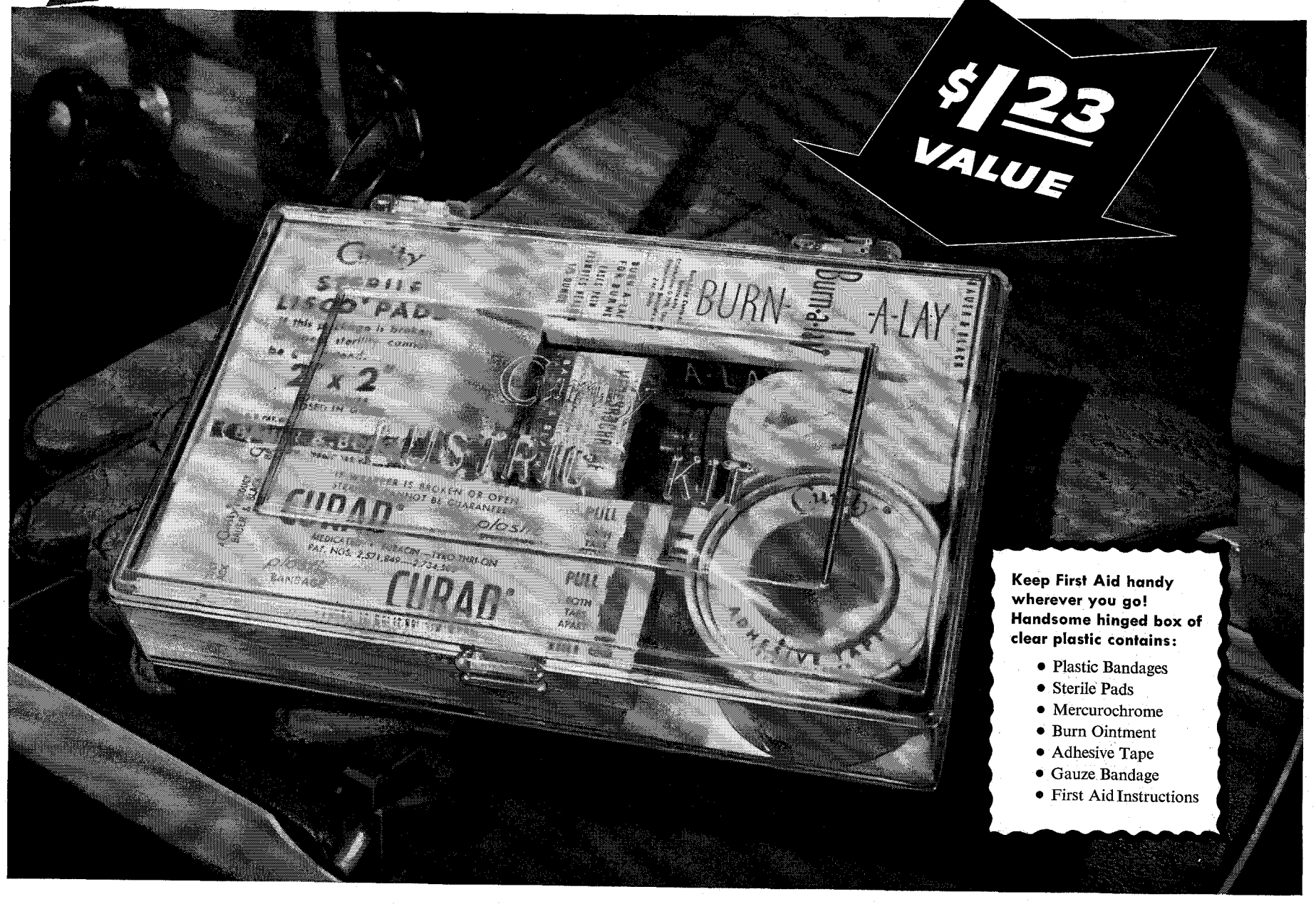

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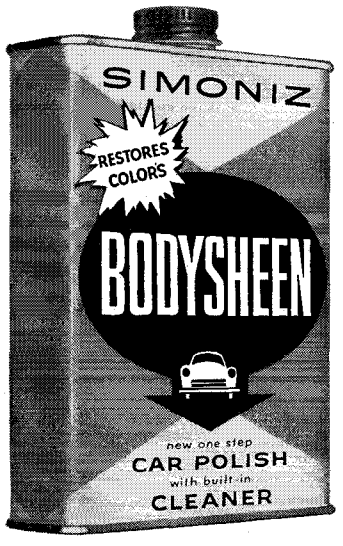

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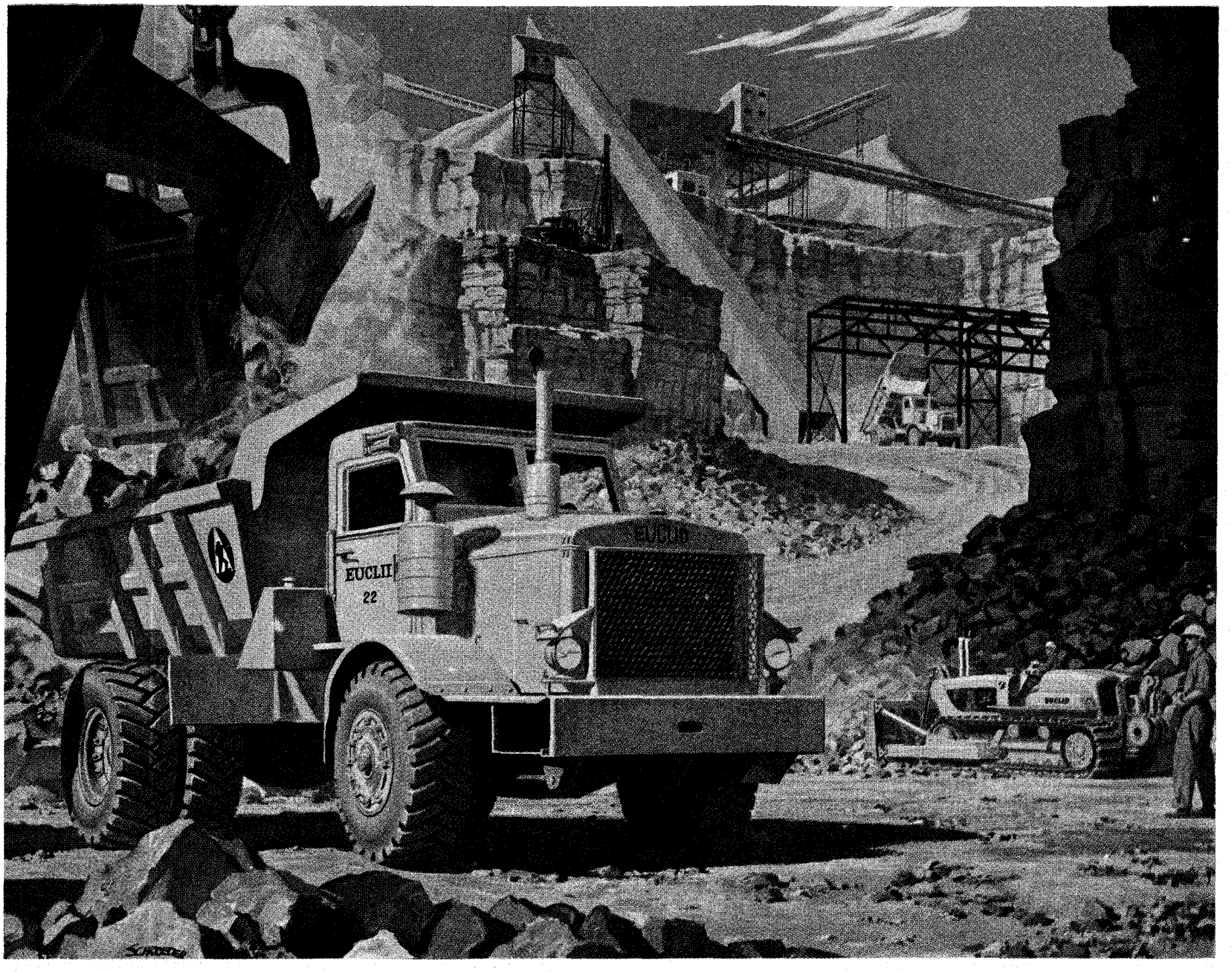

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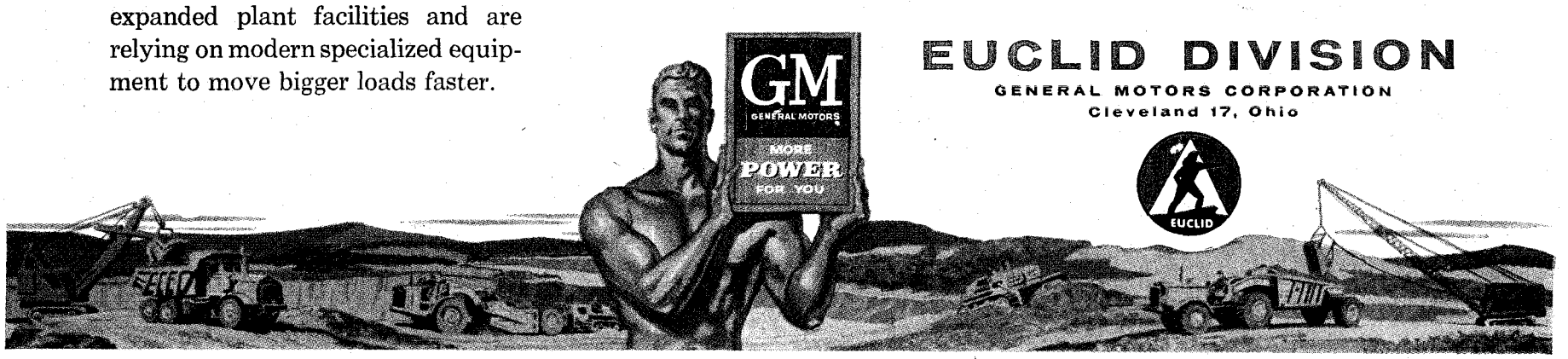

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They Make 50,000 Gardens Grow

(Continued from Page 29)

nine years ago. Their choice was motivated partly by circumstance, partly by the homing instinct. Doc (the nickname is strictly fortuitous) was born and bred in Wayland, a town ten miles from Naples. Doc is now forty. Katherine Mehlenbacher, six years his junior, was the daughter of a successful seed-potato farmer near Wayland. The Abrahams, a large family of Syrians, transferred their activities from a small village farm to the restaurant business while George was still a youngster. George, a voluble, soft-spoken man whose liquid brown eyes and dark complexion suggest his Eastern Mediterranean roots, was unaffected by this change of venue.

"I always knew that I wanted to work with growing things—plants and flowers. When college time came, I enrolled in the Cornell College of Agriculture, where I majored in ornamental horticulture and also took a number of courses in journalism. One of Katy's three brothers—they're all Cornell graduates—used to ride back and forth to Ithaca with me."

George's choice of courses was considered quixotic by his more practical classmates. Horticulture was looked upon as a sort of fey relative to a sound agricultural education—there wasn't much profit in being a gardening expert, and a college degree was considered a doubtful advantage for a man who wanted to go into the greenhouse or nursery business. As for the journalistic courses—even George had no idea how he would ever blend his technical education with writing for profit.

"I just knew what I wanted to do, not how I would do it," relates Doc; "and darned if it didn't work out just the way I wanted."

George's first job after graduation, in 1939, was not only a justification of his highly personal educational formula but a portent of things to come. He joined the editorial staff of the Florists' Exchange, a weekly trade magazine devoted to the interests of nurserymen, florists and seedsmen the country over. George combined routine editorial work in the magazine's New York office with the traveling necessary to gather material for his own feature, the Calling All Growers page.

"This was the sort of thing I liked; though I missed the actual work with growing things. Katy had started studying horticulture at Cornell by this time, and when I got back to Wayland on occasion we'd talk about the future, and it must have been about that time that we decided we'd like to do something in the horticultural-writing field later on."

George was twenty-six and had been with the magazine for a year and a half when he was drafted into the Army and assigned to the 36th Field Artillery. When, some months later, George was transferred to Task Force 5889 and alerted for overseas duty, Katy traveled down to Fort Jackson, South Carolina, and the couple were married during a thirty-six-hour leave. Katy then returned to Ithaca and George went to Casablanca.

"We were a self-contained unit, and after moving around North Africa for a while, we were sent to Liberia to guard the rubber plantations—just in case the Germans decided to move in on them. We spent about eleven months there and then moved to the Middle East. I ended my foreign service as a Yank field correspondent attached to the Air Transport Command."

Abraham spent his last few months in uniform at Fort MacArthur, California, waiting to be assigned to the Far Eastern theater. Katy, who had left Cornell during her third year and gone to work as a civilian inspector in an Army ordnance plant, joined him in California. George was a technical sergeant when he was mustered out in September, 1945.

"In addition to my work for Yank, I'd done a fair amount of independent writing during the war. The New York Times Magazine section used several of my pieces on native life in Africa. Back home, Katy and I tried to figure out a way we could combine this free-lance writing with some actual horticultural work. We played around with the idea of buying out a small nursery in Dansville, a town a few miles from Wayland, but finally decided it was too much for us to carry."

Tugged two ways—by the satisfaction of seeing himself in print and the urge to practice what he preached—George finally compromised with both ambitions and took a job with an Ithaca advertising agency, writing copy for agricultural accounts.

"Kate and I drove to Ithaca in our ten-year-old car with three bushels of potatoes snugged into the front bumper. We must have looked like a couple of itinerant farm workers. We found an apartment and I started work at forty-five dollars a week. It was interesting, in a way—we both traveled a good deal while I was getting material for bulletins on seeds and fertilizers and farm equipment. But somehow I couldn't get enthusiastic about a job that was so different from what I wanted to do. I wanted to get back to plants and flowers and a more personal type of writing. Katy kept encouraging me to make a break, but I didn't have the nerve. And then, during the summer of 1947, when I'd been with the agency for a little more than a year, we heard of this setup in Naples."

The setup in Naples was an eight-room frame house on two acres of land. A sixty-by-thirty-foot greenhouse was attached to the dwelling. The property had served a local florist for years. Using their small savings and a GI loan, the Abrahams bought the place that summer. Three years later they purchased five acres of land adjoining the property.

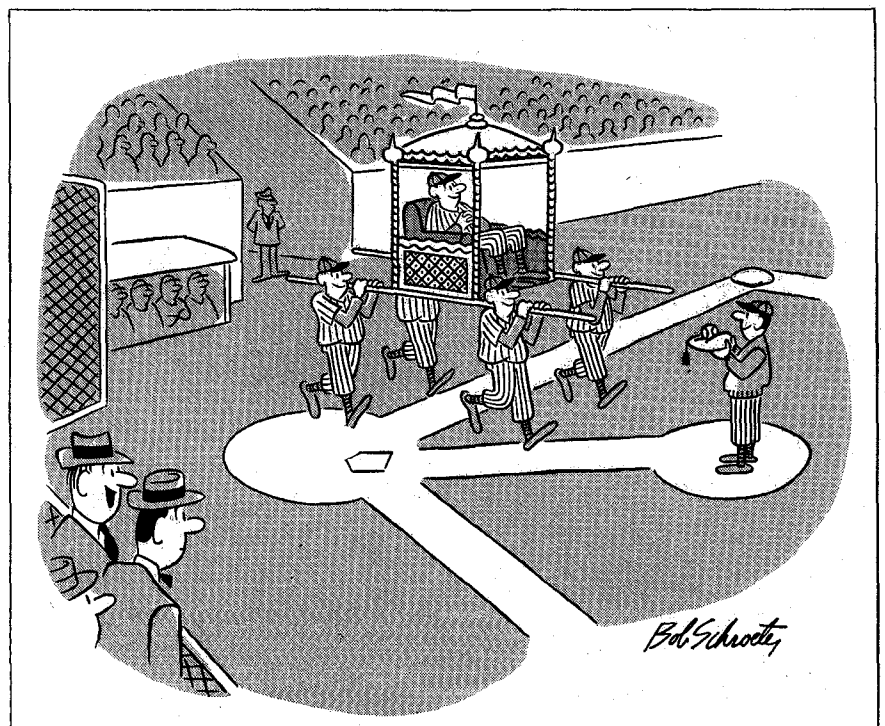
"My boss at the advertising agency thought we were crazy. He said any fool could run a greenhouse and that he'd planned to double my salary. We had already bought the place, however, and we both felt free and excited about everything, so nothing he said could change our minds. We had our little girl, Leanna, by that time, and the three of us moved in here to see what we could work out. We expected the first year or so to be tough—and it was."

To appreciate the situation the Abrahams faced, it should be pointed out that their only hope of immediate income was from the retail-florist business which formed a part of their purchase. The average small-town florist with his own greenhouse raises some of the flowers he sells, but depends upon wholesale greenhouses for many of his cut flowers and most of his seasonal specialties—hydrangeas, poinsettias, and so on. This is necessary because of the extreme seasonableness of the trade—a single greenhouse could not possibly produce all the plants and flowers a retailer needs for Easter and Christmas and various special events—and because some flowers demand specialized growing conditions. A carnation wholesaler, for instance, keeps his greenhouses at a temperature lower than that used for most other flowers.

Americans buy most of their cut flowers and flower arrangements (the most profitable sales for the retail florist) for marriages, funerals, sickness and for certain holidays; they rarely buy flowers simply as a home decoration, as so many Europeans do. This restrictive buying results in a regimen of either feast or famine for the small-town florist; he's either got more Easter orders than he can fill or he's wondering whether the roses the wholesaler has delivered will fade before a rosy-humored customer comes along. The risks involved in stocking flowers for such an uncertain market, plus the time and skill demanded in making artistic flower arrangements, account for the 100-to-200-per-cent markup florists must place on their cut-flower sales.

The Abrahams were aware of some of these facts of a florist's life when they moved to Naples and started the arduous job of preparing their six fifty-foot greenhouse benches for planting. And, with seven years of horticultural training between them, they were well supplied with technical lore about what it takes to make a daisy grow. The retail end of their enterprise, they found, took care of itself—during their first month in Naples not a customer darkened their door. During the second and succeeding months business picked up, but hardly at a rate to gladden the mortgagor's heart.

"We knew we'd get the customers sooner or later," recalls Katy, "so we weren't too worried about that. What did surprise us was that there was an awful lot we didn't know about actually growing flowers. We knew the theories, but we were short on practical experience."



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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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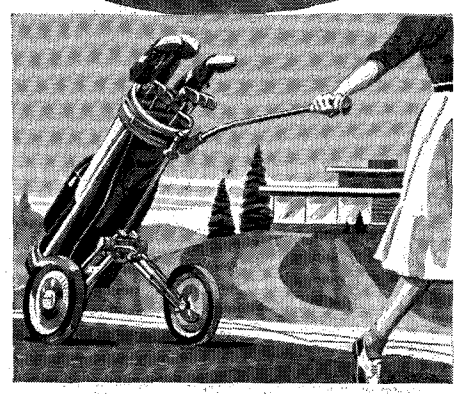

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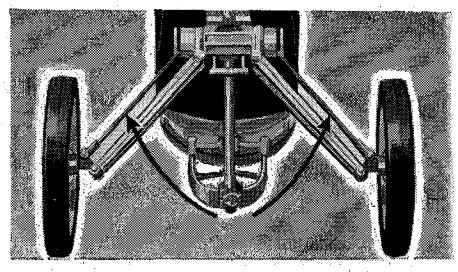

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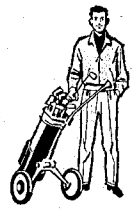

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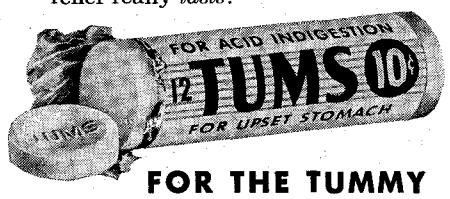

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"That first year," adds Doc, "when I think we both learned more about practical flower culture than we did in our years at college, reminds me of a letter I received from one of our column readers a short time ago. This woman said her husband had bought her fifty rosebushes and that they had all thrived but one, which had died. She wanted to know what could have been the matter with that one. I was tempted to write her and suggest she thank God that forty-nine had survived."

In an effort to shore up their rocky economy during that first year, Doc went into the landscaping business—refurbishing local yards, planting trees and bushes and setting out perennial borders. Though this proved to be a profitable side line, it demands a lot of time and labor from a man who is also trying to run a retail-florist business and maintain a greenhouse. The problem of getting good help is, too, a constant worry.

"We wanted to ease out of this line," relates Doc, "and so we decided it was time to give our big dream, horticultural writing, a good try. We wanted to do something for the home gardener—something very simple and practical. We hopped into the car and drove down to Dansville to see the editor of the local weekly paper there and asked him if he'd like to try this gardening column we had in mind, to be called The Green Thumb. He said he might, but he wanted to see some samples. We had to confess we didn't have any samples—proving, I guess, that our thumbs weren't the only things that were green."

The editor liked the samples Doc sent him and The Green Thumb was officially launched in September, 1947. The first column just about covered the schedule of chores faced by the fall gardener, from dividing irises and storing dahlias to the autumnal seeding of a new lawn. A week later another local weekly, in the neighboring town of Cohocton, bought the feature, and by the end of the year Doc and Katy had six customers for their householder's informal guide to better plants and flowers. Since the smaller weeklies pay only a dollar or two for such a feature, the new enterprise did not settle the Abrahams' financial problems, but their first small success at least proved to Katy and Doc that they had an idea the gardening public would accept.

"We worked hard on the greenhouse that winter," recalls Katy, "and began to establish the growing routine we generally follow. That means chrysanthemums, which we bench in July for flowering around Thanksgiving and Christmas. Then snapdragons, which we start in pots and bench for flowering around Christmas and Easter. And we usually raise a few carnations—though I don't like to work in the greenhouse when it's as cool as it should be for carnations. During the night, in cold weather, we like to keep the greenhouse at forty-five to fifty degrees. During the day, the sun warms it up and it's often a problem to keep it cool enough."

In the early spring the Abrahams start flowers such as petunias, marigolds and zinnias from seed, for Decoration Day sales. Stock, useful in flower arrangements, is also a routine planting. Geraniums, for which there is a big spring market, are bought as started plants from wholesalers. About March fifteenth Doc and Katy also start their vegetable plants—some in the greenhouse and some in cold frames. In addition to peppers, broccoli, cabbages, cauliflowers and eggplants, the Abrahams, last year, raised and sold 12,000 tomato plants.

Doc has just about recovered from a small confusion which marred their vegetable-growing program several years ago.

"The kids were considerably smaller and in the pixyish stage then, and somehow, in the early spring, they got into the cold frames and mixed up the labels on the cauliflower, cabbage, Brussels sprouts and broccoli seed beds. So people came in later to buy and we'd dig up these plants and sell them as whatever the label said. Came the summer and our customers began to wonder why their cabbage looked so much like a cauliflower or why their cauliflower looked like broccoli—which, of course, they detested. I don't know whether we lost any customers, but the kids surely changed a lot of people's eating habits with that mix-up. I was explaining my way out of that one for months."

One of the Abrahams' special greenhouse projects is calla lilies, a handsome flower useful in wedding or funeral arrangements. Doc started with 300 tubers and, after nine years of selective planting, now benches 1000 pots containing some 1500 tubers. The tubers, after a dormant summer, are potted up in August and bloom from Christmas till May. As a single cut lily brings from fifty to ninety cents retail, this one crop is a substantial income producer.

As the Abrahams' retail-florist trade improved and the greenhouse became a year-round producer, Doc and Katy found that The Green Thumb was demanding more and more of their time and attention. The Buffalo Courier-Express—the first large daily to run the feature—presented them with more than 1000 reader letters after the first appearance of the column. This, of course, confirmed the Abrahams' whimsical conviction that there was a place for a popularly written newspaper feature on horticulture.

"We did very little to sell The Green Thumb—mostly, it just spread, like crabgrass. I guess editors talked about it when they got together at conventions, or something. We kept adding one paper after another until we now have twenty-eight dailies and forty-four weeklies, spread around the northeastern quarter of the United States, which use the column once a week. And some of the dailies use a second column we call The Green Thumb Question Box. We figure that the column has about two million readers."

Five years ago the Abrahams were invited to give a fifteen-minute gardening program over Rochester's WHAM. George agreed to the experiment if Katy would appear with him. This radio feature—a give-and-take discussion with an announcer helping things along—is now an established part of the station's Saturday schedule. The Abrahams drive to Rochester every week, record their discussion on tape, and then do their shopping at the wholesale florists before returning to Naples. Three smaller stations are now using a similar feature which the Abrahams record on tape at home.

Keeping their three-ring circus going is a full-time job for both the Abrahams. Doc has a penchant for the collective pronoun ("*We* do this . . . *We* think that . . .") and what might be an affectation in some cases is probably the simple recognition of fact as far as The Green Thumbers are concerned. Katy, though thoroughly feminine, impresses one as being as knowledgeable and action-minded as her husband. The Abrahams work side by side in the greenhouse and share the chores of caring for their florist trade, with Doc roughing up the flower arrangements and Katy applying the expert finishing touches. Doc writes the columns, while Katy proofreads them and both husband and wife sort and answer the voluminous mail. Katy's (*Continued on Page 108*)

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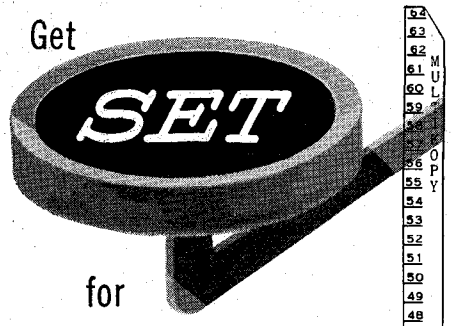

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(*Continued from Page 106*)

aunt and mother frequently turn up in the evening to help the couple sort the mail when the correspondence is particularly heavy.

Over the radio, the husband and wife strike it off as an exceptionally well-balanced team; it would be hard to say which partner contributes more to the discussions. Katy's ready laugh surely adds a necessary leavening touch in discussions which can get somewhat technical on the subjects of anthracnose, septoria leaf spot and fungicide sprays. When the Abrahams bend their efforts toward refurbishing their home—adding bathrooms, papering and painting—Katy works as expertly as her husband, while George, in a sort of turnabout, rises at six every morning and cooks the family breakfast.

H hour in the Abraham household is sometime Monday morning, when George sits down in a cluttered little office off the dining room and starts writing the 900 or 1000 words which will comprise The Green Thumb columns for that week. Though the same basic material may be used, several variations of each column are produced, so that the copy will apply to the area in which it is to be published. Thus, a column for a Northern Ohio paper will receive a somewhat different treatment from a column for a Southern New Jersey weekly. The subject matter of the columns is selected from problems and questions posed in the reader mail, so Doc knows what he's going to write about when he snaps on the switch of his electric typewriter. Some questions call for considerable research—many are simply a part of the Abrahams' horticultural ABC's. Much of the Abrahams' lore—on growing plants, insecticides, fertilizers and garden gimmicks—is a result of pretesting and experimentation in their own garden or greenhouse. George is convinced that a good garden columnist should always have to wash the dirt off his hands before he starts writing.

A typical Green Thumb column may open with a discussion of goutweed (an affliction which distresses some people in the vicinity of their driveways), move on to the use of gourds as decorations, give advice on the buying of grass seed, and conclude with a few paragraphs on what The Green Thumb characterizes as Stubborn Lilacs. Though George is no Walter Pater, the style and content are simple and straightforward enough to be understood by any reader who can face such terms as gypsophila, vermiculite and sodium selenate without blanching. Amateur gardeners must face them knowledgeably, for The Green Thumb won the National Garden Bureau Award for outstanding gardening journalism in 1954.

Doc usually finishes his columns before he leaves the typewriter on Monday night. The following morning Katy reads the copy for errors and clarifications. The columns are sent off to the client newspapers that same day. The Abrahams spend their spare evening hours during the rest of the week sorting and answering mail from their readers. Every letter is answered, advice and counsel on the more common problems being given in the form of bulletins. Doc writes the text of the bulletins and Katy supplies the art work wherever it is necessary. The Abrahams now have a bulletin file covering several hundred subjects. Typical titles: Don't be Afraid of Sawdust (for garden mulch, that is), Culture of Raspberries and Other Small Fruits, How to "Air Layer" Your Plants, Raising Begonias in the Home, How to Make a Rose Jar, How to Start Flowers and Vegetables from Seed, How to Lick Moles (an odd practice, even for a gardener), Good Luck From Poor Soils, and so on, through the long winter nights.

Though most of the Abrahams' bulletins are for conventional, down-the-line gardeners, they occasionally recognize the problems of the more esoteric trowel-and-basket cults such as the Mole Lickers and the Lotus Eaters. Any Green Thumb reader who wants to learn how to prepare a tasty collation of French-Fried Dandelion Blossoms, Rose Geranium Rolls and Pumpkin Blossom Fritters can procure Edible Flowers are a Real Treat for the cost of a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

The Abrahams' mail, from both their columns and their fifteen-minute broadcasts, generally reflects the conflicts and harassments of the gardener's lifelong battle with the aphid, the scale, the fungus, the bugs and the beetles and the overacid soil. Occasionally, however, the mail brings in a query from the outer space of the horticultural world. A gardening lady who heard Katy describe the Rose Jar over the radio remembered little but the decoration's alternate name—potpourri. She wrote, forthwith, asking for the directions for making "one of those sweet-smelling toilet bowls." A Green Thumb reader who had noticed that Doc suggested old cow manure for roses, wrote in asking if manure from a young cow would be equally efficacious. A reader with a letter twenty questions long explained that the reason she had so many questions was that she was a widow.

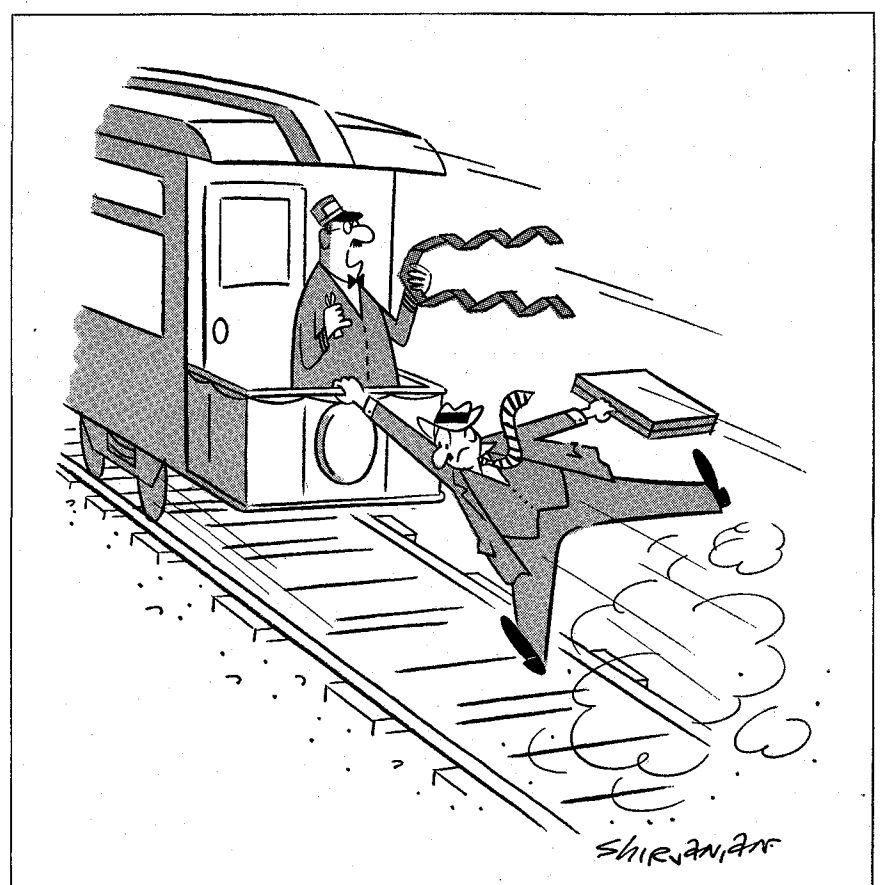
Answering some of the Abrahams' mail requires considerable tact and a measure of self-discipline. Doc brooded over a number of interesting answers when he received the following query: "I have a male African violet which never blossoms. My husband bought me a female violet for Easter—still no blooms. I've read that violets don't like much light. If I move my plants to a darker bedroom, do you think they will do anything there?" Doc finally, and reluctantly, settled for the truth on this one—there is no such thing as a male or a female African violet.

Though African violets lead a neuter existence, their lives and culture apparently make them the indoor gardener's No. 1 problem; Doc and Katy have distributed thousands of their How to Raise bulletins on the subject and look for a continuing trickle of queries on the flower. Another popular bulletin covers the Abrahams' method of storing poinsettias and making them bloom over a second Christmas, while their third-ranking essay features Doc's hard-sell on the use of cheap sawdust in place of more expensive materials for covering outside flower beds and for lining greenhouse benches. Professional hints on how to force adventitious buds by pinching plant tips, on how to transfer plants from pots to benches, on how to water potted plants from the bottom (stand the pots in a metal tray of water) and on the use of warm water to rejuvenate drooping cut flowers are also gobbled up by Green Thumb readers and listeners.

As far as the future is concerned, Doc and Katy Abraham are in a rather unusual position—they're just about satisfied with things as they are. As Doc phrases it:

"We don't want this thing to get too big. We want to keep The Green Thumb a family enterprise—something we both can do at home. The greenhouse is a big load of work in the spring when it's packed with plants and flowers, and a worry during the winter storms, when you have to keep the heat up no matter what happens. But we want to keep the greenhouse going, because it enables us to work out actual growing problems. And, of course, there's always the possibility that Darryl, who is now eight, may want to carry on with the greenhouse work someday."

The Abrahams' urge to keep The Green Thumb a home enterprise may present some problems. There are 30,000,000 gardeners in the United States (making it this country's No. 1 hobby) and every one of them is apparently loaded with questions for the experts. If The Green Thumb continues to spread like crab grass and the reader mail grows with it—particularly letters from readers who send in weed samples embalmed in gummed tape—Doc and Katy may find their tidy little home enterprise turning into a big business. THE END



"You're on the wrong train."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Fisher (she's Debbie Reynolds) as photographed in their Beverly Hills home by Mead-Maddick

Read the telegram Eddie and Debbie are sending for Mother's Day

This is the telegram that Eddie and Debbie are sending to their mothers for May 12th: *Hi, Mom: Love and kisses from both of us for an extra special gal on Mother's Day—Eddie and Debbie.* "Mother's Day greetings seem to mean more when you send them by wire," says Eddie Fisher. His lovely wife, Debbie Reynolds adds: "I think I know why, Eddie. Greetings by wire are—well, so *personal* . . . to say nothing of the lovely decorations on the envelope and the blank!"

Eddie Fisher, RCA Victor recording artist, stars on "Coke-Time," NBC radio. MGM star Debbie Reynolds is currently appearing in U-I's "Tammy." They are co-starred in RKO's "Bundle of Joy."

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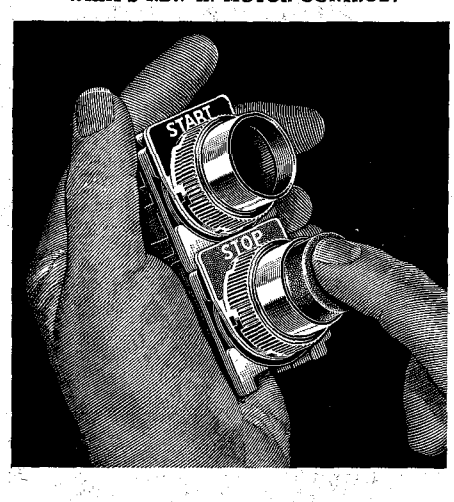

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Revenge in the Desert

(Continued from Page 37)

"I'm on my own," I nodded. I didn't tell him any more or I'd have sounded like a kid. I was sixteen years old, and practically a man grown.

He said, "I saw you coming and brewed a pot of tea. Come over to my camp."

That was the first time I ever met Bill Marney. His camp was like all the others, just a blanket roll at the foot of a tree, a heap of firewood, a round covered pot for baking, an ax, and a shovel for arranging the embers so he could do his cooking. But he had slashed down a couple of little blackheart trees and made a bough shelter against the wind the way the natives do, and his place looked real homelike.

I spent a lot of time there in the next three or four days, listening to Bill talk. In the evenings half a dozen fellows from round about would drop in, and I had never heard talk like it. For these were all bushmen and used to spending their nights alone, and every man carried a book in his saddlebags. He couldn't carry more than one, and an ordinary book would not do. Any book worth carrying had to last a year or more, and some of these men had been reading their book for twelve or fifteen years. So each one carried a book he couldn't understand that would last him a while, and this was the book that he talked by.

There was Larry Keane, who carried a copy of Plato's Republic; he was a socialist and he was always harking back to the ideal state. Like as not, Bob Cousins would jump on him.

"Emerson says that any coot who wants to call himself a man has got to be a nonconformist," he'd say. "Have a look at yourself. You're the most nonconforming nonconformist north of the twenty-third parallel."

Then Mugs Riley would quote Doctor Johnson, because he had a book by a fellow named Boswell who was always quoting Johnson; and Bullwaddie Bill would say a piece out of Carlyle. But Bill Marney would win the argument, like as not. Bill carried a Complete Shakespeare. He had a wonderful memory and he could speak twelve native languages; and when everybody started to get hot under the collar, he'd look at them and he'd quote.

He'd say, "I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel, but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an If, as 'If you said so, then I said so'; and they shook hands and swore brothers. Your If is the only peacemaker; much virtue in If."

He was a darned good peacemaker himself too. Keane's big blue hack was tied to a mulga bush one day, and pulled back on the knot and fastened it. The more Keane tried to clear it, the more the hack pulled, and pretty soon Keane started cutting it with a stick, cut and slash, in a rare temper. The blue hack, scared to death, fought and squealed.

Bill Marney jumped up from where I sat with him by the fire and grabbed his stock whip and raced out, cracking it. He stood behind that horse and slashed and shouted and swore and cracked his whip, and you would have thought the horse was taking a terrible beating; only from where I was I could see that the lash was falling short by a good yard each time. Keane was cutting away, and Bill was leaping about, slashing and swearing; and Keane stopped still and looked at him in a puzzled kind of way. He was still mad, and he turned to the horse again, but Bill jumped and shouted and cracked his whip louder than ever.

"Stand up, you big blue devil!" he shouted. "Take that! And that!"

Larry Keane put down his stick again and said, "Marney, what are you trying to do?"

And Bill said, "I'm helping you, Larry!" He cut and slashed. "I'm just helping you. You wanted to beat your horse up, didn't you? I'm just giving a hand."

Keane dropped his stick and walked out laughing, and Bill brought his whip back to the campfire.

"There's more ways than one of getting things righted," he told me. "You wanted to fight Keane, but it was easier to make him laugh."

It was true, I had wanted to fight him. I had never liked Keane. The things he said round the campfire never mated with the things he did. And a lot of rumors about him flew around. Some said outright that his business was stealing cattle, and some said worse; and Keane himself gave nothing away.

The fourth day at Afghan Soak I was trying to read Bill's Shakespeare and getting nowhere when Bill rooted through his saddlebags and brought out a couple of rolled-up kangaroo hides, a big one and a little one.

"It's a good day for us to do a little plaiting," he said. "What would you like for us to plait?"

I shook my head. "I don't know," I said.

Spanking had one advantage over modern child psychology—it made the child smart.

HAL CHADWICK

"That bridle of yours looks near its end. Would you like for us to plait you a bridle?" he asked.

"You're doing the plaiting, Bill," I said. "It's your hide, and you know how. I don't know plaiting."

"Well, I'll show you how to plait a bridle," he decided. "Anyone should know how to fix a bridle or a whip. Right here's a good place to do a bit of plaiting."

He spread his hides upon the sand and squatted down beside them, with his tools laid out neatly on the little hide. The tools were nothing but broken hacksaw blades, ground and sharpened into knives, with tight leather Turk's-heads a hand in length worked about them to serve as handles, but it was pretty as a picture to watch Bill use them. He'd hold the knife against the hide, turning the hide with his left hand, and from the shining point a sliver of leather coiled away easy and even, as narrow as a matchstick. While he worked he never stopped talking, but the leather came away between his fingers the way a stream flows, and you could have put it on a gauge and never found a flaw. He was pretty to watch.

Well, at the end of the day he had this bridle, and it was all plaited, with not a touch of sewing anywhere. What's more, he didn't have anything left of either hide except a few little ends as long as your finger.

The head strap of the bridle was twenty strand, splitting to five bars in a fine plait; and it mated all the rest of the leatherwork, a five-bar, twenty-strand pattern that would add pride to a king's horse.

The leather tongues behind the rings fitted so exact they were beautiful, and when all else was finished, Bill took the little strands left over and made keepers for the buckle straps, plaiting them in so true and exact that all the strains a man could give would never shift them. And there wasn't a piece left over from those hides for a dog to chew on. I never saw plaiting like it, and never shall again.

When he had finished, he tossed it over to me as though it were nothing much.

"There she is," he said. "There's your bridle. She's all there, except for the rosettes. Keep it by you and put them on when you have a chance to get them. And buy good silver ones."

But I shook my head. I said, "You put them on, Bill. For I'd be frightened for sure to spoil a job so wonderful. And for another thing, I don't deserve to have it, and I haven't a horse fit to wear it."

Bill put his head on one side. "She's a good bridle," he allowed. "But there's nothing too good for a good man. She's yours, and a good horse won't be hard to come by. But leave it with me and I'll put the rosettes on when I get them."

I hated to part with it, even for a little while, it was so soft and strong.

It was good there, sitting in the mulga at that camp at Afghan Soak. At night there were the noises of the horses, the chink of hobble chains, and the horse bells far off. And in the mornings was a chorus of birds, with the butcherbirds singing the solos and all the thousand birds of the plains in a great choir. The budgerigars, green and yellow, with black-and-white-barred throats, flew in flocks of thousands, in a tight formation in which it seemed impossible they should not collide, wheeling and changing direction in a split second, as though at a command, masters of massed aerobatics. There is nothing else in the world can fly as accurately as a budgerigar.

At the Soak itself the rose and gray galahs covered the sand when they went to drink, making acres of living carpet through which you could not see the earth. The great white cockatoos flew in hundreds, screaming at the pelicans on the water, screaming at themselves. The kingfishers sat alone on the desert trees. The happy-family birds climbed all over their nesting bushes, the painted finches looked like jewels as they searched for the ripe black conkleberries, and the sunny air was heavy with the scent of boronia.

The lollipop trees sent thin bent spires of gray-green foliage topped with lumpy cupolas of golden flowers toward the sky, and the desert rose bloomed in clumps amongst the grassy stretches in the mulga scrub. We lived on game, kangaroos and emus and echidnas and the big goanna lizards, and the horses picked up condition on the lush grass.

But we got restless, and after I had been there about a week, Keane and his mate, Snow Daley, rode into Mataranka for supplies. Just about every second team of men in the camp gave them a pack horse and an order to take with them. I didn't. I was well up on flour and tea and sugar. I had a little canned goods, and I was short on money.

But after they had been gone three days, Bill rode into camp.

"Looks like the end of the wet, boy," he said. "We'll be getting ready to move on any day."

That night pretty near everyone was restless. Keane and Daley, they said, would hit the rum for sure in Mataranka; sending them back had been a big mistake. Some were for going to join them and collect their gear; others said they'd probably hit the rum themselves and lose another week.

"Send the lad," said someone else. The big fellow (*Continued on Page 112*)

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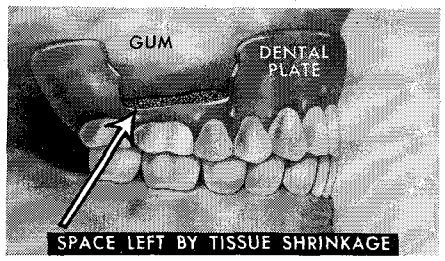

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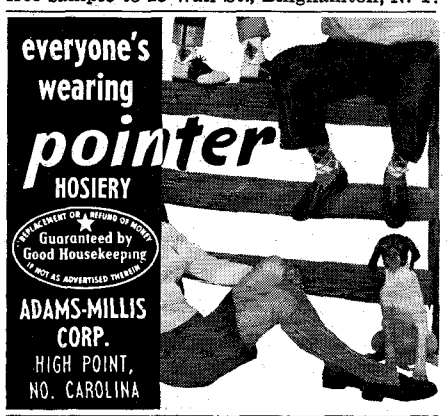

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(*Continued from Page 110*) they called Bullwaddie Bill came over to me.

"Do you drink, lad?" he asked. I said I didn't.

"You're the one then," he said. "Saddle a horse, get back to the 'Ranka, load all those packs and bring them back. If Keane and Daley are ready to come, come with them. Otherwise just leave them to drink themselves broke."

"Maybe I'll see you when you come back," Bill Marney said. "If I've moved on, I'll leave the bridle for you at Mac's Place, along the road. He'll sell me the rosettes, and I'll fix it up for you."

"Well, thanks, Bill," I said. "This way I'll feel that I'm doing something to earn it."

I never saw Marney again for years, though I thought a lot about him, and heard news of him in dozens of camps. He went up round the Gulf way, mustering wild cattle for himself, and I didn't cross his tracks.

When I got to Mataranka, Keane and Daley were in the hotel. They were pretty drunk, they didn't want to leave, and Keane turned nasty. The pack saddles were by the store veranda, and the storekeeper had all the orders filled, waiting to be loaded. So, come early morning, I rounded up the pack horses, saddled and loaded them, and started to drive them back to Afghan Soak. The country was full of feed and they stayed close to the night camps, so I made an easy forty-five miles a day.

Keane and Daley rode into the Soak camp a couple of hours after me, and they were sore. Keane rode straight over and bawled me out for taking the pack horses without waiting for him, but a fellow called Rafty intervened.

"Lay off it, Keane," he said. "You wouldn't have been back this day week but for the lad."

Everyone that wasn't waiting for a pack horse had already hit the Queensland trail, and all the rest were anxious to get started. I waited till they all went. I wanted to travel by myself, and I didn't want Keane behind me. He and Daley were last to leave, so I camped until next morning and took it easy. There was plenty of swamp between the river channels that made for hard going, so, even though I was traveling light, with my water canisters empty, I camped at lunchtime every day, and took three days to Mac's Place.

The big crowd using the trail had softened the muddy ground still more, and the maze of footprints made it look like a main road. I did notice one thing, and that was that the last men through had had raging thirsts. That would be Keane and Daley. Several times there would be an old camp site beside the trail, with a couple of empty, half-rusted tins. They had had rain water in them until recently, but someone had picked them up, drunk the water, and thrown the tins down again, so that they would be lying across recent tracks. None of the tins that had originally been upside-down had been disturbed. And the drinkers had been driven by a terrific thirst because one of the emptied tins was less than a mile from the river.

Mac's Place was a collection of three or four slab huts beside a water hole, a mile-long stretch of river that had never been known to dry up. The biggest of the huts had two rooms—a big room for living in and a lock-up room where Mac kept a store. The collection didn't look much, but it was the homestead for Mac's Shenandoah Station. The flood waters had recently been up to the floors, though the huts were forty feet above the normal water level, and the place didn't look really dried out yet.

Mac was standing in the doorway. He was an old thin man, with some kind of hip ailment.

"How many more of you are on the trail?" he asked, before I could speak.

"I'm the last one, Mr. McLean," I said.

"That's what Keane claimed," he grumbled. "Well, get down and come on in. Who are you?"

"I'm Corcoran," I said, and he looked surprised.

"Keane told me you'd gone back to Mataranka," he said. "Marney left something here for you."

"A bridle. A plaited bridle," I said.

He nodded. "As nice a Marney plait as ever I saw. He finished it right here in the store, bought the rosettes from me and put them on. But it isn't here now."

"Well, where is it?" I asked.

He swung round, facing me. "See here, young fellow," he said. "I'm not accountable for every little thing that happens. Keane came in, saw the bridle, knew about it, said you'd gone back to Mataranka and had asked him to pick it up for you. That's all I knew, so I gave it to him."

"Still, if Bill Marney asked you to keep it for me——" I said.

"See here!" he exploded. "I don't give a hang what happens to your bridle! I did what I was asked. I've got enough troubles of my own. My natives have walked out on me—they left before the flood. I haven't a black on the place to get any work done. I've got to sit here and twiddle my thumbs till they come back. I was making do with a half-caste and two other bucks that were sitting down waiting for Keane to get through the flood waters, and now he's on his way and they've gone with him. I've got three thousand cattle to muster and not a horse yarded, and you come bothering me about a two-buck bridle."

"They're your cattle, Mr. McLean," I said. "It's my bridle."

"Well, find Keane and you'll find your bridle," he said.

I turned back to my horse.

"You've got time for a mug of tea, haven't you?" he asked.

I shook my head. "I'm in a hurry now," I told him. "And I carry my own tea."

The trail led past an aborigine encampment just a hundred yards past the homestead, but the bough shelters were deserted, and hadn't been lived in since before the last rains. About five miles farther on I saw where a fair-sized mob of horses had left the main trail, and I was wondering whose tracks they were when I saw a rusty can thrown down a little way along. That was Keane, all right, so I drove my horses along his trail. Within a mile the tracks of driven cattle—just a few at first—came in over the horse pads, as though the men were mustering on their way. I camped that night on their camp site and sure enough, cattle had camped hard by.

I pressed hard next morning, knowing they were only a day ahead of me, and that the cattle would slow them up, and at lunchtime I came in sight. Keane and two aborigines were driving a little herd of about eighty cattle, mostly yearlings, and there was no sign of Daley or the other man. I guessed one would be off to one side, mustering in cattle, and the other would be ahead with the horses. Over the horizon ahead there was a dust cloud. That was the horse herd. Only horses or donkeys raise much dust when they are traveling.

Keane saw me, said something to one of the natives and rode back. I turned my horses, stopped them and then rode on to meet him. Behind Keane, one of the two stockmen left the cattle and followed him at a slight distance. Keane cantered close in, stopped and started talking right away.

"This isn't the road to Queensland," he said. "You left it forty miles back."

"I'm looking for my bridle," I told him. I didn't have to look far. Keane was riding a beautiful palomino that I hadn't seen at the camp at Afghan Soak, a high, free-stepping, heavy hack with a deep chest and a long back, well coupled up—a beautiful mare, as pretty as a picture, and my bridle was on her head. That five-bar, twenty-strand plait sat close and comfortable against the palomino's skin, and looked as handsome as a golden watch. The new rosettes were sweet to look at.

"I don't know anything about your bridle," he said. "Now look, son; you've been enough trouble. Turn round and ride away. I'm warning you."

"I figure that's my bridle in your hand," I told him. "I'd like to take it with me."

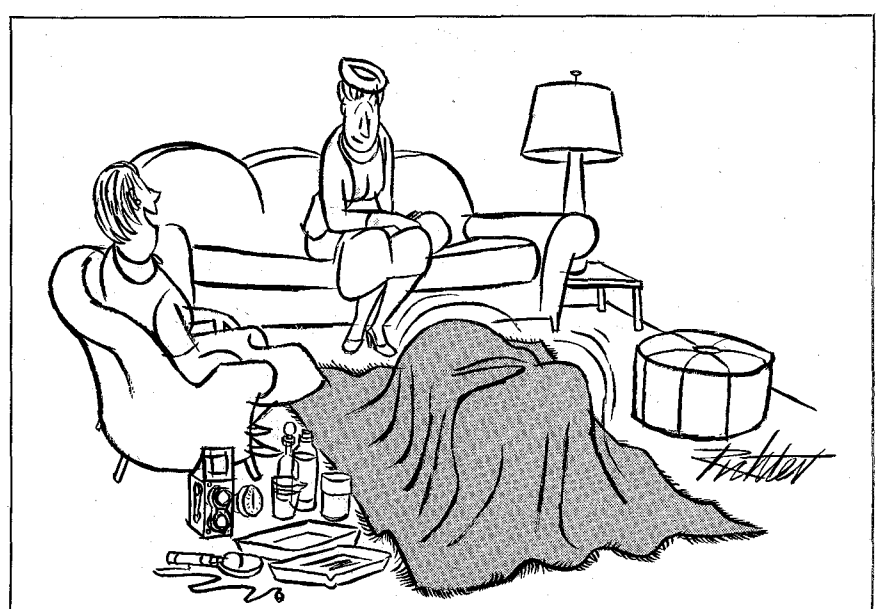
"This ain't your bridle," he said.

"It's a Marney bridle, isn't it?" I asked him.

"What of it?" he sneered. "It's not the first Marney bridle I've had, at that."

"That's the one Marney plaited for me," I said. "You didn't have it at Afghan Soak."

"I didn't have the palomino either," he agreed. "But I'm not going to turn it over to any (*Continued on Page 115*)



"Some day he hopes to have his own darkroom!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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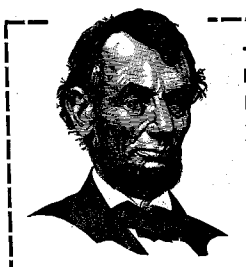

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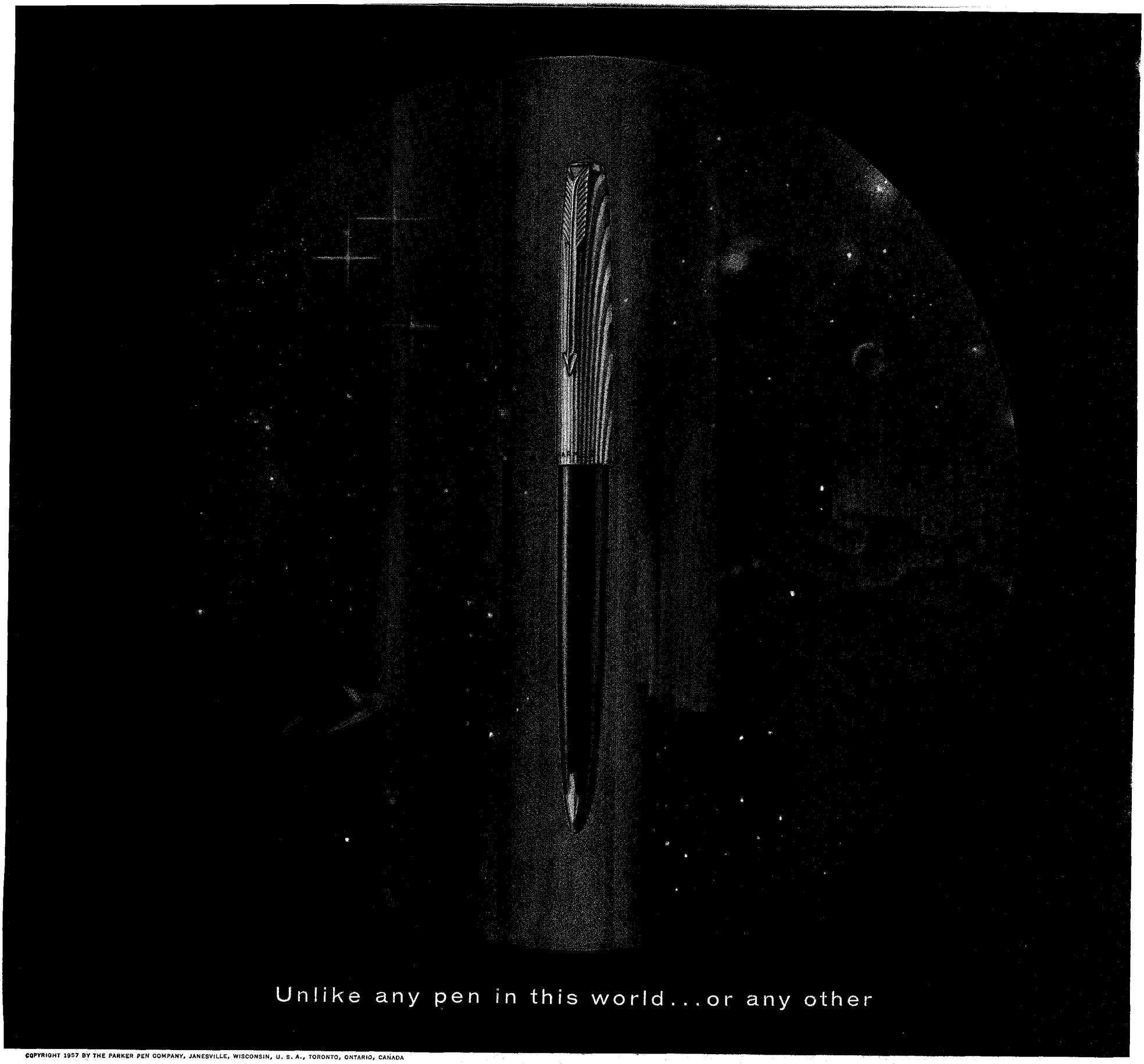

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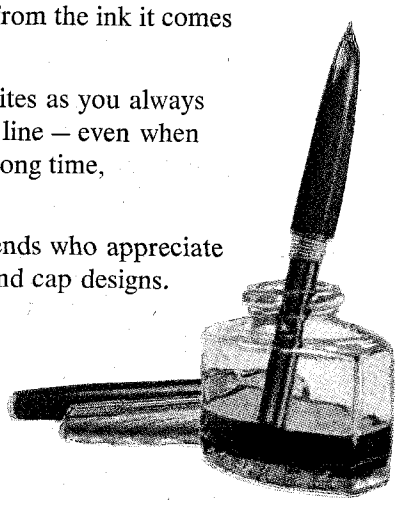

The shining point of the Parker 61 is never dipped in ink – only the opposite end of the pen. And it comes out of the bottle dry. You do nothing, just let the pen draw in ink automatically for 10 seconds. No pumping, squeezing, twisting at all.

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(*Continued from Page 112*) little whippersnapper comes asking for it."

"I want my bridle," I said.

"There's a lot of things you want and can't have," he told me. "Now get. Get on your way and don't come back. And keep your mouth shut about seeing me too. I'm warning you." He gave a signal to the stockman nearby. "Next time I'll take a rifle to you."

The stockman was galloping toward my horses, swinging a stock whip, and suddenly Keane put the spurs to the palomino. He fairly raked her with the rowel, and she spread out, jumping from where she stood into a gallop. The two of them raced to my plant, cracking the whips, and the horses in the plant jumped away. The men galloped into them and split them and headed them for the horizon—two mobs of them, going in opposite directions. One of the pack horses ran wide and dropped away from the mob Keane was hunting, making things all the worse for me. Keane and his stockman kept up the chase for twenty minutes.

I cantered along after the nearest mob, cursing Keane so I could hardly see for the tears that were in my eyes from rage. The two of them were back with their cattle when my horses were two columns of dust on the sky line. That night I had half the plant caught and hobbled by a water hole. I went to sleep, timing myself to wake when Venus rose on the sky line—I suppose that would be about three o'clock—took a fresh horse, and had the whole plant together by the break of day.

I took the two best horses, left the rest at the water hole, and started off again after Keane. I found him sooner than I had expected. I was just about the place where I had left him the day before or, maybe a couple of miles farther on, when I saw a smoke go up two or three miles to the right. Ten minutes after that, another smoke went up, nearer me and in line. When a third smoke went up in the same line—a third short drift of smoke such as comes from a grass clump burning—I was sure he had left a stockman watching for me, and that this man was signaling.

There was a line of trees ahead, indicating a creek, and as I came up on it, a rifle cracked and a bullet hit the sand in front of me. I reined in and Keane came walking out of the trees on foot. He waved me back, and when I still stood there, he brought the rifle to his shoulder and fired. This time the bullet came pretty close. I thought I could hear it go "Whuft" through the air near my head, so I turned and went back. What else could I do?

But I went only as far as the nearest water. All the water holes on the plain were filled at this season; it was no problem at all. I had expected to find Keane farther on, but he must have spent the morning branding. He had stolen the cattle, obviously, and it was possible that he had done this because he was nearing the outer boundary of Shenandoah Station and didn't want to be found on another man's land with unbranded cattle. He would be holding the herd somewhere ahead of the creek where I had seen him.

Well, there were five of them. The natives he had would do whatever he told them, so they were five against one; and any one of them could have handled me. But I wanted my bridle and I had a plan I thought might work, and I was going to try it. It was a crazy plan. It meant risking my two horses, and if it failed it meant I would be left out in that country without a horse at all. But that was the least that could happen. If I got into a fight with Keane and his crowd, that might be the end of me, because there wasn't much chance that anything they did would ever be discovered. Still, I thought I'd risk it.

When it came dark night I rode on. My horses were fairly tired. They were grass-fed, of course, and couldn't stand much more of the solid work I had been giving them. I rode wide of where I had seen Keane, listening for the sound of horse bells or bedded cattle, sniffing for smoke and looking for the red glow of fire embers.

I heard the horse bells first, located the herd and circled them, closing them in. There was a little moonlight from a moon that had been new a few days before, but it wouldn't last the night. I could hear the cattle camp now, away off in the distance. I let my horses go, tying up the stirrup irons and packing both bridles on the saddle. Then I went round Keane's horses, taking off the hobbles. He had a plant of fifty horses, and some of them were hard to catch. But in about an hour and a half I had them all running free. It was past midnight now, and I walked toward the cattle camp. Sometimes I ran, because I did not have too much time. But the horses had not strayed far in the good feed, no more than about four miles, and I came up on the camp in good time.

They had a night rider, a man riding a quiet horse, circling the mob of bedded cattle and singing quietly. When he was on the further side of the mob, I moved in, going from bush to bush. I was banking on the likelihood that, on each circling of the herd, he would ride in his own tracks. When I was about fifty yards away I waited for him to pass the last time, then I went steadily in.

The cattle were tired and quiet. They had been driven a few days, and they had been through the branding camp, which always quiets them. But they got a little restless as I came in close to them, crossing the tracks of the night rider, and two of the yearlings got to their feet.

I stopped then. I had picked up a strong stick about the length of my arm, and I dug this into the sandy topsoil and walked backwards away from the cattle again, so that I marked out a light trench with the stick and obliterated my own tracks. It made the cattle more nervous still. The rider was on the other side of the mob, a couple of hundred yards away, and did not notice. I marked out my trail, left it, and went back to a little clump of conkleberry bushes to hide. Here the rider would pass me first and then come on the mark of the stick.

For a minute I thought it wasn't going to work. The rider came up. It was the half-caste stockman, and he was singing a Lutheran hymn, deep in his throat and slow. As he came near he kept looking at the cattle, wondering why they had become restless at this place.

He would have crossed the mark, I think, except that just then the night horse lowered its head and snuffed at the plowed-up sand and drew his attention. The horse would have gone on, but the rider reined in and jumped down. When he squatted beside the new, strange track, I raced in with the stick, and hit him as hard as I could on the head. He crumpled.

I grabbed the rein from his hand and mounted the horse. That was taking another chance, but all night horses have two things in common—they are quiet, and they have good night vision, so that it isn't easy to frighten them in the dark. I went on circling the herd the way the half-caste had done, and singing a song of my own, though I didn't feel like singing. It was just to keep the cattle quiet.

I came round to the camp. There were two men sleeping with a fire between them and their bridles at their sides. They would be the natives. The other two sleepers were farther away, near a fire of their own. Behind me, the restlessness of the cattle was spreading. Some, away over, were standing over the unconscious man and snorting, and their concern was being transmitted to the others. I walked the night horse close in toward the other sleepers, but I could see no bridles. Then I saw another horse tied to a slim coolibah tree, and it was wearing the Marney bridle.

I went over, dismounted and untied the horse, unstrapping the rein at the off side of the bit, so I could use it for a lead rein. One of the native stockmen sat up and called over to me in a guarded voice, but he spoke a native language—I think it was Warramunga. I said nothing. Next minute he was on his feet shouting, "Hey, boss!"

I jumped into the saddle, roweled the spurs home and slashed at the horse I was leading. The next moment the whole camp was astir. I raced straight at the cattle, shouting and yelling, and the shouts and yells behind me matched my own. In an instant the cattle were on their feet and running. The rush was on. It was a first-class stampede. The only thing was, Keane had no riders to stop it.

Somewhere behind me there were shots fired. The cattle thundered on, and bushes and trees went down ahead of them. I quartered the flank of the rush, and saw the half-caste, sitting up now on the ground. I kept on riding straight out to where Keane's horse herd was grazing. They were heads up and restless, listening to the cattle bawling in the distance; and I did my best to round them all into a mob. As near as I could tell, I got them all, including three or four that were still hobbled. I drove them too. Slow as they were, they were still faster than any man on foot. And when daylight came they stood for me to take the hobbles off.

I had quite a plant when I rode into Mac's Place two nights later, counting all Keane's horses and my own. It was dark, but Mac came to his door with a lantern.

"Who is it?" he called, lifting the lantern high in the air. I walked into the rays of it. "It's the Corcoran boy," he said. I had the plaited bridle on my arm, leading the big palomino I'd been riding.

"I want you to do me a favor, Mr. MacLean," I said, just the way I'd rehearsed it on the way in. "I'm leaving Keane's horses for him, and I want you to look after them just the way you looked after my bridle."

"That's not Keane's horse," he said. "That's mine."

"Could be," I nodded. "Last time I saw him he was chasing some cattle that looked mighty like yours too."

"Come in," he said. "Fix up your plant and come in."

He whistled like a banshee, and, in a moment or two, three native lads came down the track.

"Your blacks came back?"

"Yes," he said. . . . "Here, Jimmy . . . Calabash, get these horses hobbled. Drop the saddles over in the shed."

"Just as well they're here," I told him. "There's a bunch of fellows three days north of here with no horses. They won't be able to get away in a hurry, and I think they are fellows you might want to see."

It was a while before he got the story sorted out, and I was sleepy.

The next morning when I was getting ready to pull out, he had a look at my plant.

"By the Lord, boy, you've got better bridles than you have horses," he said.

"No thanks to you, Mr. MacLean," I told him, for I was still sore at him.

"I'll do you a deal now," he offered. "I'll swap my palomino for that little blue roan."

The blue roan was the worst horse I owned. I must have looked surprised, for he said, "It's a color I was ever fond of."

"All right," I said quickly, before he had a chance to change his mind. Then I thought he couldn't have been so silly as to want the roan. "You've got the rough end of the bargain," I added.

"Well, boy," he said, "there's a lot of things go to a bargain. A bridle like that should dress a good horse. I made a mistake about that bridle before. A bad mistake, and I'm making up for it." He paused a little while and said, "You wouldn't care to take a job with me now, I suppose?"

I shook my head, though I was beginning to like him.

"I'm heading through to Queensland."

"I thought as much," he said. "You'll be welcome when you come again. But mind and keep the bridle with you, lad. A bridle good as that should stay in good hands." THE END

LADY CHESTERFIELD TO HER SON

By PEG BRACKEN

6. Of the Wife, the Hyacinth, the Loaf of Bread

Now, son, I speak to you of strategy
In choosing gifts, and of approaches tactical.
Two stout-entrenched male attitudes there be,
Both wrong—the blithe romantic and the practical.
He errs who spurns the cloud-pink negligee
For super-gadgets marvelous in chrome;
He also errs who takes the primrose way,
And shuns all else for scent and jeweled comb.

Look, boy; no woman—maid nor wife nor mother—
Is ever wholly one thing or the other!
Pink velvet jeans or gear for kitchen shelf—
She couldn't cast the telling vote, herself;
Except she wants—and oh, 'tis truth I teach,
So gird thy loins, my lad—a lot of each.

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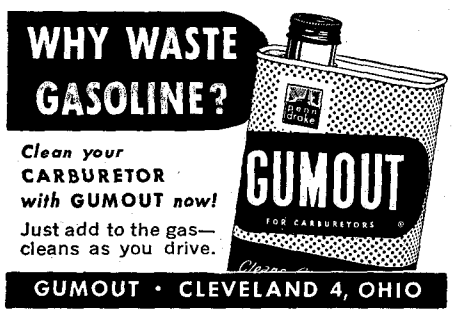
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The Waifs (Continued from Page 27)

Quistenberry. He had married one of Mr. Snopes' sisters or nieces or something out at Frenchman's Bend, and when Mr. Snopes sent I. O. Snopes back to the country, the Quistenberrys came in to buy or rent or anyway run the Snopes Hotel, which wasn't the Snopes Hotel any more now, but the Jefferson Hotel; though the people that stayed there were still the stock traders and juries locked up by the Circuit Court. I mean, Dink was old enough to be Mr. Snopes' brother-in-law or whatever it was, but he was the kind of man it just didn't occur to you to say mister to.

He was there; I reckon Mr. Snopes sent him. And when he saw them I reckon he felt just like we did when we saw them, and like the conductor and the flagman and the porter all looked like they had been feeling ever since the train left New Orleans, which was evidently where they got on it. Because they didn't look like people. They looked like snakes. Or maybe that's too strong, too. Anyway, they didn't look like children; if there was one thing in the world they didn't look like, it was children, with kind of dark pasty faces and black hair that looked like somebody had put a bowl on top of their heads and then cut their hair up to the rim of the bowl with a dull knife, and perfectly black, perfectly still eyes that nobody in Jefferson—Yoknapatawpha County either—ever afterward claimed they saw blink.

I don't know how Dink talked to them because the conductor had already told everybody listening—there was a good crowd by that time—that they didn't talk any language or anything else that he had ever heard of, and that to watch them because one of them had a switch knife with a six-inch blade; he didn't know which one and he himself wasn't going to try to find out. But anyway, Dink got them into his car and the train went on.

Maybe it was the same thing they used in drugstores or at least with Skeets McGowan in Christian's because it wasn't a week before they could go into Christian's, all four of them (it was always all four of them, as if when the medicine man or whoever it was separated each succeeding one from the mother, he just attached the severed cord to the next senior child. Because by that time we knew who they were: Byron Snopes' children out of a Jicarilla Apache squaw in Old Mexico), and come out two minutes later all eating ice-cream cones.

They were always together and anywhere in town or near it at any time of day, until we found out it was any time of night, too. One night at two o'clock in the morning when Otis Harker caught them coming in single file from behind the bottling plant; Otis said he didn't know how in the world they got into it, because no door was open nor window broken, but he could smell warm sirup spilled down the front of the little one's nightshirt or dressing sack or whatever it was, from five or six feet away. Because that was as close as he got; he said he hollered at them to go on home to the Snopes—I mean the Jefferson Hotel—but they just stood there looking at him, and he said he never intended anything: just to get them moving, since maybe they didn't understand what he meant yet. So he sort of flung his arms out and was just kind of jumping at them, hollering again, when he stopped himself just in time; the knife already in one of their hands with the blade open at least six inches long; so fast that he never even saw where it came from, and in the next minute gone so fast he still didn't even know which one of the three in overalls—the girl or the two boys—had it. That was when Mr. Connors went to Dink Quistenberry the next morning and told him he would have to keep them off the streets at night.

"Sure," Dink said. "You try it. You keep them off the streets or off anywhere else. You got my full permission. You're welcome to it!"

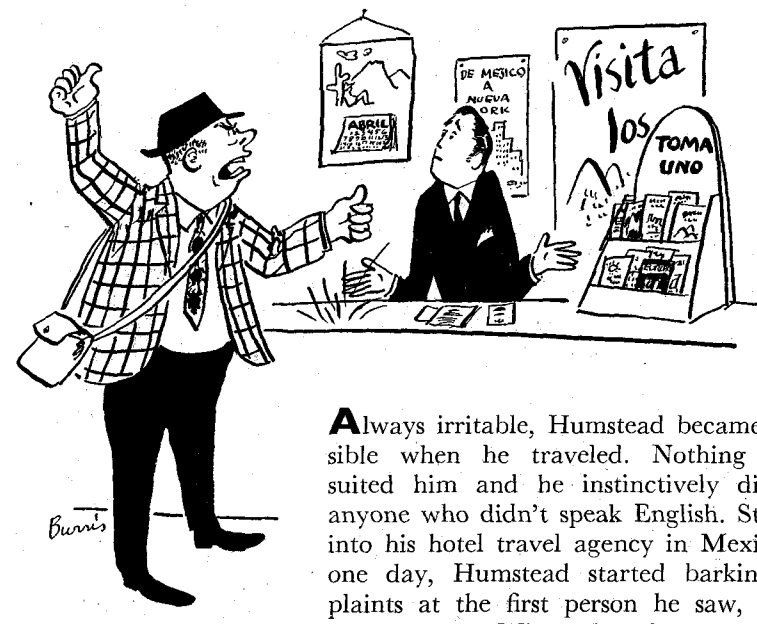
So when the dog business happened, even Mr. Hub Hampton himself didn't get any closer than that to them. This was the dog business. We were getting paved streets in Jefferson now, and so more new families—engineers and contractors and such, like the little Riddell boy's that gave us that holiday two years ago—had moved to Jefferson. One of them didn't have any children, but they had a high-priced car, and his wife had a dog that they said cost five hundred dollars, the only dog higher than fifty dollars except a field-trial pointer or setter (and a part-Airedale bear dog named Lion that Major De Spain, Mr. De Spain's father, owned once that hunting people in North Mississippi still talked about) that Jefferson ever heard of, let alone saw—a Pekinese with a gold name plate on its collar that probably didn't even know it was a dog, that rode in the car and sneered through the window, not just at other dogs but at people, too, and even ate special meat that Mr. Wall Snopes' butcher ordered special from Kansas City because it cost too much for just people to buy and eat it.

One day it disappeared. Nobody knew how, since the only time it wasn't sneering out through the car window, it was sneering out through a window in the house where it—they—lived. But it was gone, and I don't think anywhere else ever saw a woman take on over anything like Mrs. Widrington did, with rewards in all the Memphis and North Mississippi and West Tennessee and East Arkansas papers and Mr. Hampton and Mr. Connors neither able to sleep at night, for Mrs. Widrington ringing their telephone, and the man from the insurance company (its life was insured, too, so maybe there were more people insured in Jefferson than there were dogs, but then there was more of them not insured in Jefferson than there was dogs, too) and Mrs. Widrington herself likely at almost any time, day or night, to be in your back yard calling what Aleck Sander and I thought was "Yow! Yow! Yow!" until Uncle Gavin told us it was named Lao T'se for a Chinese poet. Until one day the four Snopes Indians came out of Christian's drugstore and somebody passing on the street pointed his finger and hollered, "Look!"

It was the collar with the gold name plate. The little one was wearing it around its neck above the nightshirt. Mr. Connors came quick, and sent about as quick for Mr. Hampton. And that was when Mr. Hampton didn't come any closer either, and I reckon we all were thinking about what he was—what a mess that big gut of his would make on the sidewalk if he got too close to that knife before he knew it. And the four Snopes Indians, or Indian Snopeses, whichever is right, standing in a row, watching him, not looking dangerous, not looking anything—not innocent especially and nobody would have called it affectionate, but not dangerous in the same sense that four shut pocketknives don't look threatening. They look like four shut pocketknives, but they don't look lethal.

Until Mr. Hampton said, "What do they do when they ain't eating ice cream up here or breaking in or out of that bottling plant at two o'clock in the morning?"

"They got a kind of camp or reservation or (*Continued on Page 118*)



The Perfect Squelch

Always irritable, Humstead became impossible when he traveled. Nothing foreign suited him and he instinctively distrusted anyone who didn't speak English. Stamping into his hotel travel agency in Mexico City one day, Humstead started barking complaints at the first person he saw, a small junior clerk. When the obviously nervous clerk didn't answer immediately, he raised his voice in further complaints.

Finally, the clerk managed to make him understand that he spoke no English, and Humstead turned with a snort to an older man nearby. "Hey," he snapped, "you look fairly intelligent. Do you know English?"

"Thank you," the older man said in perfect English. "You do not look stupid yourself, señor. Do you know Spanish?"

Lon Jones

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ESTHER WILLIAMS SWIMMING POOL UNITS

In Canada: Esther Williams Swimming Pools of Canada, Ajax, Ontario.

(*Continued from Page 116*) whatever you might call it in a cave they dug in the big ditch behind the schoolhouse," Mr. Connors said.

"Did you look there?" Mr. Hampton said.

"Sure," Mr. Connors said. "Nothing there but just some trash and bones and stuff they play with."

"Bones?" Mr. Hampton said. "What bones?"

"Just bones," Mr. Connors said. "Chicken bones, spare ribs, stuff like that they been eating, I reckon."

So Mr. Hampton went and got in his car and Mr. Connors went to his that had the red light and the sireen on it, and a few others got in while there was still room, and the two cars went to the schoolhouse, the rest of us walking because we wanted to see if Mr. Hampton, with his belly, really would try to climb down into that ditch, and if he did, how he was going to get out again. But he did it, with Mr. Connors showing him where the cave was, but letting him go first, since he was the sheriff, on to where the little pile of bones was behind the fireplace, and turned them over with his toe and then raked a few of them to one side. Because he was a hunter, a woodsman—a good one before his belly got too big to go through a thicket.

"There's your dog," he said.

And I remember that time, five years ago now, we were all at the table and Matt Levitt's cut-out passing in the street, and father said at Uncle Gavin, "What's that sound I smell?" Except that Mr. Snopes' brass business at the power plant was before I was even born. Uncle Gavin's office that morning and Mrs. Widrington and the insurance man because the dog's life had been insured only against disease or accident or acts of God, and the insurance man's contention (I reckon he had been in Jefferson long enough to have talked with Ratliff; any stranger in town for just half a day, let alone a week, would find himself doing that) was that four half-Snopeses and half-Jicarilla Apache Indians were none of them, and so Jefferson itself was liable and vulnerable to suit. So I had only heard about Mr. Snopes and the missing brass from Uncle Gavin, but I thought about what father said that day because I had been there then: "What's that sound I smell?" when Mr. Snopes came in, removing his hat and saying, "'Morning" to everybody without saying it to anybody; then to the insurance man, "How much on that dog?"

"Full pedigree value, Mr. Snopes. Five hundred dollars," the insurance man said, and Mr. Snopes (the insurance man himself got up and turned his chair around to the desk for him) sat down and took a blank check from his pocket and filled in the amount and pushed it across the desk in front of Uncle Gavin and got up and said "'Morning" without saying it to anybody, and put his hat on and went out.

Except that he didn't quite stop there. Because the next day Byron Snopes' Indians were gone. Ratliff came in and told us.

"Sho," he said. "Flem sent them out to the Bend. Neither of their grandmaws—I mean I.O.'s wives—would have them, but finally Dee-wit Binford" (Dewitt Binford had married another of the Snopes girls. They lived near Varner's store) "taken them in. On a contract, the Snopeses all clubbing together pro rata and paying Dee-wit a dollar a head a week on them, providing, of course, he can last a week. Though naturally the first four dollars was in advance—what you might call a retainer, you might say."

It was. I mean, just about a week. Ratliff came in again; it was in the morning. "We jest finished using up Frenchman's Bend at noon yesterday, and that jest about cleans up the county. We're down at the dee-po now, all tagged and the waybill paid, waiting for Number Twenty-three southbound or any other train that will connect more or less or thereabouts for El Paso, Texas"; telling about that, too: "A combination you might say of scientific interest and—what's that word?"—until Uncle Gavin told him "anthropological"—"anthropological coincidence; them four vanishing Americans coming durn nigh taking one white man with them if Clarence Snopes' maw and a few neighbors hadn't got there in time."

He told it; how, when Dewitt Binford got them home, he discovered they wouldn't stay in bed at all, dragging a quilt off onto the floor and lying in a row on it, and the next morning he and his wife found the bedstead itself dismantled and leaned against the wall in a corner out of the way; and that they hadn't heard a sound during the process. He, Dewitt, said that's what got on his mind even before he began to worry about the little one: you couldn't hear them; you didn't even know they were in the house or not.

"So he tried it," Ratliff said. "He went over to Tull's and borrowed Vernon's flashlight and waited until about midnight, and he said he never moved quieter in his life, across the hall to the door of the room, trying not even to breathe if he could help it. He had done already cut out sighting notches in the doorframe, so that when he laid the flashlight into them by feel, it would be aimed straight at where the middle two heads would be on the pallet; and held his breath again, listening until he was sho there wasn't a sound, and snapped on the light. And them four faces and them eight black eyes already laying there wide open, looking straight at him.

"And Dee-wit said he would like to 'a' give up then. But by that time that least un wouldn't give him no rest a-tall. Only he didn't know what to do because he had done been warned about that knife even if he hadn't never seen it. Then he remembered them pills, that bottle of knockout opium pills that Doc Peabody had give Miz Dee-wit that time the brooder lamp blowed up and burnt most of her front hair off; so he taken eight of them and bought four bottles of sody pop at the store and put two capsules into each bottle and druv the caps back on and hid the bottles jest exactly where he figgered they would have to hunt jest exactly hard enough to find them. And by dark the four bottles was gone, and he waited again to be sho it had had plenty of time to work, and taken Vernon's flashlight and went across the hall and got on his hands and knees and crawled across to the pallet—he knowed by practice now exactly where on the pallet that least un slept or anyway laid—and reached out easy and found the hem of that nightshirt with one hand and the flashlight ready to snap on in the other.

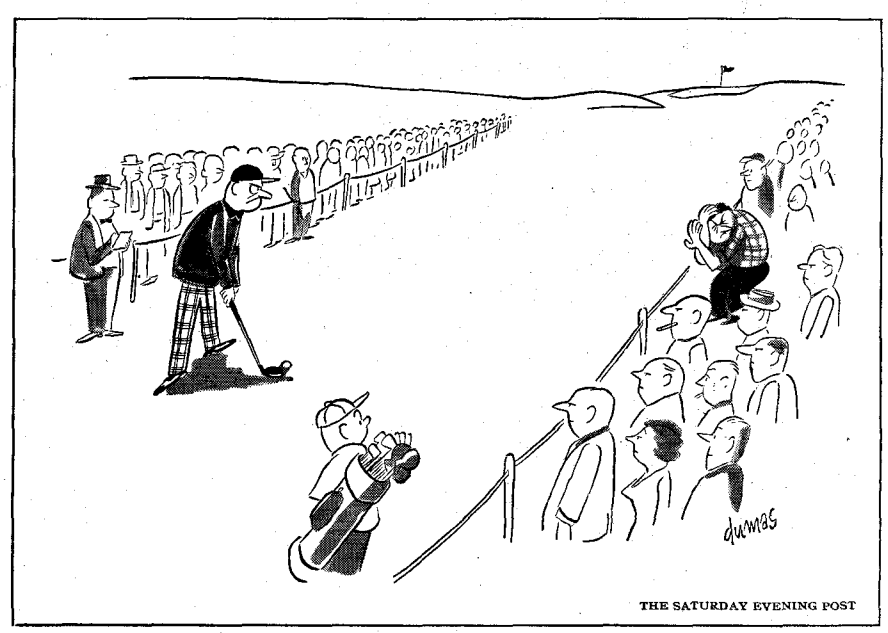
"And when he told about it, he was downright crying, not with jest skeer so much as pure and simple unbelief. 'I wasn't doing nothing,' he says. 'I wasn't going to hurt it. All in the world I wanted was jest to see which it was.'"

"Which is it?" Uncle Gavin said.

"That's what I'm telling you," Ratliff said. "He never even got to snap the flashlight on. He jest felt them two thin quick streaks of fire, one down either cheek of his face; he said that all that time he was already running backward on his hands and knees toward the door he knowed there wouldn't even be time to turn around, let alone get up on his feet to run, not to mention shutting the door behind him; and when he run back into his and Miz Dee-wit's room there wouldn't be no time to shut that one neither, except he had to, banging it shut and hollering for Miz Dee-wit now, dragging the bureau against it while Miz Dee-wit lit the lamp and then come and holp him until he hollered at her to shut the windows first; almost crying, with them two slashes running from each ear, jest missing his eye on one side, right down to the corners of his mouth, like a great big grin that would bust scab and all if he ever let his face go, telling how they would decide that the best thing would be to put the lamp out, too, and set in the dark, until he remembered how they had managed somehow to get inside that locked-up bottling plant without even touching the patented burglar alarm.

"So they jest shut and locked the windows and left the lamp burning, setting there in that air-tight room on that hot summer night, until it come light. Dee-wit said him and Miz Dee-wit was through and they knowed it, four dollars a week or no four dollars a week; and so, it was about nine o'clock, he was on his way to the store to use the telephone to call Jefferson, when Miz I.O. Snopes—I mean the Number Two one that got superseded back before she ever had a chance to move to town—saved him the trouble."

We knew Clarence Snopes ourselves. He would be in town every Saturday or every other time he could get a ride in, according to Ratliff—a big, hulking man now, eighteen or nineteen, who was all a gray color—a graying tinge to his tow-colored hair; a grayish, pasty look to his flesh, which looked as if it would not flow blood from a wound, but instead a pallid fluid like thin oatmeal. He was the only Snopes or (*Continued on Page 120*)



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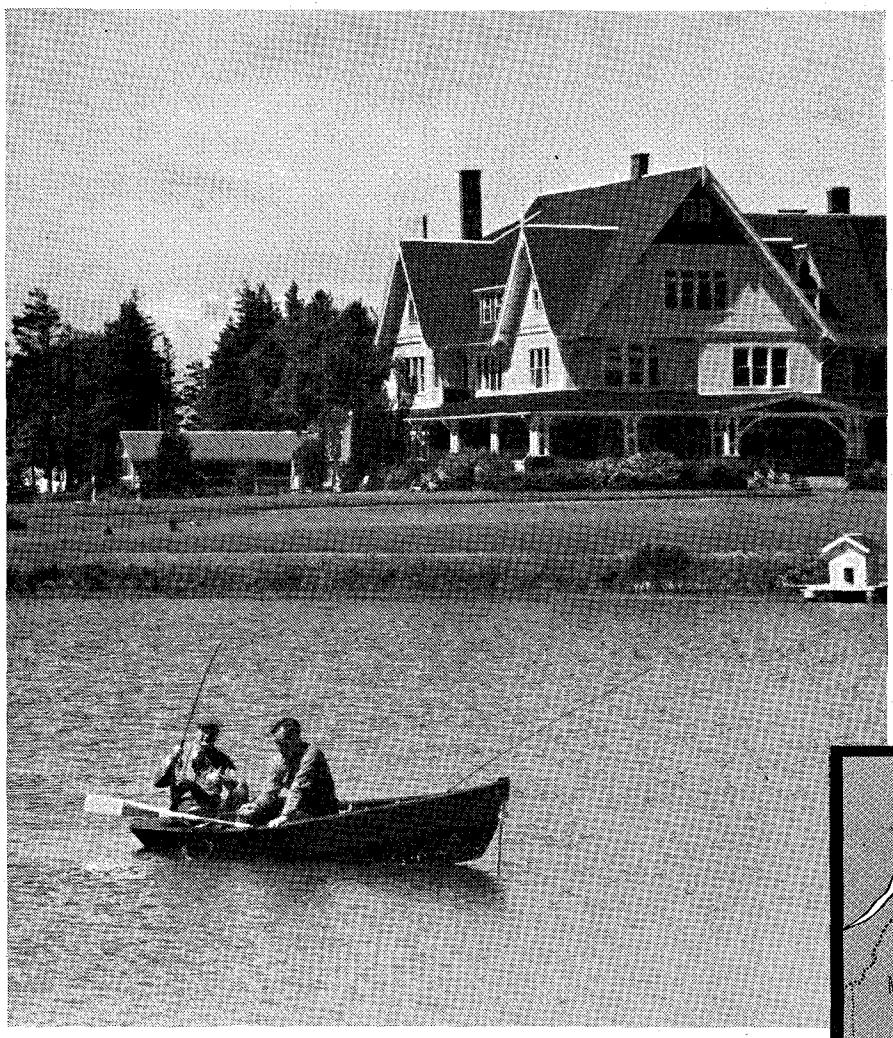

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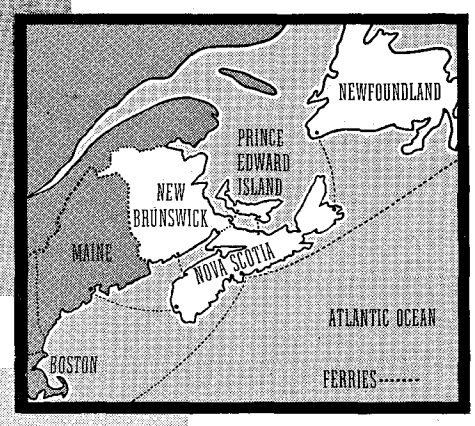

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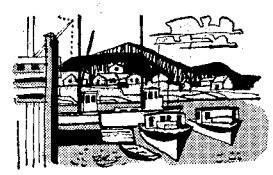

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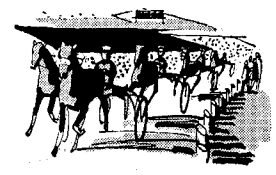
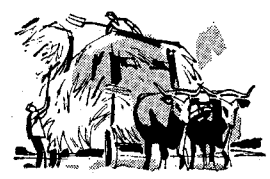


NOVA SCOTIA

TO SEE...The quaint Cape Breton village of Cheticamp...Working oxen...Sydney and Bras d'Or Lakes...More than 15,000 miles of scenery-bordered highway...Historic Louisbourg Fortress and the Habitation.

TO DO...Fish for giant Wedgeport Tuna...Watch Highland lassies dancing...Drive over cloud-capped Cape Smoky...Attend yacht regattas and Guides Meets.



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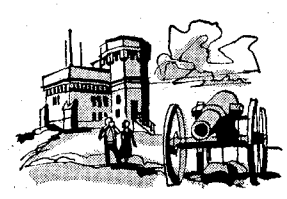

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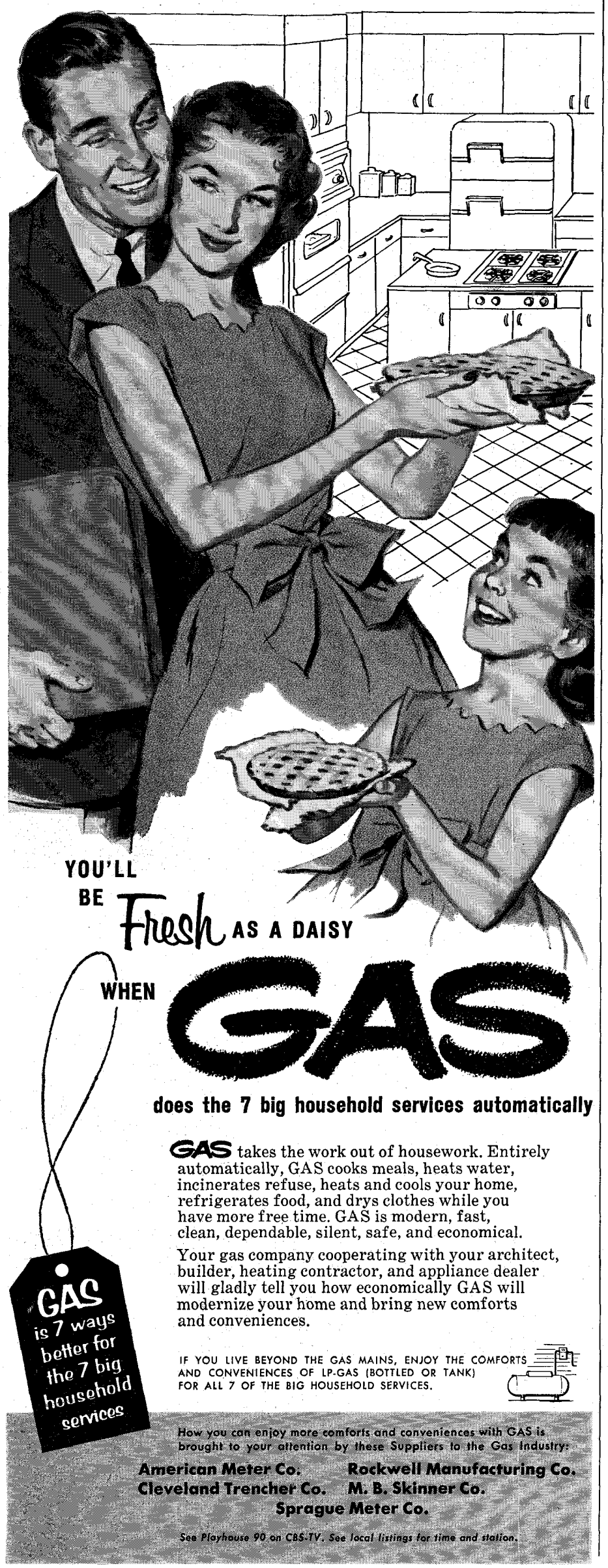
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(*Continued from Page 118*) resident of Frenchman's Bend, or Yoknapatawpha County either, for that matter, who made his Texas cousins welcome. "You might say he adopted them," Ratliff said. "Right from that first day. He even claimed he could talk to them and that he was going to train them to hunt in a pack; they would be better than any jest pack of dogs because sooner or later dogs always quit and went home, while it didn't matter to them where they was.

"So he trained them. The first way he done it was to set a bottle of sody pop on a stump in front of the store with a string running from it to where he would be setting on the gallery, until they would maneuver around and finally bushwack up to where one of them could reach for it, when he would snatch it off the stump with the string and drag it out of their reach. Only that never worked but once, so then he would have to drink the bottles empty and fill them again with muddy water or some such; or another good training method was to gather up a few throwed-away candy-bar papers and wrap them up again with mud inside or maybe jest not nothing a-tall, because it taken them a good while to give up then, especially if now and then he had a sho-enough candy bar or a sho-enough bottle of strawberry or orange shuffled into the other ones.

"Anyhow, he was always with them, hollering at them and waving his arms to go this way or that way when folks was watching, like dogs; they even had some kind of a play house or cave or something in another ditch about half a mile up the road. That's right. What you think you are laughing at is the notion of a big, almost-growed man like Clarence, playing, until all of a sudden you find out that what you're laughing at is calling anything playing that them four things would be interested in.

"So Dee-wit had jest reached the store when here come Clarence's maw, down the road, hollering, 'Them Indians! Them Indians!' jest like that—a pure and simple case of mother love and mother instinct. Because likely she didn't know anything yet, and even if she had, in that state she couldn't 'a' told nobody; jest standing there in the road in front of the store, wringing her hands and hollering, 'Them Indians!' until the men squatting along the gallery begun to get up and then to run, because about that time Dee-wit come up. Because he knowed what Miz Snopes was trying to say. Maybe he never had no mother love and mother instinct, but then neither did Miz Snopes have a last-night's knife slash down both cheeks.

"'Them Indians?' he says. ''Fore God, men, run. It may already be too late.'

"But it wasn't. They was in time. Pretty soon they could hear Clarence bellowing and screaming, and then they could line him out, and the fastest ones run on ahead and down into the ditch to where Clarence was tied to a blackjack sapling with something less than a cord of wood stacked around him jest beginning to burn good.

"So they was in time. Jody telephoned Flem right away and, in fact, all this would 'a' formally took place yesterday evening, except that Clarence's hunting pack never reappeared in sight until this morning, when Dee-wit lifted the shade enough to see them waiting on the front gallery for breakfast. But then his house was barred in time because he hadn't never unbarred it from last night. And Jody's car was already standing by on emergency alert, as they say, and it wasn't much trouble to toll them into it, since, like Clarence said, one place was jest like another to them.

"So they're down at the dee-po now. Would either of you gentlemen like to go down with me and watch what they call the end of a erea, if that's what they call what I'm trying to say? The last and final end of Snopes out-and-out, unvarnished behavior in Jefferson, if that's what I'm trying to say."

So Ratliff and I went to the station while he told me the rest of it. It was Miss Emily Habersham; she had done the telephoning herself: to the Travelers Aid in New Orleans, to meet the Jefferson train and put them on the one for El Paso, and to the El Paso Aid to get them across the border and turn them over to the Mexican police to send them back home to Byron Snopes or the reservation or wherever it was. Then I noticed the package and said, "What's that?" but he didn't answer. He just parked the pickup and took the cardboard carton, and we went around onto the platform where they were: the three in the overalls and what Ratliff called the least un in the nightshirt, each with the new shipping tag wired to the front of its garment, but printed in big block capitals this time, like shouting this time:

FROM: FLEM SNOPES, JEFFERSON, MISS.
TO: BYRON SNOPES
EL PASO, TEXAS

There was a considerable crowd around them at a safe distance, when we came up and Ratliff opened the carton. It contained four of everything: four oranges and apples and candy bars and bags of peanuts and packages of chewing gum.

One man who knows how much you have gone through is the paying teller at the bank.

IMOGENE FEY

"Watch out, now," Ratliff said. "Maybe we better set it on the ground and shove it up with a stick or something." But he didn't mean that. Anyway he didn't do it. He just said to me, "Come on; you ain't quite growed, so they may not snap at you," and moved near and held out one of the oranges; the eight eyes not once looking at it nor at us nor at anything that we could see; until the girl, the tallest one, said something—something quick and brittle that sounded quite strange in the treble of a child—whereupon the first hand came out and took the orange, then the next and the next, orderly, not furtive, just quick, while Ratliff and I dealt out the fruit and bars and paper bags, the empty hand already extended again, the objects vanishing somewhere faster than we could follow, except the little one in the nightshirt, which apparently had no pockets; until the girl herself leaned and relieved the overflow.

Then the train came in and stopped; the day-coach vestibule clanged and clashed open, the narrow steps hanging downward from the orifice like a narrow dropped jaw. Evidently, obviously, Miss Habersham had telephoned a trainmaster or a superintendent—maybe a vice president—somewhere, too, because the conductor and the porter both got down and the conductor looked rapidly at the four tags and motioned, and we—all of us; we represented Jefferson—watched them mount and vanish, one by one, into that iron, impatient maw: the girl and the two boys in overalls and Ratliff's least un in its ankle-length single garment, like a man's discarded shirt made out of flour or meal sacking or perhaps the remnant of an old tent. We never did know which it was.

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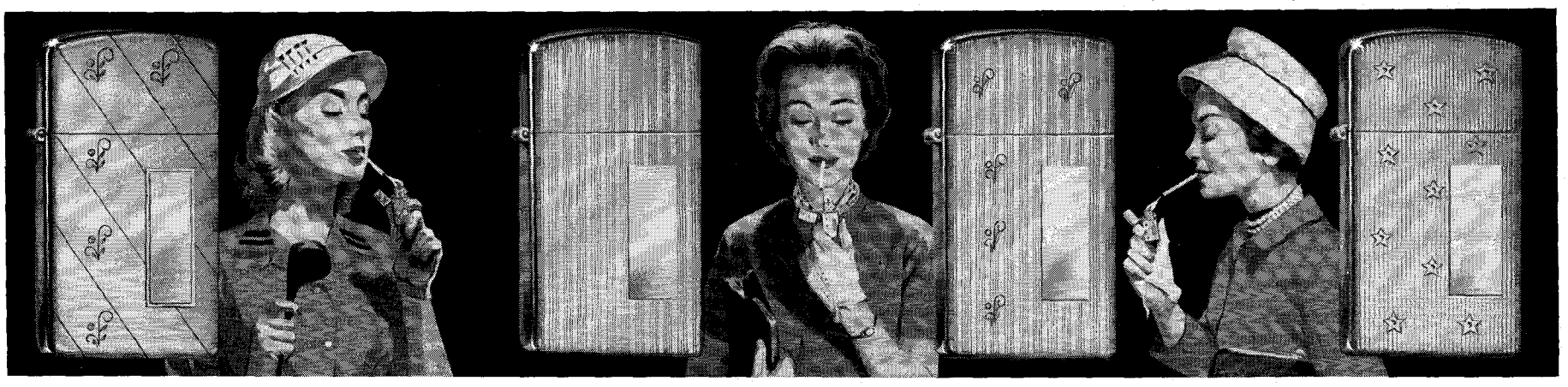

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That Creeping Menace Called Smog

(Continued from Page 35)

emitted, along with carbon monoxide and carbon dioxide, from almost every stack, chimney and automotive-exhaust pipe. And in Los Angeles the Franklin Research Institute of Philadelphia and the Stanford Research Institute of Palo Alto are busily measuring "Compound X," a substance not yet identified, which is suspected of being one of the principal agents in the formation of local smogs.

All this research dates back to a disaster of nine years ago at Donora, Pennsylvania. In the early hours of Wednesday, October 27, 1948, a blanket of warm, stagnant air settled over the valley of the Monongahela River. In and around Donora, twenty miles south of Pittsburgh, the fog of the night before was trapped. By noon it had combined with the smoke, fumes and gases of Donora's factories to form a smog so dense that people found it difficult to see and breathe.

Smog was nothing new to the 14,000 inhabitants of Donora and the little town of Webster on the other side of the river. Donora's steel-wire mill, zinc smelter and sulfuric-acid plant had been polluting the valley for years. Most of the vegetation had perished on the once-fertile slopes of the horseshoe bend in which Donora and Webster are situated. Yet never before had the inhabitants of the area experienced a smog as bad as this one.

On Thursday, the second day, it was worse. Visibility was so poor, even with the help of street lights, that many natives lost their way. Not a breeze stirred to disperse the poisonous murk. Toward evening people began to complain of coughs, sore throats, chest constrictions, nausea and diarrhea.

The first human being died in the early hours of Saturday, October thirtieth. By Sunday afternoon, when a rainstorm finally brought relief, nineteen people had died and 5910 had been stricken with acute symptoms of smog poisoning. A later death increased the total of human fatalities to twenty. In the meantime, hundreds of domestic animals had perished—cats and dogs in the towns, livestock and poultry in the countryside.

What caused the Donora tragedy? According to the United States Weather Bureau, a prolonged "temperature inversion" in the presence of "anticyclonic conditions" allowed the pollutants in Donora's air to mix and concentrate to a lethal degree.

Air is a naturally turbulent medium. Breezes disperse its pollutants horizontally; warm, upward currents disperse them vertically. At Donora these natural processes were interrupted for four and a half days. An inversion lid—a layer of air warmer than the air below—closed down over the valley walls, preventing either horizontal or vertical dispersion of Donora's smog.

The pollutants involved were never positively identified. The Public Health Service would say only that, while sulfur dioxide was probably the worst offender, two or more pollutants were probably at fault.

What happened to Donora could happen to almost any industrial community in the same unlucky circumstances. Donora was neither the first nor the worst instance of this peculiarly modern form of epidemic; it was merely the first and the worst that had yet occurred in the United States.

The first smog known to have caused fatalities occurred in Belgium in 1930. Sixty-three people died in the fall of that year in the vicinity of Liége, an industrial town in the Meuse River Valley. The worst smog occurred in 1952, when from 3500 to 4000 people died in Greater London. Although the smog lasted only four days, it caused almost as many deaths per day as the influenza epidemic of 1918 or the cholera epidemic of 1854. In the spring of 1956, after an acute episode lasting only eighteen hours, another 1000 Londoners died. In each instance, sulfur dioxide was suspected of being the pollutant mainly responsible for illness and death.

The word "smog," a combination of "smoke" and "fog," seems to have been invented by a British physician in 1905. It was first used in the United States by the Weather Bureau at Indianapolis in 1926. What smog is, nobody knows, except that it involves the suspension in the air of gaseous, liquid and solid pollutants. The only agreement among scientists is that smog can be measured in terms of eye irritation, reduced visibility, damage to vegetation and the presence in the air of a wide variety of oxides and oxidizing agents.

We pollute the air every time we smoke a cigarette, light a fire or go for a drive in the family automobile. We have also polluted the air in recent years with radioactivity. But so far the pollution caused by nuclear weapons and power plants is as nothing compared with the everyday pollution caused by more familiar sources of heat and energy.

Smogs vary between two extreme types, each named for the city where it was first observed and studied. The London type of smog has been plaguing man ever since coal was first used for heating and industrial purposes in the thirteenth century. Largely a consequence of the incomplete combustion of solid fuels, "London" smog tends to occur in the absence of sunlight and the presence of high humidity—on foggy nights, for example. The new Los Angeles type of smog has been plaguing man only since the development of motor transportation. Incomplete combustion is again largely to blame, but here the fuels are liquid and the attendant circumstances are reversed: "Los Angeles" smog tends to form in periods of sunlight and low humidity.

A smog needn't be smoky or even black or brown in color. It can be almost any color, depending upon the nature of local activities. Often it is a mixture in which either London or Los Angeles characteristics predominate.

Sulfur dioxide, which is present in both types of smog, tends to be more heavily concentrated in the London type. Ozone tends to be more heavily concentrated in the Los Angeles type. Both types, in these days of automotive congestion, contain irritating oxides of nitrogen and cancer-forming hydrocarbons.

Which of the two types of smog is the more dangerous has yet to be determined. So far, only the London type is known to have been responsible for widespread fatalities. Yet the Los Angeles type is potentially so dangerous that the city for which it was named is spending $4,000,000 a year—far more than any other city—to bring its problem under control.

Air pollution costs the American people approximately $2,000,000,000 a year in damage to crops, livestock and property alone. It corrodes metals, pits stone buildings and monuments, and interferes with air, rail and highway transportation. It soils everything, including the clothes we wear and the laundry hanging on the clothesline. What it does to our health has yet to be fully calculated. At the very least, it probably shortens our lives to some extent by damaging our vital organs.

Most of the studies carried out to date point to smog as a contributory cause of respiratory cancers. In recent months, I have spoken to several experts on the subject, including Dr. Clarence A. Mills, of the University of Cincinnati. Doctor Mills and his daughter, Dr. Marjorie Mills Porter, are firmly convinced that cancers of the lungs, bronchi and larynx are often a cumulative result of the combined irritation caused by tobacco smoke, motor-exhaust fumes and urban air pollution in general.

In one study, they found that smoking commuters from Cincinnati's suburbs increase their chances of dying from respiratory cancers from two to three times simply by driving in heavy traffic to and from the city every day. Nonsmokers increase their chances of dying from the same sort of cancers by from 50 to 60 per cent. Heavy smokers who drive trucks and taxicabs in the city, and who also live in heavily polluted neighborhoods, are from 40 to 120 times more prone to respiratory cancers than nonsmoking farmers, regardless of how many miles per year the farmers drive.

The moral would seem to be that if you drive a lot you shouldn't smoke, and if you smoke a lot you shouldn't drive, especially in heavy traffic. Whatever you do, you should neither smoke nor drive very much if you live in a heavily polluted neighborhood.

In studies carried out in Chicago, Detroit, Nashville and Atlanta, Doctors Mills and Porter have also found a direct relationship between urban air pollution and the incidence of pneumonia and pulmonary tuberculosis. The heavier the load of soot and dust in the air, the higher the incidence of both diseases—especially among smokers.

In their latest study, Doctors Mills and Porter have found that the same generalizations apply to certain forms of heart disease. It appears that smokers who drive regularly in polluted areas are as prone to coronary thrombosis as they are to diseases of the respiratory tract.

Air pollution menaces the health of plants in the same way that it menaces the health of domestic animals and human beings. Orchid growers, for example, were among the first to suffer from the smogs that afflict Los Angeles and San Francisco. They were also among the first to suffer from the Los Angeles type of smog that now afflicts Honolulu.

Here again, motor-exhaust fumes seem to be at fault. A woman grower in Hawaii complained not long ago that her orchids had been stricken with a disease called "dry sepal" immediately following the sugar harvest. Investigators found that for the first time large quantities of harvested sugar cane had been hauled past her orchid farm in diesel-powered trucks.

Some time later, an oil company applied for permission to build a refinery on Sand Island at the entrance to Honolulu harbor. The Public Health Service, asked to make a study of the project, recommended that permission to build the refinery be granted only if the oil company agreed to take extraordinary precautions to protect Waikiki and other beaches and the bait fish on which Hawaii's tuna catch depends. The company has accordingly promised to dump the refinery's more dangerous water-borne pollutants far out at sea. It has also promised to minimize its contribution to Honolulu's smog by recovering or incinerating its more dangerous gases.

In and around Portland, Oregon, the main problem in recent years has been the emission of fluorides from the stacks of aluminum plants in the Columbia River Valley. Many lawsuits have been filed against the operating companies, and they have gone to great expense to reduce their pollution of the air to tolerable limits.

One company is now appealing the second of two jury decisions awarding a rancher a total of $85,293 in damages. In his first suit, the rancher obtained $47,000 for damages to the health of his cattle and the pasture land on which they grazed. In his second suit, he was awarded $38,293 for damages to his own health and the health of his wife and daughter.

Fluorine, in small amounts, is beneficial to the health, but beyond certain concentrations it can be injurious. The point at issue in the rancher's case is whether the aluminum plant was polluting the air with enough fluorine to cause fluorosis, a disease of the teeth and bones. The company has invested $2,500,000 to date in filters, precipitators, scrubbers and other antipollution equipment.

In Texas last year, the authorities of Harris County indicted fifty-four corporations that operate industrial plants along the Houston Ship Channel. The purpose of the blanket indictment was not to punish the companies, but to force them to comply with Harris County's new air-pollution ordinance. All but three of the defendants have since begun to install antipollution equipment in their factories. The cost to the main offenders—seven paper, cement and chemical manufacturers—will exceed $6,000,000.

At its worst, air pollution is a serious menace to the public health. At its best, it is a costly nuisance, as women all over the country can testify. For some reason, women in nonindustrial Washington, D.C., were the first to complain, in 1941, that their nylon stockings were mysteriously falling apart. In 1949 an epidemic of stocking runs occurred in Jacksonville, Florida. Sulfuric acid in the smoke from ships in the St. Johns River seems to have been at fault.

Three years later a similar epidemic occurred in the vicinity of the Pennsylvania Station in New York. Last year an epidemic of runs occurred in Chicago just west of the Loop; every woman who entered the area lost her stockings. Those who wore the same skirt and shoes the next day lost another pair, no matter where they went.

Sulfuric acid seems to have been at fault in both instances, but where it came from was never determined. Chicago's investigators, while looking for possible sources of sulfuric acid, discovered that motor-exhaust fumes tend to destroy nylons too. Women who jaywalk in the midst of vehicles waiting at stop lights can lose their stockings if a driver happens to put his foot on the gas pedal at the moment they pass his exhaust pipe.

Knitted nylon stockings are more vulnerable to sulfuric acid than woven nylon materials. Thus, as one commentator mused, "The prospect of a young lady in an all-nylon ensemble . . . ending up in her skin is . . . unlikely, though charming."

Motor vehicles, factories and railroads are not the only (*Continued on Page 125*)

Look of Prosperity

Though my wallet is thick,
I could readily thin it
By just taking out
All the cards carried in it.

By S. Omar Barker

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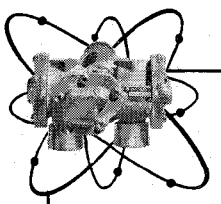

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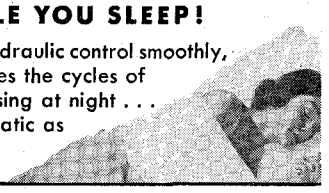
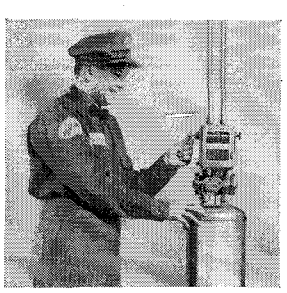


Select from two low-cost ways to have soft water



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(*Continued from Page 122*) sources of air pollution. Domestic chimneys contribute more than their share to the smogs that afflict our cities. Another common source of air pollution is the burning of leaves, trash and garbage. In some cities the owners of defective furnaces and incinerators are being forced to install new equipment. In others the private burning of refuse has been prohibited on smoggy days.

As a boy in St. Louis, which was then reputed to be the smoggiest city in the United States, I knew fall and winter days so dark that we never turned off the electric lights. If we ventured out on smoggy nights, my friends and I would tie handkerchiefs around our faces to keep from coughing. Later we would remove the handkerchiefs and compare the moist, black imprints of our lips and nostrils.

The Citizens' Smoke Abatement League, I remember, used to display horrifying photographs of what the smog was doing to our lungs. Lectures were given on the dangers of air pollution, and citizens were urged to equip their furnaces with mechanical stokers, switch from soft coal to hard coal or coke, or at least fire their furnaces in such a way as to assure better combustion. Many people installed oil burners rather than stokers; some of us switched to hard coal or coke; but the great majority went on burning dirty soft coal in hand-fired furnaces, oblivious of the menace of the ever-increasing smog.

It was not until 1940 that the smoke-abatement forces, with the help of the Post-Dispatch and other local newspapers, won their memorable victory over the producers and consumers of soft coal. On Tuesday, November 28, 1939, St. Louis had suffered the worst smog in its history. So many influential citizens were revolted by "Black Tuesday," as it was called, that the board of aldermen finally passed the ordinance that partisans of smoke abatement had been advocating ever since 1892.

Raymond R. Tucker, the man who drafted the St. Louis ordinance was a former professor of mechanical-engineering at Washington University. He is now serving his second term as a grateful city's mayor.

Today, thanks partly to strict enforcement of its air-pollution ordinance, and partly to the increased use of petroleum and natural gas, St. Louis is one of our cleanest coal-burning cities. Low-volatile "smokeless" coal must now be used in hand-fired furnaces, and high-volatile "smoky" coal must be washed before it may be used even in stokers. Railroads must use "smokeless" coal or diesel or electric locomotives within the city limits. Unfortunately, the St. Louis ordinance applies only to the city proper. You can still approach St. Louis from the east without being able to see the city until you have crossed the Mississippi River, leaving behind the dirty industrial suburbs of St. Clair and Madison counties, in Illinois.

Pittsburgh, which followed St. Louis' example in 1947, has been somewhat more successful in abating its smoke problem, thanks to legislation that has been extended to all of Allegheny County. Cincinnati, which promptly followed Pittsburgh's example, has been somewhat less successful. Its ordinance does not apply to the dirty industrial suburbs of Kenton and Campbell counties on the Kentucky side of the Ohio River.

No sooner had Cincinnati abated its smoke problems, however, than the London-type smogs from which it suffered began to acquire Los Angeles characteristics. The sun-obscuring smoke palls of earlier years had apparently impeded the formation of ozone. Now that Cincinnati can see the sun again during the fall and winter smog season, the concentration of ozone in its atmosphere has begun to rise.

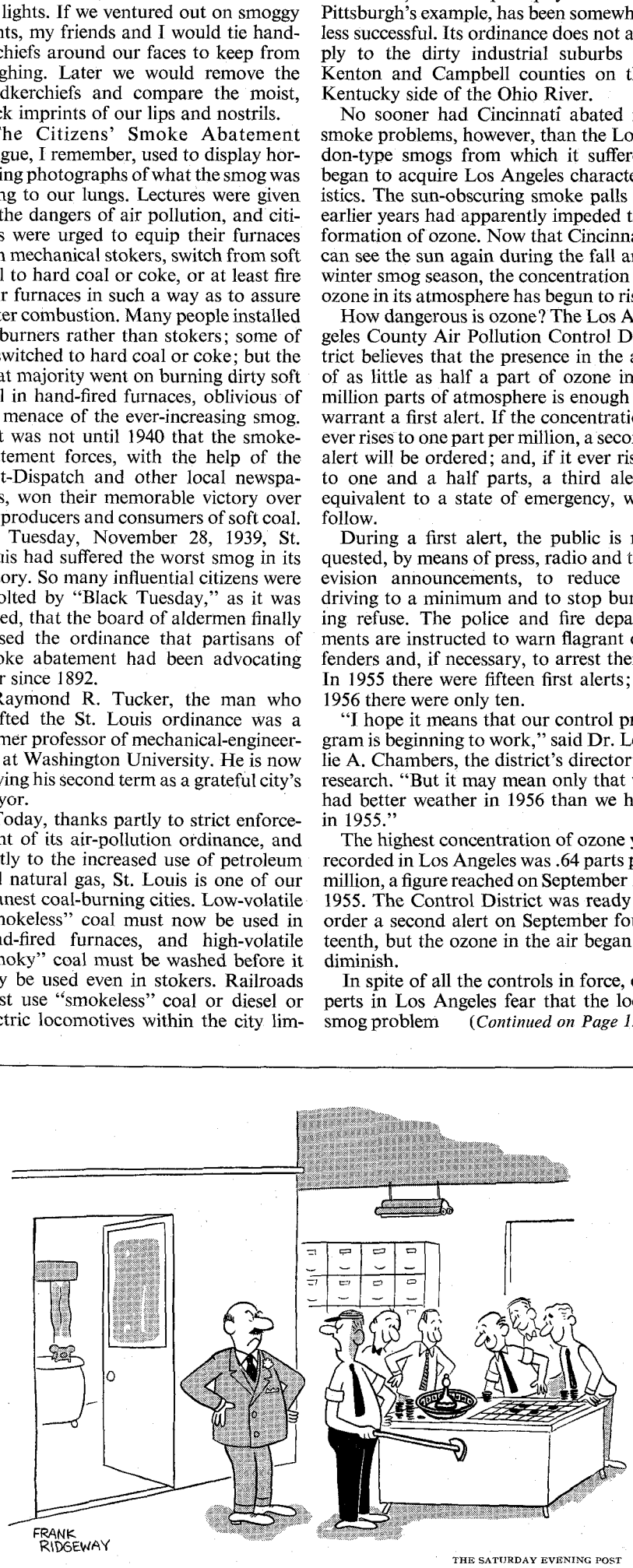
How dangerous is ozone? The Los Angeles County Air Pollution Control District believes that the presence in the air of as little as half a part of ozone in a million parts of atmosphere is enough to warrant a first alert. If the concentration ever rises to one part per million, a second alert will be ordered; and, if it ever rises to one and a half parts, a third alert, equivalent to a state of emergency, will follow.

During a first alert, the public is requested, by means of press, radio and television announcements, to reduce its driving to a minimum and to stop burning refuse. The police and fire departments are instructed to warn flagrant offenders and, if necessary, to arrest them. In 1955 there were fifteen first alerts; in 1956 there were only ten.

"I hope it means that our control program is beginning to work," said Dr. Leslie A. Chambers, the district's director of research. "But it may mean only that we had better weather in 1956 than we had in 1955."

The highest concentration of ozone yet recorded in Los Angeles was .64 parts per million, a figure reached on September 13, 1955. The Control District was ready to order a second alert on September fourteenth, but the ozone in the air began to diminish.

In spite of all the controls in force, experts in Los Angeles fear that the local smog problem (*Continued on Page 127*)



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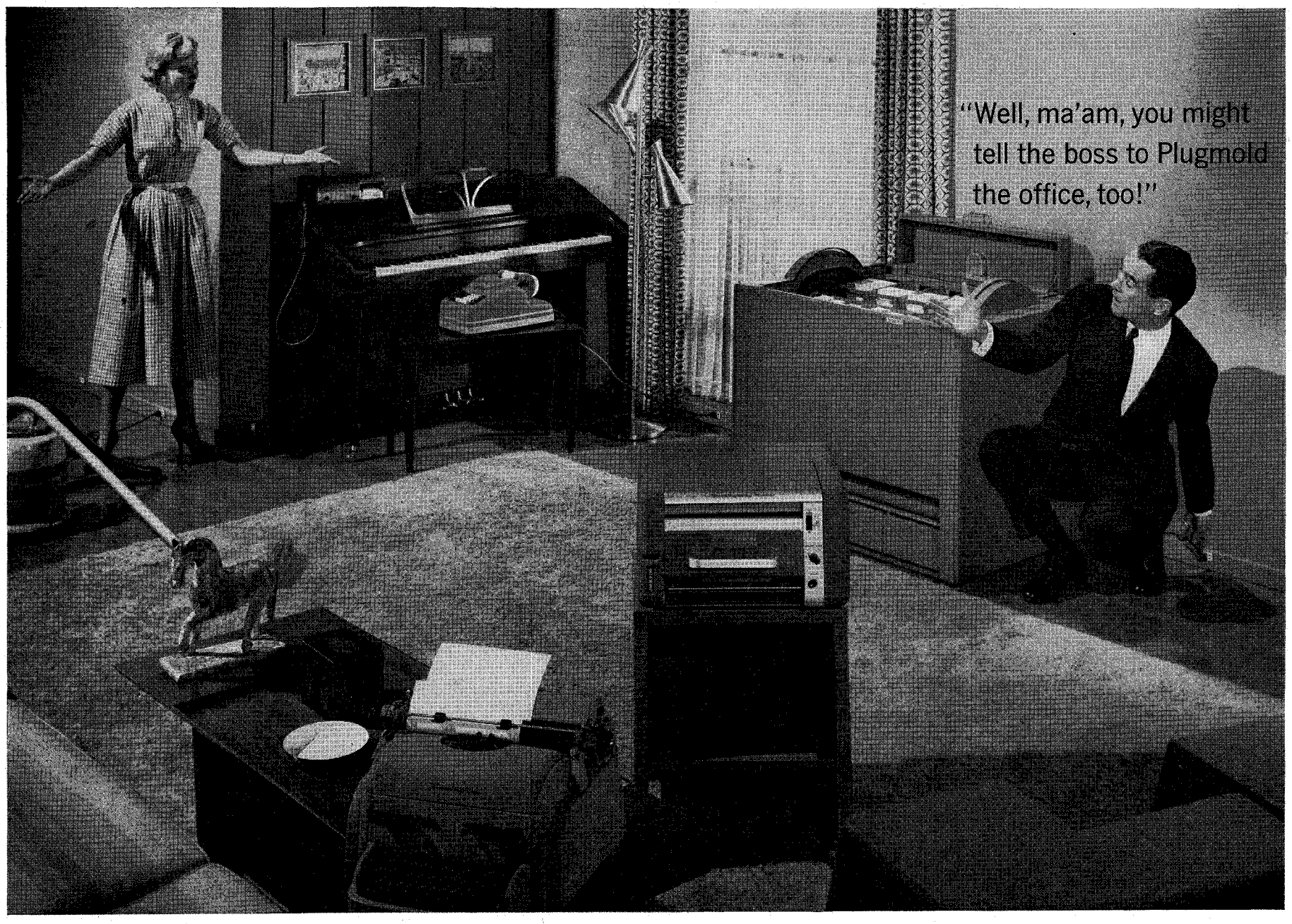

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(*Continued from Page 125*) will get worse before it gets much better. Four years ago, Los Angeles' smog extended only as far as Burbank; today it permeates the San Fernando Valley.

Los Angeles' 450-odd factories are required by law to maintain constant short-wave radio contact with the Control District's headquarters on San Pedro Street. Had a second alert been ordered in 1955, many factories would have had to shut down and the police and fire departments would have set up roadblocks to halt all but essential traffic.

The concentration of motor vehicles in Greater Los Angeles is the highest in the world. The 5,200,000 inhabitants of the area operate 2,700,000 automobiles, and their number is increasing at a rate of more than 600 people and 300 automobiles a day. The concentration of motor-exhaust fumes in the local atmosphere is increasing proportionately. Of the 1500 tons of hydrocarbons emitted into the county's air each day, 1200 tons—80 per cent—emanate from the exhaust pipes of trucks, buses and automobiles. It won't solve the smog problem to force refineries and other industrial plants to install anti-pollution equipment without forcing the operators of motor vehicles to take similar precautions.

By 1975, if the county's growth continues unabated, there will be 6,000,000 motor vehicles in Greater Los Angeles; and, unless preventive action is taken, they will have more than doubled their pollution of the local atmosphere.

"The air," as President Eisenhower, in dedicating the Robert A. Taft Sanitary Engineering Center in Cincinnati, observed, "is our most vital resource." But, like water, coal and petroleum, it is a wasting resource, as the Public Health Service's air-sampling network has since confirmed. Every year, as our activities increase, there is less and less clean air for us to breathe.

How to prevent disaster? For some time now the Los Angeles authorities have been experimenting with various forms of automotive cutoffs and afterburners. To date, no satisfactory cutoff or afterburner has been developed for all types of motor vehicles. As soon as one has been perfected, however, its use will probably be made compulsory in Los Angeles, Cincinnati and other cities where ozone smogs have begun to menace our existence. Indeed, the day is not far off, it seems, when cutoffs or afterburners will be mandatory equipment on all types of automotive locomotion, from the family sedan to the air transports of the jet age.

Our Youngsters Discover America

(Continued from Page 31)

And as the time neared for our departure, we were beset by apprehensions about how these four husky, lively youngsters would take to the U.S.A. Although we had made a point of maintaining as American a home as we could wherever we lived, we realized that the children were far from being typical young Americans.

Having lived in France for the last five years, they spoke better French than English. Their gastronomical tastes ran to artichokes, snails and horse meat—yes, horse meat, full of proteins and very good for you too!—and Camembert cheese "*bien fait*." They had never played with their American cousins, never tasted root beer, never eaten a banana split, never slept in a motel. And they had never seen television.

In spite of all this, they, fortunately, never considered themselves as anything but Americans—only it was pretty clear to us parents that their ideas about the United States, however determinedly patriotic, were a little lopsided. Their country had become for them a land of kaleidoscopic wonder and excitement but, seen at a distance and in contrast to the more sedate and mannered life of Europe, some extremes of American behavior stood out in unnaturally garish colors.

"American children wear rings and necklaces and blue jeans to school," they would tell us. And, although they seemed to feel a kinship with the other Americans at the Supreme Allied Headquarters International School near Paris, which they attended, we nevertheless noticed that they chose their closest friends from the school's predominantly French population.

They played their games of "coo-boy" and Indian—"*peau-rouge*"—with extra zest, as if this were the epitome of Americana, the proof of their New World blood. But it didn't seem to bother them that the supporting cast of neighborhood French children produced some ludicrous interpretations of Wild West originals. Probably they didn't even realize it.

There were other, more serious, gaps in their knowledge of America. Questions like: "Does the train go all the way to Florida?" and "Will we have to sleep on the boat?" were enough to indicate the problems ahead in geography. As for American history, there had been practically nothing in their schooling in France to give them an idea of how their country came into being or who its great men were, of the battles it has fought or the way it is governed.

So we set sail, wondering how America would look through the wide eyes of these children seeing it for the first time, how they would respond and what they would gain. We were accompanied, it should be added, by our large, friendly Labrador retriever, Jefferson, and to that gentlemanly animal we pay tribute for more than once serving as a link with the children's familiar environment in France.

The first day back in New York, ten-year-old Jennifer dropped her tray at the end of a cafeteria line. Startled and horrified, Jennifer, who had learned in Europe that in public children were to be seen and not heard, began to sob. Before we could collect our wits, a floor manager was beside her, arm around her shoulder, assuring her that it was all right and leading her back through the line again.

Jennifer had made her first friend on American soil. And that first impression of American friendliness never left the children, despite the occasional snarling taxi driver, irritated waiter or shop-weary clerk. In Europe, people are polite to children, but impersonal. No European waiter would ever have spoken to eight-year-old Adrienne as a rotund dining-car steward did one day when she got up to leave her place. "Now don't you leave yet, miss," he said, grinning. "You can do better than that with your hamburger."

"The people here are so *gaie*," Jennifer remarked soon after our arrival, in one of her typical mixtures of English and French. But apart from this, we parents found the children's first reactions disappointing. So preoccupied were they with the prospect of meeting their relatives in America that until they did they would hardly look at or respond to anything else at all.

"Did you ever see such tall buildings?" we pressed them. "Look, there's the Statue of Liberty! . . . They don't have policemen like that in Paris, do they? . . . How do you like all those big, bright automobiles?"

They assented indifferently to all these bright efforts of ours, and repeated what was on their minds: "Well, when do we see our cousins in Boston?"

The Cook children at play around their parents' country home in France. After 8 years abroad, the youngsters visited their native America for the first time.

And so we piled into a sedan and drove up to Boston for the start of an American journey which was eventually to take us to Florida and back. On about the fourth day with the "Boston cousins" we overheard a bit of conversation which, in retrospect, made the children's preoccupation with their relatives perfectly obvious.

"My grandmother is a schoolteacher," six-year-old Deborah was saying—about a grandmother she had not yet even seen.

"So is mine," her Boston cousin of the same age replied.

"Children," we said, "it's the same grandmother."

Their faces looked as though a cloud had lifted. From then on, the mystery of American blood ties dissolved for them, and they bounded ahead from one set of relatives to the next, fitting in each new branch of the family tree with excitement and enthusiasm. Then, and only then, they turned a critical eye on America.

"Look how dirty the streets are!" eleven-year-old Christopher remarked as we crossed a paper-littered New York intersection on a muddy day. Again in Philadelphia he had the same comment. "Why, it's disgusting," he said. "The streets are much cleaner in London and Paris, aren't they?"

We had to admit that they certainly were. But the girls, accustomed to the fact that in Europe cleanliness often stops at the front doors, kept housewifely eyes darting at the interiors of American homes. They came up with a different judgment. "The houses are so clean and new," they marveled. And: "The old things in America are so new," Jennifer added. She was comparing an American refrigerator, vintage 1946, with our European icebox.

On one point they all agreed immediately. "Oh, it's so hot in these houses." All of us, used to sleeping with plenty of blankets and no heat in bedrooms in Europe, found our throats parching, lips chapping and noses drying up. And no amount of throwing open hotel and house windows ever seemed to solve the problem.

Even before leaving France, we had anticipated that there would be food problems with the children. Americans who had picknicked with us during vacation trips to Chartres and Fontainebleau often had chuckled to see what gourmets our children had become at a tender age.

"Wait till you get to America," they laughed. "No *pâté de foie gras*, no artichokes with *vinaigrette*, no *bagettes* in the afternoon."

Our misgivings were wasted. From their first hot dog and banana split, the children hardly looked back. The fascinating new world of American sandwiches unfolded before them. The bread, ready-sliced, came as a surprise, and after

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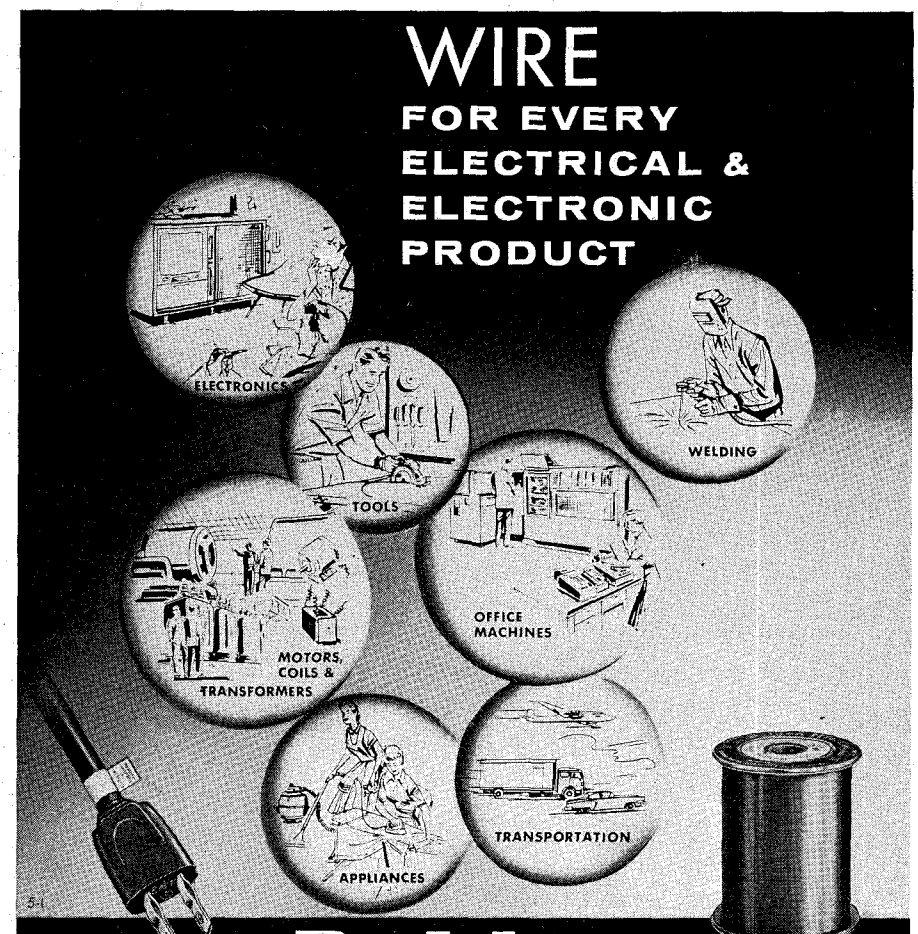

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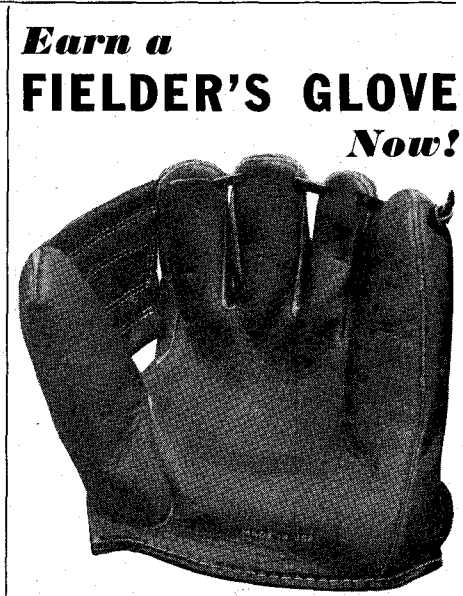

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the first taste they always ordered their sandwiches toasted—a little closer to the hard-crusted French *baguettes*. They ran the gamut, but their favorite became bacon, lettuce and tomato. Another favorite dish was "American scrambled eggs"—an order which confused more than one waiter. What the children meant was that they didn't want a French omelet, and that was the only way they knew to explain it.

On some counts, of course, they retained their Parisian tastes. A favorite first course in France had always been sliced tomatoes with a vinegar and oil dressing, and it was still the first thing they ordered in America. But inevitably this led to the problem of that red sauce in pyramid bottles which Americans call "French dressing." The children would watch bleakly as a waitress soaked their favorite tomatoes in what they thought at first was catsup.

One day Adrienne, who always knew what she meant, even though others did not, sighed as this dreary ritual was reenacted and groaned, "Oh, no, not French dressing again!"

We all roared with laughter, but she was not perturbed.

"I don't want French dressing. I want *French* dressing. You know"—and she tossed an imaginary salad—"like we have in France."

But it was only Jefferson, the Labrador, that did not have to give up a real French favorite—horse meat. Often at our farm on the outskirts of Paris, the children ate with the solid peasant farmer and his wife, who was our maid, and at their table they developed a genuine preference for horseflesh. Only the best cuts are sold in France, the price is higher than cheap cuts of beef, and the meat is always tender and rich in food value. Learning to like it is only a matter of habituating the palate, and every French doctor, every school lunchroom, every maid extols its health-giving qualities.

When we brought home the first can labeled "100 per cent pure horse meat" for Jefferson, the children were excited.

"How will you fix it?" they asked eagerly.

Even after we explained that the can contained portions of horse meat which are not even sold in France, and after they smelled it served up for Jefferson, they were still disappointed and not entirely persuaded.

The children's "first look" at America was a first look for us parents in one major way too. Eight years had brought a lot of changes. When we were last home, Harry S. Truman had just started his second term in office, automobiles still came in one color, the Korean war was a year and a half away, and television was relatively new, confined to a few big cities. Since 1948, TV was the greatest single change of all, for children and parents alike.

There were times when we felt as though we were seeing nothing but television in America. Yet in many ways we found it the greatest invention since canned baby food, and the children, of course, loved it. We came to understand the usefulness of TV in the American home, for we used it constantly as a "baby-sitter" in motels and hotels. We could leave all four children happily seated in front of the set and arrange with a friendly room clerk to make sure it was turned off by a certain hour.

Often, though, it did seem to us that TV was making the children unnecessarily lively, noisier and more strident. Adrienne, for instance, was inspired to keep an imaginary horse trotting behind the car the length of the Eastern seaboard. She called him, not unexpectedly, "Fleecka," and he had to be watered and bedded down with great ceremony every night. One day, after "tying" her horse outside a restaurant during lunch, she went a step further and wrapped a napkin around her face like a mask.

"Is this grown up?" she asked.

We retorted that it certainly was not grown up, and she should know better than to behave that way.

"Well," she replied with a twinkle, "the cowboys do it, and they're grown up, aren't they?"

But television enriched their lives and their stay in America, and two things reassured us and confirmed what we had been told by friends who have had to cope with the problem since the beginning of the TV era. First, though the children liked the rough-and-tumble programs, they liked the finer ones as well. And there were some shows they refused to look at altogether; they were fairly selective about it. Second, if they saw that there was no TV set in the hotel or home, they would settle down unprotestingly to their habitual play.

"We'll see TV tomorrow," they would say.

And often the tomorrows were too crammed with other things to allow for much television. We toured and detoured during the entire trip to include everything of interest—either historical or just plain sight-seeing—that we possibly could. The children proved eager tourists and their interest (*Continued on Page 130*)

"Certainly is nice of you to take the last of the kittens off our hands."

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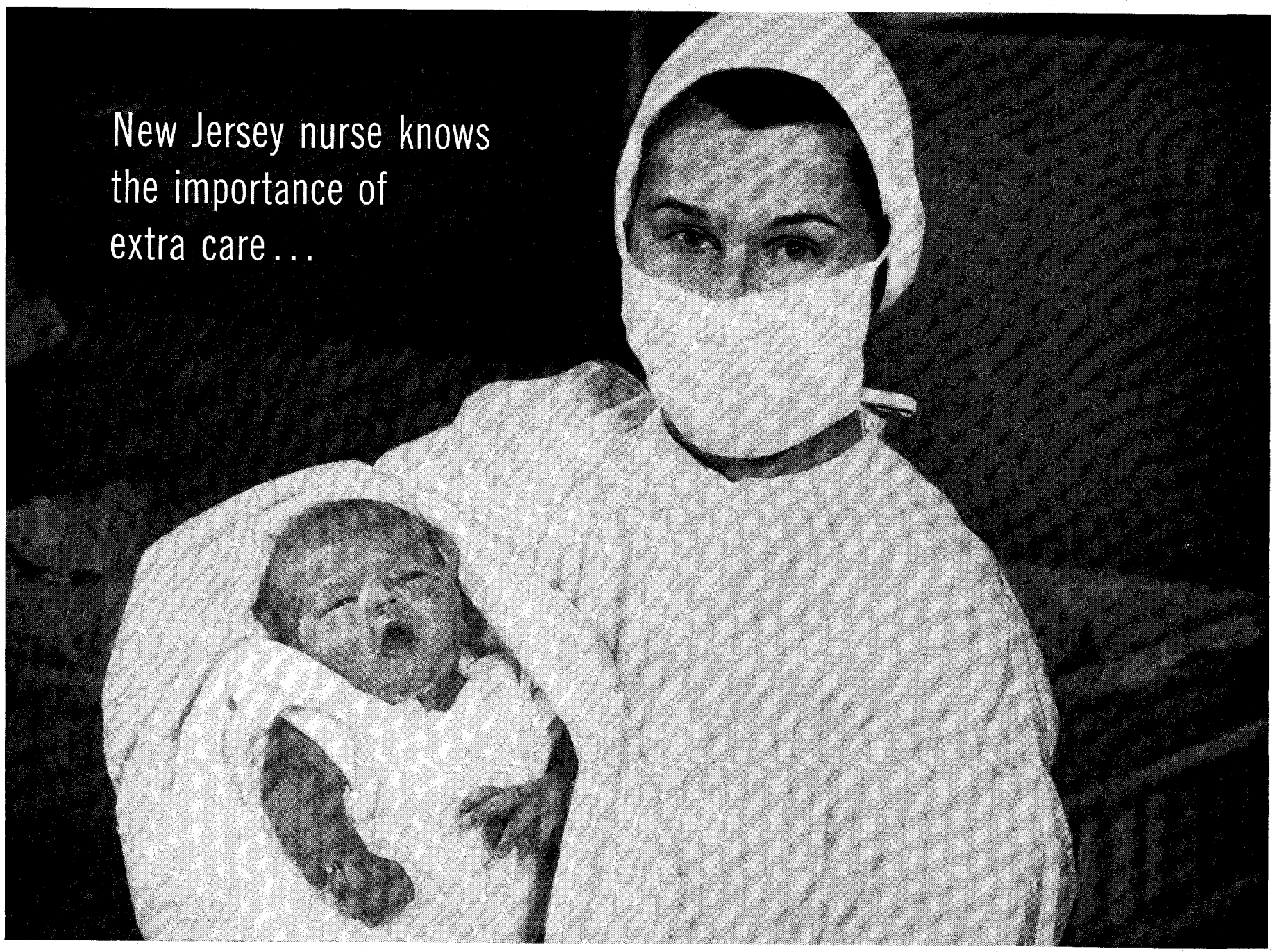

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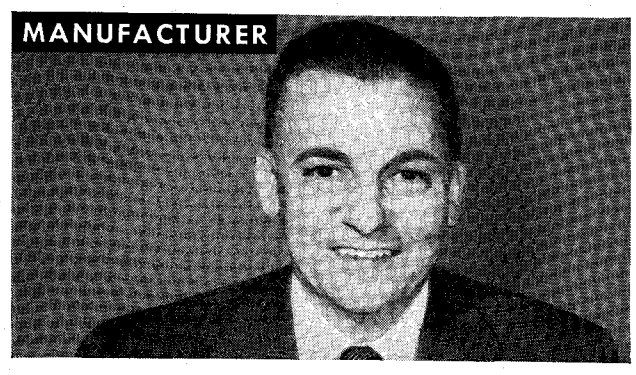
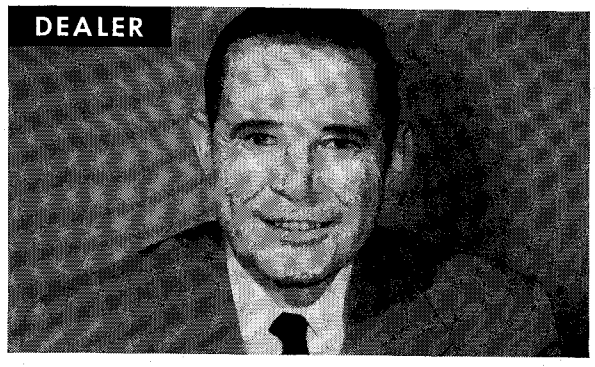


"I MADE IT...and it's my responsibility to be satisfied that it's the very best product possible. If it isn't the best and the most up-to-date, people just won't buy it again. Satisfied customers are the only way I can build my business."



"I SOLD IT...and I know I won't run the risk of losing a customer. My customers feel more comfortable buying a brand name. *I* feel more comfortable, too—for satisfied customers build my business."

"I BOUGHT IT because I know I can depend on it. Advertised brands offer me the newest, most improved products, the best values, the biggest selection. I can even order them by phone without taking a risk."

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(*Continued from Page 128*) did not flag from the Minute Man at Concord to Marineland in Florida.

At Radio City in New York, they brushed their hair back and fingered their clothes self-consciously when they saw themselves on a TV screen. Touring the Capitol in Washington, they were impressed most of all by the bullet holes where the Puerto Rican would-be assassins had fired in the House of Representatives chamber. They stood incredulous beneath the Spirit of St. Louis in the Smithsonian Institution and wondered how Lindbergh ever flew all the way to Paris "in that toy plane," as Christopher called it.

"Is this taller than the Eiffel Tower?" they asked a baffled elevator attendant at the Washington Monument; and then, a few weeks later, they satisfied themselves at the Empire State Building. "This is taller than the Eiffel Tower, isn't it?"

Their laughter at an exhibit of old cars in Sarasota might have offended some of our village neighbors in France. One venerable relic, in fact, was "just like Monsieur Dubonnet's," as Jennifer exclaimed.

In St. Augustine, we briefed them thoroughly on the Oldest House in America, but as we wandered around the restricted, low-ceilinged rooms, Adrienne whispered, "It's not so old," and Jennifer added, "And the furniture's French."

But it was as we rolled south one day in our tightly packed sedan that we unexpectedly stumbled upon one of the blocks in their basic knowledge of what America is. Approaching a state border, we jokingly remarked, "We're coming to the border now. Have you got your passports ready?"

The three girls paid little attention and went on chattering in French, as they always did. But Christopher, who has traveled alone between London and Paris more than once, and knows the unseasoned traveler's panic of customs and immigration controls in Europe, was startled and turned to the girls.

"I know that daddy's got my passport, but where are yours?" he said.

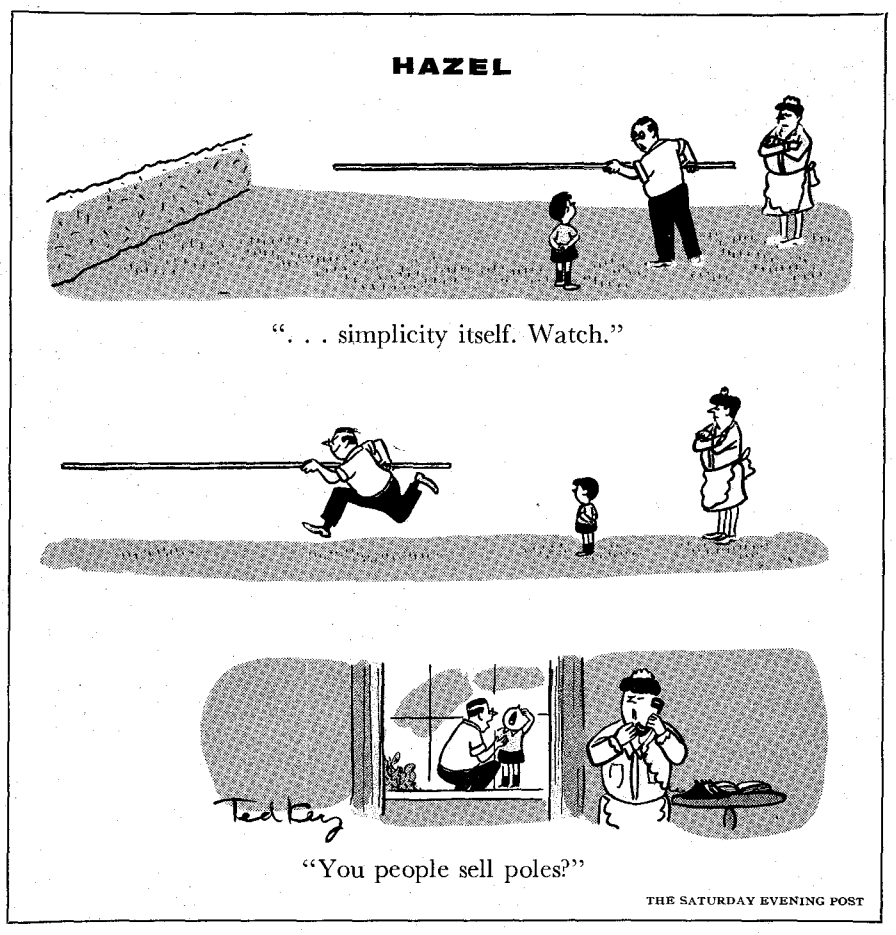
We explained that it was only a joke, that in the United States you do not need a passport to travel from one state to another. Then came the inevitable "Why?" We said that America was a collection of states, all united into one country. Jennifer repeated our explanation in French to the two little girls—she often did this, as her own ear was tuned to their better comprehension in French—and then yet another confusion of semantics arose. The republic of France is an "*état*" also, but you need a passport when you cross the border of the French state. Out of this language dilemma we got across to them that America was the "*États-Unis*," and the concept of "United States" took on more meaning for them than it could have if we had tried to trace things all the way back to the first thirteen colonies.

Not everything fell into place that easily, of course. We thought the children had pretty well absorbed the first basic lesson of "Who is the Father of Our Country," until Adrienne blurted out one day early in our travels, "Oh, there's a Washington Bridge and a Washington Monument and a George Washington Motel and a city called Washington—what is Washington anyway?"

This was nothing to the problem of sorting out Thomas Jefferson, Ponce de León, Grant and Lee, Abraham Lincoln, William Penn and even Dwight D. Eisenhower. Perhaps as a throwback to their three years in Germany, the children consistently mixed up "Eisenhower" and "Adenauer," and it wasn't until we returned to Washington to see the inaugural parade that they got the President straightened out.

The historical side of our trip began in New England. We more or less "did" the War of Independence on the way south, and then the Civil War on our way back north. In New England it was all there before them: the street down which Paul Revere rode to awaken the patriots; the bridge where the "shot heard round the world" was fired; Bunker Hill.

Yet it was not until we reached Mount Vernon that American history really began to fall into place for them. We left the car at the parking lot and approached Washington's home from a garden path. When we reached the carriageway, with the expanse of grass stretching out before us and a pond emerging near the horizon beyond a slope, Jennifer paused and said, "Ah, like the Château de Versailles."



". . . simplicity itself. Watch."

"You people sell poles?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

This seemed stretching the point, but we could see the picture which had caught her eye. Inside the home, the children looked with only mild interest at the furnishings, remarking that "the rooms are so small"—as indeed they are, compared to those in Versailles—and then pushing on. At the bottom of the stairway we pointed out a gold-framed display case.

"Now here," we said, "is the key to the Bastille which was given to George Washington by Lafayette after the French Revolution."

This struck a familiar chord, and the children went straight to a model of the Bastille before its destruction.

"Is this the way it was?" they asked.

They knew the Place de la Bastille in Paris, the monument raised on the site of the old prison, and they had stood on the steps of the Palace of Versailles where Lafayette had held back the revolutionary mob that had marched out from Paris. And now American history jelled for them too. They suddenly understood that the histories of France and the United States had moved simultaneously.

Heading back north from Florida a few weeks later, we planned our itinerary to bring us through the Civil War battlefields of Western Virginia. We paused at road markers, and read from a children's history book a description of the events that had taken place all around. As we approached Appomattox Court House we read them the story of the final surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia under General Lee to the Union Army under Grant.

"Is Lee still alive?" Adrienne asked.

As it happened, we had learned from the local papers that he would have been 150 years old on that very day.

"If he were alive, I would give him some flowers," Deborah remarked inconsequentially.

We showed them, then, the field where the arms had been stacked by the Confederate soldiers after their surrender, the cemetery of Civil War dead, and the points where the last battle lines had been drawn. We read them the handwritten terms of surrender, and they saw the chairs in the McClean House where Lee and Grant had sat.

Jennifer was increasingly absorbed by the dramatic succession of these events, and when we reached the painting of the parting handshake of the two opposing generals, she exploded with incredulity.

"But why did they shake hands after all that?" she asked. We explained that it had been a war between American people—people of the same background and kindred origins—and that once the war was over and General Lee had surrendered, all the Americans wanted to have peace.

"But if they had been fighting each other and killed so many people, why did they shake hands?" she persisted.

We tried another tack. Americans on both sides were fighting for something they believed in, and not for each other's land or territory, we said. It was not like a European war, where different countries have always fought to conquer each other—like France and Germany. These were all the same people, and when it was finished, all the Americans were glad it was over, even though one side had won and the other side had lost. And so the two generals shook hands.

But this, it seemed, was asking too much. To understand this decisive point in their country's history the children would have to accept a completely new idea of something they understood all too well. To most American children, war is a relatively distant experience, studied in books or heard about from parents. But our children came of visual age and first childhood awareness in Germany—where a bombed-out building sagged across the street from our home.

They saw destruction all around them, and later, in France, they learned to sense the emotions of hatred and fear which war carries for Europeans. The word "war" did mean something strongly realistic to them. They took it seriously, and they could not feel remote or objective about it.

We saved our visit to Valley Forge and Independence Hall until almost the last in our journey. By now, the children were genuinely fascinated by the landmarks of America's past, and on a snowy January day Valley Forge was right out of the history books. They took it all in with careful, lively interest, touring soldiers' huts and examining the old cannon and reading inscriptions.

They found the Memorial Arch "like the Arc de Triomphe in Paris," and stood with reverence as Adrienne, without prompting, read the fine words of Washington inscribed at its top:

"Naked and starving as they are, we cannot enough admire the incomparable patience and fidelity of the soldiery."

The identity of the commander in chief of the Revolutionary Army had now taken on reality and meaning for Adrienne and the other children. Of this we were startlingly reassured when, as we walked across a field at Valley Forge to return to the car, Adrienne paid him the highest compliment a confirmed young museum-goer could offer. "Daddy," she asked, "was George Washington stuffed?"

A few hours later, in the warm atmosphere of Independence Hall, they saw the chair in which Washington sat when he presided over the Constitutional Convention, and they listened with rapt attention as the guard explained to them the history of the Liberty Bell, and told them:

"I have seen kings and queens and prime ministers and other important people from all over the world come to stand here and touch the Liberty Bell."

Solemnly and carefully, they reached out and touched it too.

"How do you know so much about the Liberty Bell?" Jennifer asked the guard. He explained with some pride that he'd been answering questions there for children and grownups for nearly fifteen years.

Later the "war problem" came back again. As we drove across a wide stretch of farmland, Adrienne remarked, "It's so big in America. I would not want to go back to France if there would be a war."

We said there wasn't going to be a war in France, but she went on, "If there would be a war, we would come back to America, wouldn't we?"

We reassured her, and asked, "Tell us, Adrienne, where would you rather live—in France or America?"

"Well," she said, "I would like France to be in America and America to be in France."

It's a pretty tall order, but, as a matter of fact, we are taking a lot of America back to France with us this time. We will try to find processed dog foods for Jefferson abroad, and we will enlarge the children's menu to include bacon-lettuce-and-tomato sandwiches and potato chips. We're stocking up on history books, and from across the Atlantic we will retravel our journey in American geography and history at a more leisurely pace than the one we maintained in our crowded sedan. Already the children are saying, "Next time we'd like to drive all the way out West where the cowboys are." And of one thing we are certain: "next time" won't be eight years away. THE END

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Keeping Posted

Things Get Written in Odd Places

Jimmy Breslin, who says he is lazy, didn't lug his typewriter to Florida this winter when he interviewed horse trainer Fitzsimmons; so one night he suffered a rush of words to the head and couldn't find a machine with which to gain relief. Finally, he thought of phoning Bill Wooten, public-relations man for Eastern Air Lines, and first thing Breslin knew he was in an operations office at Miami Airport hammering out the piece on page 24. "Loudspeakers kept barking things from all over the country, and it was swell—just like a horseroom."

Let's congratulate this NEA writer upon having his recent Post article, Can Basketball Survive Chamberlain?, picked for Best Sports Stories of the Year which Dutton brings forth this month. But far more important, let's felicitate both Jimmy and Rosemary B. upon a brand-new daughter; the young miss has a set of twin brothers to look up to, and twist around her little finger.

Jimmy Breslin.

Who Makes a Story . . . You?

You take an author-playwright of William Saroyan's stature and you ask: How did he write the novelette on page 22? First, says he, you need a writer, a typewriter, paper, coffee and cigarettes; then an idea, a theme, a character, and a manner of noticing or remembering, which may be called style; and finally, an impulse to work or the necessity to work, either of which will do. "Now, you simply put down one word at a time, which is easy—and almost impossible because there are so many words, and they keep wandering here and there." Nevertheless, darned if the story isn't presently finished.

What really makes a story (aside from the whole life experience of the author) is a bit complicated. "The important thing in my story is a tree. But," Saroyan points out reverently, "only God can make a tree." After noting other such complications, he decides that what really makes a story is the reader, "and I hope he makes a good one out of this one." He adds that some punctuation can be put in a story. "I have never understood punctuation, except to insert a mark if it seems to suit the ebb or flow." As his story ebbs and flows rhythmically, his punctuation system must be sound.

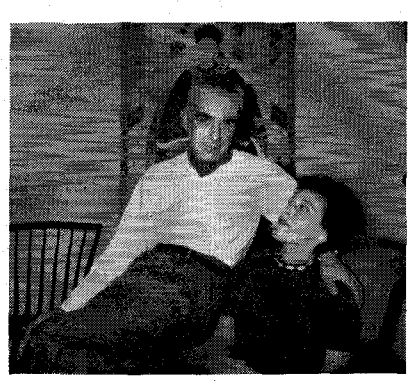
Saroyan has been writing, and speaking, a series of film narrations for the Omnibus TV program, and one, about a ballet dancer, involved his daughter, Lucy—the self-same little girl about whom her dad wove his Post serial of last year, I Love You, Mama Girl. The picture shows that she's growing up, naturally.

Merrily it Rolls Along

If the sponsor of the CBS-TV program, Schlitz Playhouse of Stars, should change the name to Post Playhouse, that wouldn't be entirely illogical—though it probably won't be done. Back in '54, Will Rogers, Jr., starred in an adapted Post story by Kenneth Perkins, after which the program directors really got into the spirit of the thing, resulting in their most recent Post-to-TV production, being No. 41. Others are coming up, but since air dates get juggled around, let the daily press say when.

No author stands out in the Schlitz selections; there have been thirty-two different by-lines so far, indicating the abundance of choosable ones. It's also noteworthy that TV actors (Schlitz seeks the superlative ones) are especially happy to be assigned to a Post story, for word has trickled around that said stories are choice items.

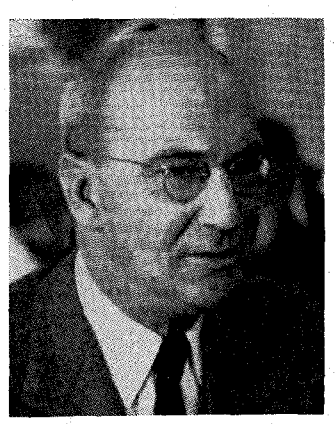
They've Entertained You a Lot



For some years T. E. Ferro and his wife wrote the famed radio program, Lorenzo Jones; and since then they have composed many TV plays, mostly for presentation by Robert Montgomery Presents. "I'm also," adds this Connecticut countryman, "the author of a stage play on which producers take options, but somehow don't produce." His first Post story has been promptly produced on page 30.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"Admiral Hornblower"



C. S. Forester, above, now brings you another stirring adventure of the incomparable Horatio Hornblower, one of fiction's most celebrated seafarers.

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